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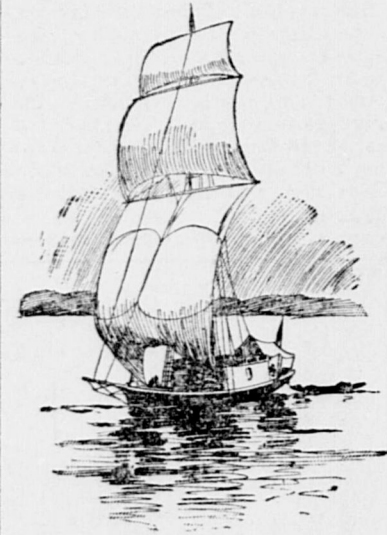
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IN SUNNY VENEZUELA

FEATURES OF LIFE IN A LAND OF PERPETUAL SUMMER.

Over One Thousand Rivers Traverse the Republic's Surface—Luxuriant Vegetation and Impenetrable Forests—Great Mineral Wealth—Customs of the Caribs.

Venezuela, the country about which we are just now talking the most, is the one about which we know the least. Most of us have a dim idea that it is somewhere on the northern coast of South America, that it contains the Orinoco river, that it was freed by Bolivar and that it is a country where earthquakes and revolutions are of almost daily occurrence. We have learned late-



AN ORINOCO RIVER BOAT.

ly, too, that England wants a slice of it in which there are goldfields and that Venezuela asks us for protection.

As a matter of fact, Venezuela is one of the most interesting countries of the western hemisphere. It is no insignificant little republic, but a nation with an area three times as large as that of France and greater than any country in Europe except Russia. It is ten times as large as the British Isles and has a population of 2,500,000 of people. Its southern boundary is almost under the equator, but its northern seacoast is over ten degrees north of that line.

If the temperature depended wholly on latitude, Venezuela would be a very hot place, but the diversity of its surface gives it a wide range of climate. In the low marshes the mercury stands at over 100 degrees above, but the naked natives can look up to the faroff mountain tops where the eternal snows glisten in the sun.

The northern part of the country is ribbed with the ranges of the Andes, and on their broad plateaus and in their fertile, elevated valleys are built cities which have a climate that is almost ideal. Their whole year is one continuous spring. Their summer days are the warm, sunny days of May, and their winter days are those of showery April.

But the great glory of Venezuela is its rivers. It is probably the best watered country on the globe. Over 1,000 rivers traverse its surface, and one of these, the Orinoco, is one of the greatest in the world. The Orinoco rises in the far southern part of the country in a spot which has not yet been visited by civilized man and runs almost directly north for over 1,400 miles. It is navigable for over 1,000 miles of its length, and many of its 436 tributaries are also big enough to be traversed by steamboats. These great waterways furnish



VENEZUELA PALMS.

easy means of communication with the adjoining countries of Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru and Brazil.

With so many great rivers, Venezuela ought to be a well explored country. But it is not. The southern portion of it is practically unknown to white men. The reason for this is that while the water courses are wide enough and deep enough to float good sized boats they are blocked by the tangle of primeval forests.

Wonderful forests these are, too, in which species which with us are mere vegetables or shrubs grow to be towering trees. The palm trees in the Venezuelan forests are gigantic growths. The woods that line the banks of these

streams are impenetrable, for the rank vegetation towers away above the head of a man, and the trees and underbrush are laced and intertwined and matted by great vines and creepers. The branches form an arch over the streams, and the natives paddle their canoes in a twilight even at noonday.

Yet these very forests are one of the great sources of Venezuela's wealth. Today they form a barrier to the spread of civilization, but the time is near when they will be the magnet that will attract civilization. At the last national exposition at Caracas there were exhibited 2,070 different kinds of woods, embracing every variety used in the arts and architecture. There are acres of giant mahogany, red cedar, rosewood and other precious trees that have never been touched by the ax. There are trees which produce rubber—thousands of square miles of them. In the trackless forests are myriads of plants which are worth their weight in gold in the chemist's shop. These are some of the undeveloped resources of this wonderful country.

The whole of Venezuela, in fact, is practically undeveloped. The principal export product is coffee. In the country very which has recently attracted so much public attention it has been frequently remarked that the interest of the United States in Venezuela was a sentimental and not a practical one; that we did not care whether her markets were open to Uncle Sam or John Bull. Here are some facts that touch on this point: As long ago as 1889 Venezuela exported to the United States products to the value of \$10,000,000 and imported from our country manufactured goods to the extent of half that sum. This was more than she annually sells and buys from England, Germany, France and all the other countries of Europe. We get from the Venezuelans coffee, cocoa and sugar. They buy from us cotton cloth, machinery, hams, flour and lard.

There is a direct line of steamships between the United States and La Guayra, and many sailing ships connect the two countries. We are connected with them by cable also. What this trade will amount to when the boundless resources of Venezuela shall have begun to be developed can only be imagined.

As for the mineral wealth of Venezuela, it cannot well be estimated. The gold mines, most of which are located in the territory which Great Britain wants, are not particularly rich. When their wealth has been more fully developed, it may be discovered that



LAKE DWELLINGS OF VENEZUELAN NATIVES. They are worth more than they now appear to be. The value of the copper, silver, iron and coal mines there is indisputably great. Besides this there are great lakes of asphalt, much more valuable than those on the island of Trinidad, which England now holds.

The native Indians of Venezuela are an interesting race. They are divided into a number of distinct tribes, and of some little is known. Those of the Orinoco region, who inhabit the disputed territory, are generally called Caribs. They wear the least clothes of any people on earth. The entire costume of a Carib, male or female, consists of a small loin cloth. They are of small stature and of low vitality. They die of wounds that would not trouble a civilized man. At 35 the Carib is old and wrinkled, and he generally dies before he is 40.

The Caribs have some queer customs. The women pierce their lower lips and stick sharp pieces of wood through them, point outward. Needless to say, kissing does not obtain among the Caribs. In accordance with the strange custom of "convade," the father of a newborn child goes to bed for two weeks and is nursed carefully while the mother attends to her regular household duties.

The Indians live in a most primitive way, many of them inhabiting huts built on piles to elevate them above the waters of the lakes or marshes. These lake dwellings are a picturesque feature of Venezuelan scenery.

Although the white people in Venezuela comprise only one-fifth of the entire population, it is a civilized country and is rapidly progressing. Its government is modeled after that of the United States, and its territory is divided into nine large states, a federal district, five territories and two national settlements. Its cities are of such importance that our government is represented by as many as 18 consuls and consular agents in them. There are several lines of railroads. The telegraph, the telephone and the electric light are all used by Venezuelans, and the systems are being rapidly extended. Caracas, the capital, is a city of about 80,000. It is located about nine miles inland from its seaport, La Guayra, with which it is connected by a railroad that climbs a mountain range.

As most of the governing class are of Spanish descent the universal language



MARIE STUDHOLME, THE NEW BRITISH BEAUTY.

is Spanish, but almost every one speaks French or German and English besides. Agriculture is the chief industry, because the soil is so fertile that little effort is required to raise the most abundant crops. The value of the annual exportations of coffee alone amounts to over \$12,000,000. The mines, which are practically undeveloped, sent out last year gold, silver, copper and quicksilver to the value of \$6,000,000. It is a great country, with a great future before it, and some day will be in a position to richly repay Uncle Sam for the fatherly interest he is now manifesting in its welfare.

SEWELL FORD.

Outdoor Wraps.

The use of fur as trimming is seen everywhere, on coats, cloaks and capes. Fur is also used for vests and waists of cloth gowns. The newest capes are fit close to the shoulders, giving a slo effect, and hang quite full around the bottom. The collars, while made high and flaring, are shaped so they turn down when desired. There are double capes and single capes and capes lined with fur. A useful and comfortable cape is one of cloth lined throughout with real squirrel lock and trimmed with black tibat. Such a cape is suitable for almost all occasions.

Fur lined cloaks are shown in greater variety than ever, and cloth coats and long skirts, made double breasted, with balloon sleeves and strapped seams, are lined with gray squirrel and faced on the revers, collar and cuffs with chinilla. Fur lined circulars are again in fashion, but these revivals are made with more fullness than were the old fashioned ones. They come in broad and in plain satin.



Roasting Meats.

In roasting meats put only sufficient water in the dripping pan to prevent its burning and baste with butter or with butter and hot water until enough liquid has accumulated in the pan for the purpose. Different and delicious flavors may be imparted to roast beef, lamb or mutton by adding half a dozen chopped oysters, shaved horse radish, chopped onion in a little muslin bag, two blades of mace and sticks of cinnamon. Strain before making the gravy.

Baked Plum Pudding.

Eight crackers rolled fine, 4 eggs well beaten, a quart of milk, three-fourth cup of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, one-fourth nutmeg grated, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, a pound raisins seeded. Mix all but eggs, then add them, beaten very light. Bake in a moderate oven about 1 1/2 hours.

Dressing For Turkey.

A quart grated stale bread, a cup milk; soak an hour and add one-half teaspoon powdered thyme, one-half teaspoon summer savory, a tablespoon salt, a teaspoon onion, 4 tablespoons butter melted, 2 eggs well beaten. Mix well together.

HAIR MATRESSES.

Directions From Good Housekeeping For Renovating Them at Home.

Select a mild sunny day, so that the work may be conducted out of doors and the hair dried in the sun if possible. Have ready two or three washtubs filled with warm (preferably) or cold water. Carefully remove the hair from the ticking so as not to stir up the dust which it contains. Put it in a small quantity at a time, in the first tub of water, soaking it up and down; then remove to the other tub, rinsing it thoroughly. Proceed in this manner until all the hair has been washed. Lay it upon a sheet, cover with another sheet, pin them together and either spread on the grass or hang it upon a clothesline to dry.

In the meantime either wash the old ticking or make a new one, using the old as a pattern. The ticking should be left open on three sides of the top. When the hair is thoroughly dry and the tick in readiness, lay the latter on a bedstead from which all accessories but the slats have been removed. Spread the hair evenly on it, pressing it down firmly all over. This is not an easy task, as it will appear next to impossible to get all the hair in. However, care and patience will accomplish it. Now lay the top or upper portion of the tick which is already sewed on one side (the sides and under portion over the hair) and baste strongly the edges all around without removing the mattress from the bed.

The next feature of the operation is best done by two persons, one, preferably, a small child who will get under the bed. Take a long mattress needle and strong twine, tack through the mattress between the openings of the slats and instruct the person under the bed to push the needle back again, catching at the same time small bits of ticking folded up, or wads of raw cotton, securely on the underside before returning the needle. Now tie the twine tightly and fasten with another little wad on the upper side. Proceed in this manner until the whole mattress has been tacked. When this is done, with a bent mattress needle tack the sides of the mattress in two rows by running the needle in and out along the sides at intervals of four inches. Now remove it from the bed and bind all the edges with mattress binding tape, which comes for the purpose. This is a successful and practical way of cleansing and making over mattresses, and in many respects excels the renovation done in factories.

Roads of Long Island.

The movement for good roads grows apace, and nowhere perhaps is greater progress being made than in the two Long Island counties. In Queens the people are fortunate in having men at the head of the county's affairs who believe in good roads; and are always pleased to carry out the wishes of their constituents in the matter. The result is that today the county has as fine a system of roads as can be found anywhere in the Empire State. And this system is being added to as fast as the demand for further improvement becomes manifest.—Island.

Testimony For Good Roads.

Governor Greenhalge of Massachusetts says: "Good roads are the very arteries of the commonwealth. They save money. They cost money, but they save in the long run. It is one of the best investments that the commonwealth can make. It saves money. It gives pleasure. It is good for business. It is good for pleasure. It facilitates commerce. It promotes social intercourse. It tends to the prosperity of the whole people."

The Roads We Need.

With good, hard roads, the labor of hauling is immensely decreased. The time will come, and it is hoped that it will be soon, when the farmers will awaken to their losses from poor transportation and will unite to obtain the kind of highways they ought to have.

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR.

Because it is the sweet o' the year,
There's white and yellow on vale and hill,
The blackbird sings at his darling's ear—
He has gotten a new gold bill.

When birds are merry and have good cheer
And roses nod in the garden lower,
Oh, then it is the sweet o' the year,
And love and the world in flower.

Come, lads and lasses, gameness and glad,
With flute and fiddle, come dance and sing!
Come, gather honey, O lass and lad,
For the merry year's at the spring!

For now comes in the sweet o' the year,
The sweet o' the year that tarries for none;
There come high summer and autumn clear,
And the year is over and done.

Come, gather honey, O lad and lass;
The sweet o' the year is our portion once.
And he who nods while the gold hours pass—
The he is dullard and dunce.

For now comes in the sweet o' the year,
The birds are kissing on vale and hill,
The thrush has got a new song for his dear,
And the blackbird a new gold bill.

—New York Tribune.

TWO OF THEM.

She is a very pretty girl, though that counts for nothing with either of us, and her frock is yellow and brown, with pins here and there. Some of these pins are nearly a foot long, and when they are not in use she keeps them in her hat, through which she stabs them far down into her brain. This makes me shudder; but, so is she constructed that it does not seem to hurt, and in that human pin cushion the daggers remain until it is time for her to put on her jacket again. Her size is 6½; she can also get into 6's.

She comes here occasionally (always looking as if she had been born afraid that morning) to sit in the big chair and discuss what sort of girl she is, with other matters of moment. When she suddenly finds herself forward—clapping her hands on her knee—and says, "Oh! I know that she has remembered something which must out at once or endanger her health, and whether it be 'I don't believe in anybody or anything—there!' or 'Why do we die so soon?' or 'I buy chocolate drops by the half pound,' I am expected to regard it, for the time being, as one of the biggest things of the day. I allow her, but no other, to mend my fire, and some of her most profound thoughts have come to her with a jerk while holding the poker.

However, she is not always serious, for, though her face is often so wistful that to be within a yard of it is too close for safety, she sometimes jests gleefully, clapping her hands. But I never laugh, rather continue smoking hard, and this she (very properly) puts down to my lack of humor. The reason we get on so well is because I treat her exactly as if she were a man, as per agreement. Ours is a platonic friendship, or, at least, was, for she went off half an hour ago with her head in the air.

After only one glance in the mirror, she had spread herself out in the big chair, which seems to me to put its arms round her. Then this jumped out: "And I thought you so trustworthy!" (She always begins in the middle.) "What have I done?" I asked, though I knew.

"Yesterday," she said, "when you put me into that cab. Oh, you didn't do it, but you tried to."

"Do what?"

"She screwed her mouth, whereupon I smoked hard, lest I should attempt to do it again. But she would have an answer.

"Men are all alike," she said indignantly.

"And you actually think," I broke out bitterly, "that if I did meditate such an act (for one brief moment) I was yielding to the wretched impulses to which other men give way? Miss Gunning, do you know me no better than that?"

"I don't see what you mean," she replied. (Her directness is sometimes a little annoying.)

I wagged my head mournfully, and there ensued a pause, for I did not quite know what I meant myself.

"What do you mean?" she asked more gently, my face showing her that I was deeply hurt—not angry, but hurt.

I laid my pipe on the mantelpiece, and, speaking very sadly, proceeded to her that I had nothing in common with other young men, though I forgot how how I proved it. If I seemed to act as they did, my motives were quite different, and therefore I should be judged from another standpoint. Also, I looked upon her as a child, while I felt very old. (There are six years between us.)

"And now," said I, with emotion, "as you still think that I tried to—to do it from the wretched ordinary motive—namely, because I wanted to—I suppose you and I must part. I have explained the affair to you because it is painful to me to be misunderstood. Goodby. I shall always think of you with sincere regard."

Despite an apparent effort to control it, my voice broke. Then she gave way. She put her hand into mine and with tears in her eyes asked me to forgive her, which I did.

This little incident it was that showed her how different I am from other men, and led to the drawing up of our platonic agreement, which we signed, so to speak, that afternoon over the poker. I promised to be to her such a friend as I am to Mr. Thomson; I even undertook, if necessary, to scold her though she cried (as she hinted she should probably do), and she was to see that it was for her good, just as Thomson sees it when I scold him.

A NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE.

"I shall have to call you 'Mary.'"

"I don't see that."

"Yes, it is customary among real friends. They expect it of each other."

I was not looking her in the face, so cannot tell how she took this at first. However, after she had eaten a chocolate drop in silence, she said:

"But you don't call Mr. Thomson by his Christian name?"

"Certainly I do."

"And he would feel slighted if you did not?"

"He would be extremely pained."

"What is his Christian name?"

"Thomson's Christian name? Oh, his Christian name is—Harry."

"But I thought his initials were J. T.?" Those are the initials on that umbrella you never returned to him."

"Is that so? Then my suspicions were correct—the umbrella is not his own. How like him!"

"I had an idea that you merely called him Thomson?"

"Before other people only. Men friends address each other in one way in company, but in quite another way when they are alone."

"Oh, well, if it is customary."

"If it were not, I would not propose such a thing."

Another chocolate drop, and then:

"Mary, dear!"

"That is what I said."

"I don't think it worthy of you. It is taking two chocolate drops when I only said you could have one."

"Well, when I get my hand into the bag, I admit—I mean, Thomson would not have been so niggardly."

"I am sure you don't call him 'Harry, dear.'"

"Not, perhaps, as a rule, but at times men friends are more demonstrative than you think them. For instance, if Thomson—I mean Harry, was ill?"

"But I am quite well."

"Still, with all this influenza about!"

HER BACK.

She had put her jacket on the table, her chocolate drops on the mantelpiece, her gloves on the couch—indeed, the room was full of her, and I was holding her scarf, just as I hold Thomson's.

"I walked down Regent street behind you yesterday," I said sternly, "and your back told me that you were vain."

"I am not vain of my personal appearance, at any rate."

"How could you be?"

She looked at me sharply, but my face was without expression, and she sighed. She remembered that I had no humor.

"Whatever my faults are, and they are many, vanity is not one of them."

"When I said you had a bad temper, you made the same remark about it. Also when—"

"That was last week, stupid! But, of course, if you think me ugly!"

"I did not say that."

"Yes, you did."

"But if you think nothing of your personal appearance, why blame me if I agree with you?"

She rose laughingly.

"Sit down."

"I won't. Give me my scarf." Her eyes were flashing. She has all sorts of eyes.

"If you really want to know what I think of your personal appearance?"

"I don't."

I resumed my pipe.

"Well?" she said.

"Well?"

"Oh, I thought you were going to say something."

"Only that your back pleased me in certain other respects." She let the chair take her back into its embrace.

"Mary, dear!"

It is a fact that she was crying. After I had made a remark or two:

"I am so glad you think me pretty," she said frankly, "for though I don't think so myself, I like other people to think it, and somehow I thought you considered me plain. My nose is all wrong, isn't it?"

"Let me see."

"So you admit you were entirely mistaken in calling me vain?"

"You have proved that I was."

However, after she had drawn the daggers out of her head and put them into the scarf (or whatever part of a lady's dress it is that is worked with daggers), and when the door had closed on her, she opened it and hurriedly fired these shots at me:

"Yes, I am horridly vain—I do my hair every night before I go to bed—I was sure you admired me the very first time we met—I know I have a pretty nose—good afternoon."

HER SELFISHNESS.

She was making spills for me, because those Thomson made for me had run down.

"Mary."

"Well?"

"Mary, dear."

"I am listening."

"That is all."

"You have such a curious, wasteful habit of saying one's name as if it was a remark by itself."

"Yes, Thomson has noticed that also. However, I think I meant to add that it is very good of you to make those spills. I wonder if you would do something else for me?"

"As a friend?"

"Yes, I want you to fill my pipe and ram down the tobacco with your little finger."

"You and Mr. Thomson do that for each other?"

"Often."

"Very well. Give it to me. This way?"

"It smokes beautifully. You are a dear good girl."

She let the poker fall.

"Oh, I'm not," she said. "I am not really kind hearted. It is all selfishness!"

This came out with a rush, but I am used to her, and kept my pipe in.

"Even my charities are only a hideous kind of selfishness," she continued, with clasped hands. "There is that poor man who sells matchboxes at the corner of this street, for instance. I sometimes give him twopenny." (She carries an enormous purse, but there is never more than twopenny in it.)

"That is surely not selfish," I said.

"It is," said she, seizing the poker as if intending to do for herself that instant. "I never give him anything simply because I see he needs it, but only occasionally when I feel happier than usual. I am only thinking of my own

happiness when I give it him. That is the personification of selfishness."

"Mary!"

"Well, if that isn't this, I only give him something when I am passing him, at any rate. I never dream of crossing the street on purpose to do it. Oh, I should be to be terribly happy to give him anything. There! What do you think of me now?"

"You gave him something on Monday when I was with you?"

"Yes."

"Then you were happy at that time?"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"A great deal."

"I don't see."

"Mary, dear!"

"No! Go and sit over there."

STAGGERED.

The subjects we have discussed over the poker! For instance: The rapidity with which we grow old. What on earth Mr. Meredith means by saying that women will be the last thing civilized by man. Thomson.

What will it all matter a hundred years hence?

How strangely unlike other people we two are!

The nicest name for a woman. (Mary.) The mystery of being and not being. Why does Mary exist? Does Mary exist?

She had come in, looking very doleful, and the reason was that, the more she thought it over, the less could she see why she existed. This came of reading a work entitled "Why Do We Exist?"—a kind of book that ought not to be published, for it only makes people unhappy. Mary stared at the problem, having reflected a good deal on the subject, I could not persuade myself that this was one of my ways of addressing Thomson. And I would have continued the same treatment had it not been for her scarf, which has proved beyond all bearing. That scarf is entirely responsible for what happened today.

It is a stripe of faded terra cotta and she ties it round her month before going out into the fog. Her face is then sufficiently irritating, but I could endure it by looking another way, did she not recklessly make farewell remarks through the scarf, which is very thin. Then her month—in short, I can't put up with this.

I had warned her repeatedly. But she was like a mad girl, or, perhaps, she did not understand my meaning.

"Don't come near me with that thing round your month," I had told her a dozen times. I have refused firmly to tie it for her. I have put the table between me and it, and she asked why? (Through the scarf.) She was quite mad.

And today, when I was feeling rather strange at any rate! It all occurred in a moment.

"Don't attempt to speak with that scarf round you," I had said, and said it with my back to her.

"You think I can't, because it is too tight?" she asked.

"Go away," I said.

She turned me round.

"Why," she said wonderingly, "it is quite loose. I believe I could whistle through it."

She did whistle through it. That finished my platonic friendship.

FIVE MINUTES AFTERWARD.

I spoke wildly, fiercely, exultantly, and she, all the time, was trying to put on her jacket, and could not find the sleeve.

"It was your own fault, but I am glad. I warned you. Cry away. I like to see you crying."

"I hate you!"

"No, you don't."

"A friend!"

"Friend! Pooh! Bah! Pshaw!"

"Mr. Thomson!"

"Thomson! Tchut! Thomson! His Christian name isn't Harry. I don't know what it is. I don't care!"

"You said."

"It was a lie. Don't screw your month in that way."

"I will, if I like."

"I warn you!"

"I don't care! Oh, oh!"

"I warned you."

"Now I know you in your true colors."

"You do, and I glory in it. Platonic friendship—fudge! I quarreled with you that time to be able to hold your hands when we made it up. When you thought I was reading your character I—Don't screw—your—month!"

"Give me my scarf."

"I lent you Berkeley so that I could take hold of you by the shoulders on the pretense that I was finding out whether you existed."

"Goodbye forever!"

"All the time we were discussing the mystery of being, I was thinking how much I should like to put my hands beneath your chin and flick it."

"If you ever dare to speak to me again!"

"Don't—screw—your—month! And I would rather put my fingers through your hair than write the latest poem in!"

She was gone, leaving the scarf behind her.

My heart sank. I flung open my window (six hansom came immediately), and I could have jumped after her. But I did not. What I saw had a remarkable effect on my spirits. I saw her cross the street on purpose to give twopenny to the old man who sells the matches. All's well with the world. As soon as I can lay down the scarf I am going west to the house where Mary, dear, lives—J. M. Barrie in London Graphic.

THE SMALL PARLOR.

BE CAREFUL AND DO NOT OVERFURNISH THIS ROOM.

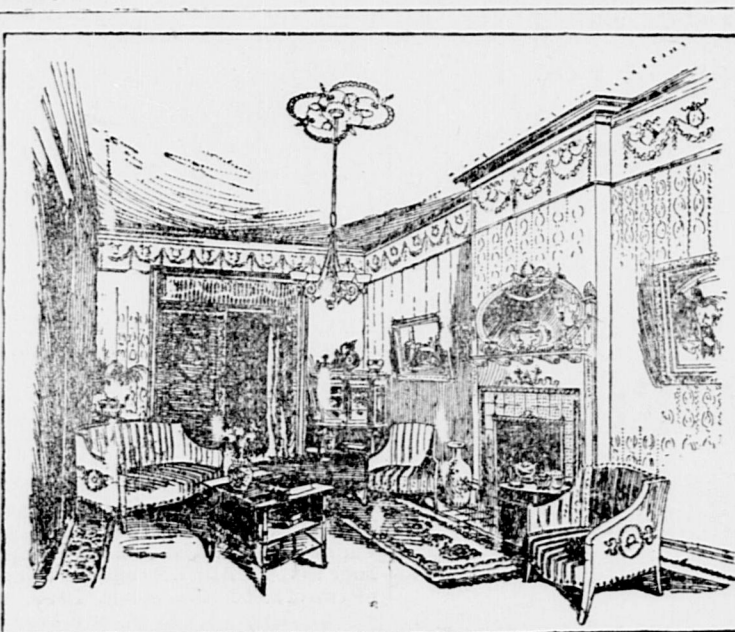
Introduce Furniture That Is Light and Graceful and in Keeping With an Apartment of Restricted Size—Louis Seize and Empire Styles—A Good Color Scheme.

In furnishing a small parlor, or, in fact, any room of restricted size, the error of overcrowding should be avoided. Do not overfurnish and select only such furniture as is simple, light and graceful in shape and with ornamentation in keeping with the character of the apartment.

A small parlor lighted with but one window formed the subject for an illustrated description in The Art Amateur. In this suggestion were taken from both the Louis Seize and the empire styles so as to avoid the stiffness of the latter and the extreme delicacy of workmanship required in the former. An important feature was that any object put into this parlor, including the mantel with its oval mirror, can be bought ready made and at moderate prices.

A good color scheme for such a room would be yellow and white for the walls and dark blue and gray or dark and pale blue for the upholstery and draperies. The room being small the color of the wall paper should in any case be light and its pattern small and simple like that here suggested by the draftsman. In the particular apartment that we have in mind the ground color of the paper is a sulphur yellow and the ornament of wreaths and sprays, disposed in vertical stripes, is of a deeper and duller shade of yellow.

The woodwork of the mantel is enameled a cream color. The applied ornaments are cast in brass. The tiles about the fireplace are yellow, with white dots framed in with a brass molding. The paintings are high in key and have decorative gilt frames. The chandelier is a simple one of brass, with glass globes which give a warm yellowish tone to the light.



THE FURNISHING OF A SMALL PARLOR.

Pianoforte Teaching.

Professor Wietzold, director of the Royal school in Berlin, is reported as having made the following observations on pianoforte teaching in his annual report:

"It may be affirmed that the home music practice of girls is more responsible for this nervousness and weakness, from which many of them suffer, than the much blamed school. Pianoforte teaching should not begin before the twelfth year. Moreover, music should only be studied by healthy girls musically gifted, of whom it may be expected that their playing will one day give pleasure to their fellow creatures. Of 100 girls who learn to play the piano 90 attain after years of labor to only a certain automatic skill, which not only possesses no relation to artistic execution, but is even destructive of the capacity for genuine musical expression. The endless claims made upon the time and strength of growing girls by teachers of music must be stoutly resisted by parents and school authorities. It is neither necessary nor desirable that we should have mediocre or bad pianists, but it is necessary that our girls should remain fresh and healthy in body and mind."

Things Told by a Housekeeper.

Once in a great while, say four or five times a year, we sprinkle salt over the carpet, and sweep with a dry broom. If a room is carefully swept with water, no dust will rise and the carpet will be clean, but the water will be very dirty. It takes brains to sweep well, as it does to cook well. I may be wrong in my conclusions, but I know we have no carpet bugs.

Another thing—we have found nothing better than corrosive sublimate for bedbugs and kerosene for cockroaches. The corrosive sublimate does thorough work, but it is a deadly poison; so great care must be used in putting it out of the reach of children.

In Reference to Closets.

The average height of women is 5 feet 3 inches, but rarely does one find a house in the city or country in which any attention has been paid to this fact in arranging the closets. The hooks are placed 6 feet high from the floor—and lucky for the housewife if it is not more—and above that is placed a shelf, which is practically almost useless. No woman cares to mount a chair or table every time she wishes to get her bonnet or shawl, and the result is that there is often a series of boxes on the floor, which, if handy, have to be removed with every sweeping.

One Recipe For Mince Meat.

A quart fine chopped fresh boiled meat, 2 quarts fine chopped sour apples, 2 cups molasses, 3 cups sugar, 3 cups chopped and stoned raisins, 2 cups currants, a cup sultanas, one-half tablespoon cloves, a tablespoon mace, a tablespoon allspice, 2 tablespoons cinnamon, 3 nutmegs, one-fourth cup salt, juice and grated rind of 3 oranges and a lemon, one-half pint boiled cider, one-fourth to one-half cup butter or pure beef fat, stock to moisten if needed. Mix and cook thoroughly before making into pie. Place a teaspoon butter on top each pie.

Fashion Echoes.

Marie Antoinette fashions give a quaint touch to many of the new evening gowns.

Winter millinery comprises hats of all sizes and shapes, and the display of fashionable headgear was never more varied.

Novelty rears come in strange conglomerations of color harmonies and are made up with fancy silks or velvets. Ivory, cream and snow white silks and satins are more fashionable than ever.

For young girls and children nothing is more worn this year than Scotch and Tam O'Shanter caps.

Fur lined circulars are again in style.

Fashion says that dress skirts must flare at the bottom.

How to Stew Cranberries.

Wash and drain a quart of cranberries; add a pint of cold water, cover closely and set to boil for 10 minutes. Then add a pint of granulated sugar and stew for 10 minutes longer, keeping them covered all the time. Cook in porcelain and stir with a wooden spoon to preserve the color of the berries.

STEWING RUMP STEAK.

A Mode of Cooking Which Makes This Undesirable Cut Very Palatable.

Take half a pound of rump steak, remove the fat, which has to be put aside, as it would make the gravy greasy, and trim away all the skin. Make an ounce of dripping quite hot in a stewpan, lay the steak in it, and brown, allowing about 2½ minutes for each side. This gives the meat a rich flavor and improves the color of the sauce. Cut one onion in rings and fry them with the meat when not to burn, or there will be a bitter flavor. When brown, pour the fat off, and add half a carrot, half a small turnip and a stalk of celery, all cut into slices, and a bunch of herbs (parsley, thyme and marjoram, and a bay leaf all tied in a bunch). Cover the saucepan very closely, and set it near the fire where it will only gently cook or stew for 35 minutes.

About ten minutes before serving mix half a tablespoonful of flour with half a tablespoonful of catchup; stir it in and bring it to the boil, so to cook the flour; then stand it where it will keep hot. Take about an inch of carrot and cut into thin slices and then into strips, or matches, as they are called, and cook them in boiling salted water for five or six minutes; cut similar pieces from a piece of turnip and cook for four or five minutes. Strain and keep hot. At the same time cut the fat from the beef into squares and cook them carefully in a slow oven for five minutes. Dish the steak on a hot dish, arrange piles of the vegetables alternately on it, with an amount of finely chopped parsley on the turnip. Place the pieces of fat in the center; strain the gravy round.

The vegetables in the stew have parted with their flavor and must not be used for garnishing.

Molasses Gingerbread.

A cupful of molasses, butter the size of an egg, one-half cupful of sour milk, an egg, a teaspoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon and one of soda, 1½ cupfuls of flour. Bake in a long, flat tin.

CONVICTS AS ROADBUILDERS.

Some Facts Concerning a Question That Has Caused Much Discussion.

Wheelmen in organized bodies, or as individuals and all who are in favor of convicts being employed in the work of making better roads, should now acquaint their state legislators with their views and wishes, says Good Roads.

Here are a few facts upon which most thinkers agree:

Some states are enacting laws prohibiting the selling or giving away of any articles manufactured by convicts within prison walls. This is what organized labor justly demands. Convicts' labor must not be permitted to outbid free labor.

Prisoners should have some kind of work to occupy their minds and hands. Their work should be made to pay for their keeping if possible.

It has been suggested that during eight or nine months of each year they should be employed outside the prison walls not by contract labor, but colonized, to do the work which the resources of the state offer in the quarries, the mines, along the rivers or on the roads. They can be fed and clothed at a cost to the state of 29 cents a day. Fifty per cent of their earnings should be kept by the state for the man's family. The services of the convicts need not be hired. The state should be compelled to supply labor for the convicts, who are her children.

It is generally believed that in employing convicts in roadbuilding two birds can be killed with one stone. The prisoners will be made better men, and the roads will be improved.

Material For Roads.

People don't always know what they've got, and have to send out sometimes for other people, who have been taught something, to tell them. We had one bad stretch of clay that went around a hill that was considered about as worthless a piece of land as there was anywhere about. Professor Votey came to see us one day and told us to dig into that hill and spread it out on that clay road, and we did, and the lime in it has given us a road as hard as asphalt and that will stand 45,000 pounds. It was "the stone which the builders rejected." There's a sand heap, or a stone heap, or a heap of something that will be just what you want if you will only look for it and be wise enough to know it when you see it.—Ex-Governor Fuller of Vermont.

Good Roads Possible Everywhere.

The illustrations of the ease and comparative cheapness with which good roads can now be constructed which are furnished in the suburbs of every large city should be sufficient to serve as object lessons for all the country. In plain terms, good, substantial roads are possible in all sections of the country, and if once constructed would be found to be cheaper in the long run than the existing country highways, which are a succession of quagmires a part of the year, inches deep in dust the rest of the time and good roads never.

How to Build a Road.

The foundation should be made up of rock no piece of which should be over two inches in diameter. This layer should be about six inches in thickness. Then another layer of still smaller rock follows, and finally the top dressing of fine, screened gravel. The whole should be thoroughly rolled and dampened during the process of construction until it becomes practically a solid mass.

Concerning Wide Tires.

In France wagon tires are from 3 to 10 inches wide, usually from 4 to 6, depending upon the weight of the load. In Germany the law prescribes that wagons for heavy loads must have a width of tire of not less than 4 inches.

ROAD WORK FOR WINTER.

Study Plans For Highway Improvement and Prepare For Spring Activity.

Since it is pretty generally conceded that brain matter is the most needed thing in the making of good roads, the winter months will afford good opportunity for preparing this ingredient for use in the spring, says The L. A. W. Bulletin.

Farmers' institutes, good road leagues and bicycle clubs can improve the winter months by planning for next year's work.

A careful study of roads to be built and how to build them can be made with profit and advantage. The relative



UNPROFITABLE RETURNS.

cost and worth of various materials can be discussed, as can the drainage and other questions of equal importance.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead. A road built properly and cheaply will encourage more work of the same kind, whereas an expensive failure will discourage the movement.

A road should not be built on a catch as catch can, spur of the moment plan. This country has altogether too many impromptu roads. It is in need of more deliberate highways.

Every community should study its needs in the way of better roads, and during the winter a businesslike plan of work should be prepared. The money and time ordinarily wasted in "bedeviling" rural highways would, if intelligently invested, according to a well defined plan, make a good system of roads. Organize, plan, work.

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NOW A NEW REVOLT.

PUERTO RICO MAY SHAKE OFF THE BONDS OF SPAIN.

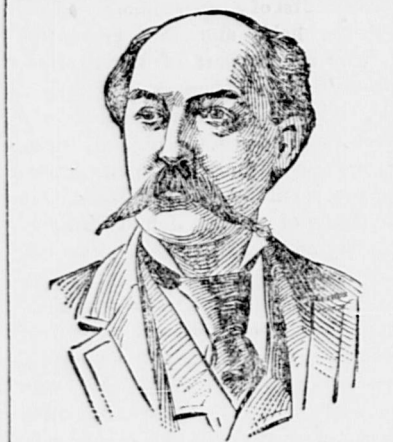
Some Interesting Information About the Picturesque Little Island That Is Tired of Spanish Oppression—Plans of the Revolutionists—Their Grievances.

There is a likelihood that Spain will soon have another rebellion on her hands. The inhabitants of Puerto Rico, tired of Spanish rule and encouraged by the partial success of their Cuban neighbors, now threaten to revolt after enduring oppression for 400 years.

Puerto Rico is the only colony besides Cuba that remains of all the great possessions Spain once had in the western hemisphere. It is only a little island, the smallest of the Greater Antilles, and the farthest east of the group. It is separated from Cuba by the island of Haiti, whose people have thrown off the yoke and enjoy the freedom of a republic.

Puerto Rico is almost rectilinear in shape. It is about 100 miles in length from east to west and about 40 miles in width. Yet on this little island there are over 800,000 inhabitants. Just what percentage of the population is ready to take up arms against Spain and fight for freedom it is difficult to estimate.

There is no doubt, however, about the prevalence of the anti-Spanish feeling. The people there are born with a hatred for Spain that increases with their years. Their numbers may be many, but their



resources are small. All the arms on the island are owned by the Spanish who control the sale of guns and ammunition.

The Puerto Rican revolutionary party which was recently formed in New York purposes to supply this deficiency. At the first meeting an impromptu collection was taken and over \$500 contributed. The revolutionists are now organizing branches in other cities, and expect to raise enough money in a short time to send well equipped expeditions to the island with large supplies of arms and ammunition. Then, when the word is given for the revolt, the patriots will be well armed.

Dr. J. Julio Henxa of New York, who has been elected president of the revolutionary party, says that the Puerto Ricans and the Cubans are to combine their resources in this country and help each other, at the same time dividing Spain's attention.

"Money is coming in rapidly for the purchase of arms and ammunition," he said. "Like Cubans, Puerto Ricans are compelled to suffer the burden of an absurd and heavy taxation. Our people are downtrodden and enslaved. Outrages by the Spanish government upon the people are of common occurrence. Our police is composed of ex-convicts sent from Spain, and our people are subjected to gross outrages at the hands of these men, who are invested with a power that makes them petty tyrants. We realize our strength now. We, too, will fight for independence, and with Spain's waning energies divided between the two countries Cubans and Puerto Ricans hope to achieve their freedom."

It is a fair land, this little island, and a rich one. In the interior are several mountain ranges from whose slopes plunge down over 1,000 streams that empty into the ocean. Most of these rivers are navigable for their length.

There are 40 or more towns and cities, and a railroad almost encircles the island. The principal port and capital is San Juan. This is a historic and picturesque old city. It is defended by Morro castle, where a garrison of some 4,000 soldiers is maintained.

The bulk of Puerto Rico's trade is with England, but owing to heavy duties and taxes it is carried on in Spanish ships. Spain comes next in rank as a customer, and the United States is third on the list.

The productivity of this small colony is surprising. The average annual yield of coffee is 15,000 tons; of sugar, 67,000 tons; of tobacco, 7,000,000 pounds—astonishing figures. Besides this, many tropical fruits are exported as well as some cotton. The tobacco is said to excel that of Cuba, and the cotton is very valuable. There are gold, copper, iron and lead deposits there, but the mines are not worked. In 1893 Puerto Rico sent to the United States over \$2,000,000 worth of sugar and coffee and fruit to the value of about \$3,000,000. We sent them in return flour, butter, cheese, codfish, iron and steel to the value of over \$3,700,000, besides 2,650 tons of machinery and 11,000 tons of coal.

Taxation is the curse of the country. The inhabitants are taxed almost every time they turn around. They are taxed, in fact, when they go from one city to the other. Travelers have to pay \$4 to land on the island. The taxes on foreign ships are particularly heavy and unjust.

The island is governed wholly by Spaniards, who are sent from Madrid. Every petty officer is a Spanish tyrant in the eyes of the people. This horde of officeholders the Puerto Ricans have to support as well as furnish money to carry on war against their neighbors, the Cubans. No wonder they are ripe for rebellion.

TOWN LOT REILLY.

The Rapid Settling of the West Has Well Nigh Robbed Him of His Occupation.

This is the story of Mr. Reilly, not the famous Mr. Reilly who kept the hotel, but Town Lot Reilly, one of the famous characters of the great west. Reilly has reluctantly reached the opinion that the town site locating business has degenerated into what he picturesquely terms a "dead frost." He has made a great deal of money since 1869 by ascertaining where the good towns along the line of a new railroad are to be located, but the rapid march of civilization has caused "an awful slump" in the town site business, and he mourns the departure of the old bonanza days.

Reilly, who is now resting among the orange and lemon groves of Glendora, Cal., is well known by thousands of settlers in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and the Dakotas. He began town sitting when the Central and Union Pacific railroads were opened, and his odd experiences would make an entertaining volume.

"For the past ten years," he says with his characteristic modesty, "I have not failed to call the turn on any railroad town in the west. It has got to be a second nature to me to lay down the map of a projected railroad and put my finger on the location of a town site. When I go into a new country, I just look the ground over for several days and soon come to the conclusion where the town ought to be. The nearness of running water, the depth to which wells must be sunk to get drinking water and the looks of the soil and the lay of the rolling hills, if there are any, all have much to do in fixing a town site along a railroad in the plains."

In 1880 Reilly located Claremont, Kan., but the railroad engineers, despite his protest, rained his scheme by making a station four miles beyond. The railroad had not been running two weeks before Claremont began to move. "Everything was on wheels," says Reilly. "The hotel was first, and then the saloon and blacksmith shop skipped. Pretty soon the schoolhouse went and then the private houses. The last time I was down there not a building remained that could be moved."

WIFE OF THE YOUNGEST SENATOR. She Married a Country Editor and Now Shines in Washington Society. Mrs. Marion Butler enjoys the distinction of being the wife of the youngest senator in the United States senate. When she first met Marion Butler, a young country editor and politician in North Carolina, she little imagined that she would marry him and that the youthful but ambitious editor would be elected to the senate of the United States before their honeymoon was over. She did marry him, however; he was elected senator by the Farmers' Alliance faction, and they now reside in a handsome new house on Q street, Washington, near the residence of the postmaster general.

Before her marriage Mrs. Butler was Miss Florence Faison, and she was born in Sampson county, the county that was also the birthplace of her husband. She was educated at the school in Staunton, Va., conducted by Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, widow of the famous Confederate cavalry general. When she met Marion Butler, he had been compelled to abandon his law studies owing to the death of his father, and was hard at work running a country paper and getting a living for a large family of younger brothers and sisters.

The Faison family was one of the old aristocratic families of the state, and Miss Faison's parents opposed her marriage to Butler, alleging that his social position did not equal that of their daughter. Miss Florence, however, was very much in love with her young Farmers' Alliance knight and refused to give him up. They were married about two years and a half ago, and have one child, a baby about 10 months old. This baby bears the very formidable name of Pocahontas.

Marion Butler, as will be recalled, managed the notable fusion campaign in North Carolina a little over a year ago. The Populists, under Butler's leadership, and the Republicans united, carried the state and divided the two United States senatorships. Butler was elected to the long term and took his seat in March, 1895. He was born May 20, 1863, and was a United States senator at the age of 31. Not since the days of Henry Clay, it is said, has there been such a youthful member of the upper branch of congress. Clay had just reached the constitutional age of 30 when he took his seat in the senate.

English In French Canada. There is a Canadian dialect of French, usually called the French Canadian patois by patronizing people who know little or no French, though such authorities as Mr. Ferchette and Mr. William Maclellan declare, I believe, that it is much purer French than is spoken by the "common people" in France. But when you reflect on the so-called French-Canadian dialect of English you will perceive that it is not a dialect, but simply broken English, varying as to correctness according to the acquaintance of the individual with a language which is not his mother tongue.

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by the St. John's C. L. and A. A.

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JANUARY, 1896.

One does not hear much at this time about the comity of nations.

Mayor Adams speaks of his Republican friends and Democratic brothers. This pregnant saying should silence some of his after election friends.

One peculiar thing about that complimentary banquet was the absence of so many of Mayor Adams' real friends, who would under other circumstances, be delighted to do him honor.

THE MONITOR, in common with many others, deems a change in this important office most imperative, and in selecting a successor to the present incumbent, our hope is that none but one of requisite qualifications shall be chosen. Many persons have been mentioned, but out of the whole list we unhesitatingly espouse the candidacy of Mr. William T. Shea. Mr. Shea has served the city well in the Council, particularly as a member of the committee on street, gaining, aside from daily duties, an adequate knowledge of our streets to fit him for this important post.

MAYOR ADAMS' INAUGURAL.

Mayor Adams in his address to the Council, departs from the usual custom and does not go into the intricate details of the city's affairs. This is right. The Mayor takes a broad, comprehensive view of affairs, and noting the great needs of the city, gives cogent suggestions for the inception and furtherance of many needed measures. The address is characterized by a spirit of hopefulness and the new Mayor gives all to understand that the interests of the city are paramount to all else. Mr. Adams takes office under the most auspicious circumstances, and the hope of a prudent and go-ahead administration of city affairs at his hands will not be disappointed.

THE VICTORS' TERMS.

The defeat of Edward A. McLaughlin for the clerkship of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, no matter in what other aspect it may be viewed, surely means the official promulgation of a political tenet of the Republican party. This party has at present more than an equitable share of the offices and profits of government, but this recent action shows that they are not satisfied with this, but would acquire everything possible for themselves. If the Democrats should, in places where their success permits it, treat public office in the same way, coupled with a retaliatory spirit, we presume that public sentiment will not be offended.

THE PROPOSED NEW COUNTY.

We believe that the bill submitted by the Metropolitan County Commission to the Legislature goes as far as the Commission deemed prudent after carefully weighing the testimony given at its numerous hearings, and with its present limitations, will have a better chance of acceptance by the interested cities and towns than if their autonomy was destroyed or the government of the new county placed in a State commission. The bill intends the concentration of the metropolitan departments created by the Legislature, and further provides that the places embraced by the bill shall relinquish their interest in the counties in which they are situated. The measure would benefit Quincy in many ways, more particularly in the facility afforded, with Boston as the shire city, for the trans- action of probate business and civil and criminal cases before the supreme and superior courts. The management of our county affairs has not been of the most satisfactory kind the last few years, and this with the remoteness of Dedham, will be apt to gain Quincy for the new measure. The plan adopted by the Commission for its acceptance is an enlargement of the referendum principle, and this with the ample and succinct recommendations in the report, makes it the most satisfactory submitted in recent years.

A POWERFUL DETERRENT.

Another victim of Mr. Angel's trenchant pen is the war scare, with all that it includes. We will not agree with him in regard to the necessity of fearing England. Even apart from the matter of war vessels and armies, we know too well that England would be loth to engage in war with us. There are other ways of destroying nations than by fire and sword, as was demonstrated during the late war of the Rebellion, when although we never raised an arm against England, nevertheless we caused extreme destitution, poverty and even death in the great manufacturing centres of that country. England may be more powerful than the United States in arms and men, but she cannot afford a war with a country which puts bread into the mouths of her people. The horrors of such a war would mean starvation throughout every country in the British Island; it would mean the failure of innumerable commercial concerns that depend for their existence upon the trade of our country; and thus although we might lose much, yet our loss would be infinitesimal in comparison to that of England, in any case.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that there is no cause for war, save to bolster up the hopes of aspiring politicians. The question at issue, however, just in itself, has never been made a part of international law, and this becomes an arbitrary measure on part of the United States. How much better would it not be, first to settle the question peacefully, and then if disregarded, call upon a united country, strong in the conviction not only of support, but of victory!

AGAINST VIVISECTION.

THE MONITOR cannot sufficiently express its approbation of the stand taken and maintained by Mr. Angel of the M. S. P. C. A. It requires no common courage to place one's self valiantly at the front in the war upon institutions which, despite their claim to public usefulness, are, nevertheless, convicted of injurious intent upon the morals of whole peoples. The time has gone by when people laughed at the efforts made to prevent wanton cruelty to the brute creation. The sentiment at which even good people scoffed as something foolish, has taken a strong hold upon the public mind, until today when a fellow would be counted despicable who should be detected maltreating a defenseless animal. Nor was the work of the good editor confined to the mere ordinary protection of the animal creation. He has even gone into the schoolroom and there denounced in terms unmistakable the utter inhumanity of vivisection. There may be cases when the practice of this work is permissible, but if so, why should it not be restricted to the lowest possible range within the demands of science? Why should its practice not require a license, and that subjected to the most rigid examination as to those who may carry it on? Some deny its usefulness altogether; there is no one who will honestly concede that it profits an iota when practised in the ordinary schoolroom, in the presence of innocent, soft-hearted children. Let us not forget that in the Massachusetts State Prison today there dwell some whose education in the slaughter and hacking to pieces of little children began in and was continued in cruelty to mere dumb animals. Ask Jesse Pomeroy what led him to his utter inhumanity and he will tell you that it was his inhuman treatment of defenceless animals. What Jesse Pomeroy is today any child may become with the proper education, and one element of that education is vivisection as practised in so many schools today.

THE PRETENTIOUS ADVERTISER.

The Advertiser, in its issue of January 4, in a long article makes certain claims which are more amusing than harmful, and if nothing more than an exploitation of its own good offices was attempted, would have been allowed to pass unnoticed. But the Advertiser makes charges against the papers of Quincy, and in justice to ourselves, an answer is due our contemporary. In referring to the Venezuelan boundary dispute the writer declares that the Advertiser was the only paper to stand by President Cleveland in his message to Congress, and that the other papers sought to belittle him in the position he had taken. We remember that immediately following the President's message, many of the papers of the country, acting on the impulse of the moment, in their commendation of the President did him an almost irreparable injury by placing him in a menacing attitude, whereas in more sober moments and after they had given the message more study they realized the limitations of the document. The President never intended that his action should precipitate war, but if the honorable means of settlement which the United States as intermediary or arbiter pro-

posed should be ignored by Great Britain, the principle that was applicable to this question should be maintained at all hazards.

Now our friend, following the lead of the press from "Wayback," in its editorial on the controversy, though incidentally praising the President, entered almost wholly upon a recapitulation of the numerous advances made by Britain upon the territory of others, displaying, surely not patriotism or an intimacy with the question at issue, but an inherent hatred of England, which upon the slightest provocation the Advertiser and many others are only too willing to show, in lieu of a more substantial patriotism. THE MONITOR has no love for England or English polity; but we believe that every difference between our own country and England should be judged impartially by such an intelligent force as the press. Nothing will so perpetuate the estrangement of nations as to make their differences partisan affairs, and that the settlement thereof can only be affected by the test of might. We do not want to be understood as afraid of the consequences of war, or that peace must be purchased at any cost; we view the matter as did Senator Lodge in his recent vigorous presentation of the doctrine and custom of the United States from Washington to Cleveland, relative to the acquisition or extension of territory by other powers. The Senator further declared that we would do all that was possible in honor to lessen and even dispel the chances of a conflict, but when by the arrogance of England the means of civilization were inadequate to settle the dispute, we would have but one course to pursue, and that would be to compel the relinquishment of English claims in America at the point of the bayonet.

We did not have an opportunity to state our position in the last issue of THE MONITOR, and we defy any paper to place us in the unenviable position which the maliciousness of our bumptious contemporary would assign us. The Commission appointed by the President will make every possible effort to get all the facts in relation to the dispute between England and Venezuela, and, if by their report to this government the position of the President should be sustained, then will be the time for the manifestations of the courage and determination needed to bring us out of the conflict unscathed and with no loss of our national honor.

ST. JOHN'S ELECT OFFICERS.

At the annual election held Tuesday evening, Jan. 7, the following officers were chosen to guide the society the coming year:

President.—George A. Cahill.
Vice President.—John F. Foley.
Recording Secretary.—William O'Donovan.
Financial Secretary.—Thomas F. Hogan.
Corresponding Secretary.—Michael J. O'Hara.
Treasurer.—Martin J. Garrity.
Librarian.—William A. Kingstree.
Assistant Librarian.—James Cantrell.
Chairman Dramatic Board.—John P. Mundy.
Superintendent.—Andrew Mischler.
Auditors.—George F. Ferguson, James O'Donovan and M. T. Sullivan.

The appreciation of the society for the very faithful two years' service of the retiring president, Mr. Richard A. Cole, was shown toward the close of the meeting, when the unanimous thanks of the society were given him.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Mayor Adams has accepted the invitation of the society and will be present at the anniversary festivities. Rev. Dr. Supple, through Fr. Cunningham, has consented to give his magnificent stereoscopic lecture on Rome. Invitations have been issued to the clergy, prominent ladies and gentlemen of the city, the press, and the spiritual directors and presidents of the Catholic societies in and around Boston. A fine concert has been arranged, and a dance will be held from the close of the concert until 2 o'clock, with a collation to be served in the lower hall by the young ladies.

Rev. Francis A. Cunningham, the director of the St. John's society, has presented the society with a handsome engraving of himself, and four oak bookcases for the library. The members of the society desire to publicly express their gratitude to Fr. Cunningham for his expression of kindly interest, which has been shown on more than one occasion.

The society has received its new Trowbridge piano, and the apparatus for the gymnasium, which when placed in position, will give the society one of the best gymnasiums hereabout.

Mayor Adams is one of the executive committee of six of the so-called Double-Tammany League.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Rev. Edward J. Fegan of West Quincy, recently stationed in Hopkinton, has been given a charge in Natick.

But the recent ordination at the Cathedral of Boston, the archdiocese has recruited the ranks of its clergy with nine young priests.

The elevation of Monsignor Gotti to the cardinalate was very pleasing to the Catholics of Brazil, for Cardinal Gotti, who is a Carmelite, recently held the post of internuncio at Rio de Janeiro, and it was largely through his efforts that the present very friendly relations between Brazil and the Vatican were established.

Very Rev. Dr. O'Connell, the new rector of the American College at Rome, was feted by many organizations during the past week. At the celebration held at St. Cecilia's church, Back Bay, Boston, the reverend gentleman was presented in the name of the Catholics of Boston, with a purse of \$2,000.

Some of the prelates who were created cardinals at the last consistory evidently did not expect such honors from the hands of the Holy Father. A Roman correspondent of one of our contemporaries asserts that when the letter informing him of his coming creation reached Cardinal Manara, the bishop of Ancona, that prelate fainted. Monsignor Haller, the archbishop of Salzburg, took his letter more philosophically. After reading it he simply remarked that he really knew of no reason why the Pope should make him a cardinal.—The Republic.

In an audience which the Holy Father granted to Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe, Ireland, the Pope spoke in very feeling terms of the Irish people. He declared himself their unchangeable friend, and said that the love of his heart was poured out in blessings on the faithful race which dispoiled itself for the faith, which could sympathize with a dispoiled Pontiff, and which in its generosity would not allow Christ's Vicar to want the means of effectively discharging the functions of his exalted office. His Holiness expressed the consolation he felt at hearing how religion flourished therein.

Much ado has been made by Catholics with regard to the noted marriage of Mabel E. Wright with Count Zichy, in New York last week. Miss Wright had been divorced, some months ago, from a man named Yznaga; yet she is married in a Catholic church with the full approval of Archbishop Corrigan. How could that be? It is naturally asked. The explanation is very simple: It is a principle in the Church, a principle on which the Church is immovable, that a Catholic cannot marry again during the life of his first lawful wife. We remember from our histories the trouble brought about by adherence to that principle when the Pope Leo X refused to grant a divorce to Henry VIII, and again when a successor of the same pope declared the marriage of Prince Jerome with Miss Paterson of Baltimore, irrevocable. But in these two cases the first marriage was entirely lawful and valid, and as such could not be annulled. It is entirely different in the case of Miss Wright. Her first marriage with Yznaga was null from the beginning, precisely because the Church does not recognize a marriage between a baptized and an unbaptized person. True, Miss Wright was a Protestant at the time; nevertheless she was baptized, whereas Yznaga was unbaptized. There was therefore, no marriage in the eyes of the Church. Miss Wright, therefore, not only might, but was even bound to procure a separation from Yznaga, and as she was not married could therefore lawfully and justly contract her later marriage with Count Zichy. This is the whole explanation of the case.

NEW YEAR'S SERVICE.

AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

The first day of the year, according to the Rubrics of the Catholic Church, the Feast of the Circumcision, is a holy day of obligation and two masses were celebrated in honor of the event. The first mass at 5.15 in the morning was celebrated by Rev. F. A. Cunningham, and was largely attended.

The second mass was at 8 o'clock and the celebrant was Rev. F. A. Friguglietti, the pastor of the Quincy parish. Fr. Friguglietti preached an eloquent sermon exhorting his parishioners, to thank God for His blessings during the last year and to ask grace to help them to lead better lives during the 12 months to come.

At the end of the mass the Te Deum was sung by the choir in gratitude for blessings received during the year, and there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

St. Mary's C. T. & T. A. society held a social dance at St. Mary's hall, Thursday evening which was quite largely attended.

A RETROSPECT

Of the St. John's Society from its Inception to the Present Time.—The Benefactors of the Society.—The Great Help of the Ladies' Auxiliary.—Recent Additions to the Gymnasium and Reading Room.

In view of the fact that the St. John's C. L. and A. A. will celebrate, on the 14th inst., the twelfth anniversary of their existence, it might not be amiss here to go back over the short history of that organization.

Early in the month of January, 1884, the idea originated with the Rev. A. F. Roche that an association composed of the Catholic young men of the parish ought to be organized. He finally consulted with a few young men and explained the advantages to be derived from such an association. The suggestion was quickly impressed on the minds of these young men, and immediately a meeting of all the Catholic young men of the parish was called, and on the 14th of January, 1884, about one hundred young men answered to the call, and met in the basement of St. John's church. An organization was affected and from that date the association has taken an upward course, until today it has a membership of 125. At this meeting a committee was appointed to draw up a constitution, and to report the same to the next meeting.

On the 21st of January another meeting was held, and the committee brought in a report of constitution, and after a few changes were made it was adopted. The preamble to the constitution states the objects, which are, the advancement of the members, morally, mentally and physically; and the name of the St. John's Catholic, Literary and Athletic association was adopted.

Rev. A. F. Roche was chosen director of the association, and it was by his untiring energy, and under his zealous and watchful care, his wise and able counsel, that the association steered clear of shoals and quicksands, and sailed on a smooth and untroubled sea. And while his wise counsel was always needed, the members also acted in a manner entirely creditable, remembering always that they were Catholics and living according to Catholic teachings, and also upholding the principles of its constitution, and strictly adhering to the article which requires the members to attend Holy Communion in a body twice a year. The perpetuation of the association was thus assured.

John H. Dinegan was elected first president of the association, but he did not complete the term of office as he resigned, and was succeeded by John H. Dee, who ably and creditably discharged the duties of his office for three consecutive terms. A few meetings were held in the basement of St. John's church, and then it was decided to engage a hall. It was hard work to secure a hall that was fit for the society, as a separate floor was wanted for gymnasium. The association at this time numbered about forty members. It was finally voted to lease the top floor of Franklin hall, corner of Franklin and School streets. The society moved into the above hall about the first of April, 1884, and occupied the same until August, 1885, when the Salvation army entered Quincy, and hired the lower hall of the same building. It was then deemed advisable for the association to vacate the hall which they had occupied for eighteen months before; the continual roll of the drum and the whirling of the tambourine was more than the members could stand. So another hall was secured, which was not quite so large. This hall was situated on Granite street, near postoffice, and owned by H. H. Faxon.

The articles used in the gymnasium had to be stowed away when the next hall was reached, which was quite a loss to the members who had athletic proclivities; all interest was lost; the meetings were not well attended; the hall was not in a central location. What was to be done? A new move was made, an idea was struck upon, that checked the retrogressive spirit that was then pervading the minds of the members. During this time, since the organization, a few entertainments were given, which were a success, financially and otherwise, and a handsome sum was realized from the same. A plot of land was bought on School street, and paid for, and to erect the hall on that land was the one idea on which the stability of the society depended.

The question of building a hall was proposed at a regular meeting, and it was the opinion of all the members present that it would be the most advisable thing to do, and it was so voted, and the Rev. A. F. Roche was appointed to carry out the wishes of the association. Estimates were received for the construction of the building, and it was awarded to David Roche. It was now September, and all the members were eager that it should be erected as quickly as possible, and the fact was, a large force of mechanics was employed, and the association oc-

cupied the building six weeks after the letting of the contract. The building is sixty feet long and thirty feet wide; the lower floor is used as a gymnasium, fitted up with all the paraphernalia required in such places, and the upper hall is used for meetings and other entertainments. There is a stage thirty feet by twenty, which is used as a reading room. In this room there is a large library of beautiful books, which are edifying to the members who are literary inclined.

The association is indebted to the Rev. T. J. Danahy for this magnificent library. When the society had on its swaddling clothes, it was he who came forward and volunteered his services to give a lecture for the association, which lecture realized two hundred and fifty dollars, and drew forth an audience of eleven hundred persons, in the Town Hall, Quincy, which has never been equaled in magnitude. This grand and generous act, and others quite as substantial recently received from Rev. Father Danahy, should not be forgotten by the association. In this room also, quiet games of checkers, dominoes, chess, are played, but no cards were allowed. A piano was also an addition to this section of the hall, and the members who had a talent for music could break the monotony by discoursing some selections from Mikado, Patience, or Penzance.

The building is heated by steam, and lighted by gas. In the main hall there is suspended a magnificent chandelier containing sixteen lights, the gift of the friends of the association, mainly the lady friends who labored so hard in collecting subscriptions, and to whom the association will ever feel grateful.

The debates which were held every Monday evening were instructive and entertaining. The subjects which were debated were numerous, the principal questions being: The City and Town Question for Quincy; The Weekly Payment Bill; The "Female Suffrage"; The Division of the Town, or Annexation of Atlantic to Boston; Are Labor Organizations a Benefit to the Working Man? Are the Results of the Late Civil War Worth the Cost? Should the Government Own and Control the Railroads? Biennial Elections in this State, and numerous other questions have been discussed to the edification of the members.

The dramatic part of the association has been successfully conducted and the entertainments given by this association need no comments here.

In April, 1886, the association started the publication of THE QUINCY MONITOR, as a medium of advancing their interests as Catholics, as associates, and as citizens. A vast amount of good was naturally effected by a paper conducted on Catholic principles in explaining matters of doctrine, discipline and morals in which Catholics were so often misunderstood and misrepresented. The paper took its attitude upon a thoroughly Catholic standpoint; it was independent in politics, believing that public office is really a public trust, and therefore that public officials are accountable to the people of all classes and parties for the just and faithful performance of their official duties. It firmly believed that the best interests of all demanded the suppression of the liquor traffic, and labored earnestly to bring about that end. It has thus been of great help, not only to Catholics and to the society, but to citizens in general.

The association at present is in a flourishing condition, with all its floating debt paid, it finds itself at present in possession of a neat little reserve fund upon which to call in case of necessity. The gymnasium has received many valuable additions to its paraphernalia. The hall has been fitted up with many attractive bits of furniture, including a magnificent piano, and several oak bookcases well stocked with useful and entertaining literature. The old prints that adorned the walls for many years have yielded place to tasteful pictures, and before spring it is the hope of the association to renovate and improve the whole premises.

The young men owe a debt of thanks to the recently formed Young Ladies' auxiliary, whose efforts during the late bazaar helped so materially in placing the organization more firmly upon its feet than ever. The old hall has taken on a new life since their advent, and the Monday evenings, or Ladies' nights, promise to become one of the most enjoyable features of the association.

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Paper Hanging,
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All orders promptly attended to.
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ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI

Invested with the Insignia and Honor of the cardinalate by Cardinal Gibbons, at the Baltimore Cathedral—A Magnificent Ceremony, Witnessed by Eminent Prelates and Government Dignitaries.

At the Baltimore Cathedral, Sunday, January 5, Francis Satolli, titular archbishop of Lepanto and papal legate to the United States, was elevated to the cardinalate, and formally vested with the scarlet, which marks the rank of cardinal.

Archbishops, bishops, monsignors and divines of various grades in the Catholic church; statesmen, diplomats and hundreds of the great and lowly, Catholics and non-Catholics, witnessed the services. Prominent prelates from every section of the country took part in the proceedings, and the splendor of the vestments, the grandeur of the music and the pomp of the ritual combined to afford a spectacle of rare impressiveness and brilliancy.

Early in the morning Mgr. Sharretti of Cardinal Satolli's household called on Cardinal Gibbons and presented to him the holy orders known as the papal briefs. In delivering the papers Mgr. Sharretti made an address in Latin, in which he congratulated the cardinal on the honor the Pope had bestowed in selecting him to act on this solemn occasion. The monsignor spoke in eulogistic terms of Cardinal Gibbons' character, abilities and services to the church and to his fellow men.

In a few well chosen words his eminence thanked Mgr. Sharretti for his complimentary expressions, and added that he felt highly honored in accepting the proffered documents.

The ceremonies of the day were inaugurated with an imposing procession, which moved shortly after 10 o'clock in the morning, from Cardinal Gibbons' residence to the Cathedral. It was made up of members of the hierarchy, clergy, and seminarians to the number of several hundreds. The procession was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. There were 34 bishops and 14 archbishops in line. Each of the archbishops was supported by his vicar-general.

The venerable Archbishop John J. Williams of Boston, who conferred the zucchetto upon Cardinal Gibbons 10 years ago, was the centre of attraction. Hats were doffed by men and handkerchiefs were waved by smiling women as he passed by in the post of honor.

Cardinal Gibbons, with six acolytes, who served as train bearers, brought up the rear of the long and slowly-moving procession.

Before 11 o'clock the entire procession had passed within the portals of the cathedral. As the seminarians, clergy and prelates moved down the centre aisle, Hamerick's "Marche Solennelle" was rendered by orchestra, chorus and organ.

Cardinal Satolli and Marquis Sacripanti of the Noble Guard did not take part in the procession, but entered the Cathedral through the sacristy. Every inch of available space on the main floor and in the galleries of the edifice was occupied by an attentive congregation. There was but little special adornment within the Cathedral.

When all the chief dignitaries had taken their places, the ceremony of conferring the beretta was begun. Cardinal Gibbons, who was commissioned by the Pope to confer the beretta, occupied his throne on the gospel side of the sanctuary, robed in full canonical vestments. A temporary throne was occupied by the candidate on the epistle side. On each side of Cardinals Gibbons and Satolli were their assistant priests and deacons of honor.

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Our Sixth Annual January Mark

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1 lot Ladies' Dressed Kids,
ors and black, worth \$1.25,

Our Price 79

1 lot Ladies' Mousquetaire
button length, never sold less th

For this week

1 lot Ladies' Bairrizz black a
button length a fine Winter C
price \$1.00,

Now 79 c

D. E. WADSW

SOCIETY

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and seated within the chancel rail were the members of the hierarchy and priests who had been invited to assist at the ceremony. Places were specially provided near the cardinal's throne for Archbishop Keane and Marquis Sacripanti.

At the proper time Marquis Sacripanti handed to Cardinal Gibbons the official brief announcing that his eminence had been chosen by the Pope as the apostolic delegate to confer the beretta. Rev. Dr. Magnien read the brief.

The papal brief addressed to Cardinal-elect Satolli and announcing his appointment was then presented, and was read by Rev. Dr. Kennedy of Philadelphia.

The choir of the seminarians then sang "Let Us Pray for Our Holy Father Leo."

Then Mgr. Sbarretti made a long address in Latin. He spoke of the Pope's affection for this country, and dwelt on the remarkable tact and ability with which the cardinal-elect had performed his difficult mission in the United States where he had won the esteem of the people, both Catholic and non-Catholic. He declared that the honor bestowed on Cardinal Satolli redounded upon the universal church, and especially upon the church in America.

The red beretta, bore upon a silver tray, was then presented to Cardinal Gibbons by Marquis Sacripanti. His eminence invited Cardinal Satolli to approach. The latter was escorted from his throne by his attendant priest and deacons of honor.

Taking the beretta in his hand, Cardinal Gibbons addressed Cardinal Satolli. He said that the distinction conferred on Cardinal Satolli was not only a proof of the sovereign pontiff's predilection, but also an evidence of the success of the latter's mission to the United States was also referred to, as was the admiration cherished for his talents, learning and virtues by the leading prelates and clergy of the country.

At the conclusion of his remarks Cardinal Gibbons placed the beretta upon Cardinal Satolli's head as the latter knelt before him.

Cardinal Satolli then arose, raised the beretta from his head and retired to the sacristy to change his purple vestments for a scarlet cassock, a cappa magna of similar hue, and the other vestments of his new office.

Upon his return to the sanctuary Cardinal Satolli ascended his throne and, turning to Cardinal Gibbons, made an address in Latin.

He expressed his satisfaction at obtaining this mark of Pontifical favor through Cardinal Gibbons, from whom he had received the greatest kindness, consideration and encouragement while carrying on in this country his labors, which had been crowned with success. He was greatly pleased that this function should be held in America, where he had received so many attestations of good will and affection. He hoped that this occasion would mark the beginning of an era still more brilliant, still more prosperous for the church and the country. He promised that, throughout all the rest of his life, he would never cease daily to pray for the welfare of the American people.

At the conclusion of his address Cardinal Satolli was vested for mass, which was rendered with himself as celebrant. Beethoven's mass in C was the selection and Prof. Hale led the choir of 72 voices, with orchestral accompaniment. Following the mass, a Te Deum was sung.

The sermon of the day was preached



POPE LEO XIII IN HIS STUDY.
If Pope Leo XIII lives until March 2, 1896, he will be 86 years of age. He was born Gioacchino Pecci and was chosen pope February 21, 1878. The accompanying picture shows the pope in his study with his secretary.

by Archbishop John J. Kain of St. Louis.

Previous to the benediction by Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Dr. Rooker of the apostolic delegation, read a cablegram from Rome conveying the Pope's apostolic benediction.

After the ceremonies, which lasted over three hours, Cardinals Satolli and Gibbons were entertained at a dinner at St. Mary's Seminary. Two hundred prominent clergymen and laymen were seated at the tables.

Cardinal Satolli returned to Washington tonight.

In view of his elevation to the cardinalate, the Pope has temporarily conferred the title of apostolic delegate upon Mgr. Sbarretti, secretary and chancellor of the delegation, but it is understood that Cardinal Satolli will continue to discharge the functions of the office during the six months he will remain in this country before going to Rome to receive the red hat at the hands of the Pope, which will make him a full member of the sacred college.

In the meantime the Pope will appoint his successor as apostolic delegate, and the latter will take up his residence in Washington simultaneously with the departure of Cardinal Satolli for Rome.

Cardinal Satolli will be, on his return to the Vatican, the representative of Washington in Rome.

An Elephant's Pride.

Elephants are passionately fond of finery and delight to be arrayed in gorgeous trappings. An amusing instance of elephantine pride is narrated by Sir Samuel Baker. The elephant which usually led the state procession of a rajah being sick, the magnificent trappings were placed on one which had, up to that time, occupied only a subordinate place. The animal, delighted with its finery, showed its glee by so many little squeals and kicks of pleasure that it attracted general attention. Not long after another state procession was formed, and the previous wearer of the gold clothes being restored to health, took his accustomed place and trappings, when the now degraded elephant, imagining, perhaps, that he was being defrauded of his promotion, was, with great difficulty, restrained from attacking the leader of the parade.

The Oldest Birthday on Record.

As everybody—except a few unfortunate 20th of February folks—has a birthday at least once a year it follows that the first birthday of the very first man would be the oldest. But neither of it nor of any other for long ages afterward does any account remain. The first birthday which somebody who has been looking this subject up finds mentioned is that of re-joice, in Genesis, ch. 30, when the patriarch whom Joseph served kept his birthday. It is interesting to learn that even at that distant period the occasion was celebrated in festive fashion, for we read that "he made a feast unto all his servants." Pharaoh went a little farther, pardoning his chief butler, whom he had cast into prison, and hanging the chief of his butlers.

Easily Answered.

A man once told the famous Dr. Wilberforce, bishop of Winchester, he would ask him a question which he thought would puzzle him. "What is it?" inquired the bishop. "Which is the nearest road to heaven?" "Oh, any child knows that!" answered Wilberforce. "Take the first turning to the right and keep straight on."

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Quincy Grain Store.

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GRAIN, HAY and STRAW,
BRICK, LIME and CEMENT,
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Prices are the Lowest in the City.

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Gold Heart.

In Quality and Price we invite Competition. Try them.

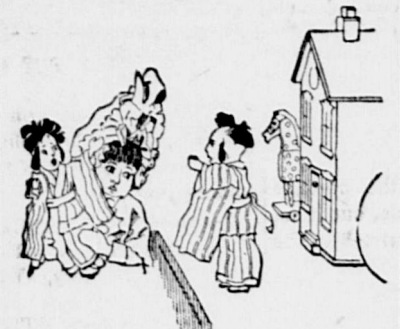
OUR YOUNG FOLKS

LITTLE LOVERS.

The Short, Sweet Story of the Love and Sad Fate of Two Little Japs.
A little Jap—so I've heard tell—
Said to his love, "Dear Daff-o-dell,
If you love me as I love you
Nothing on earth shall part us two."



Sweet Daff-o-dell grew rosy red.
"I've loved you long, dear Jap," she said.
"Please bury a house without delay;
Let's married be next Saturday.
Then some one cried: "You can't. No, no!
To marry 'mid you've got to go!"
And carried off poor Daff-o-dell.
This picture, dears, her fate will tell.



Jap could not live without a wife.
So ended soon his little life.
Such blighted hopes none e'er forget.
The house Jap bought is still to let.

Skating in China.
Many people think of China as a tropical country. As a matter of fact, however, it is so big that it has as many kinds of climate as the United States itself. In the neighborhood of Peking the winters are very cold, and the Peiho for 70 miles is annually covered with ice from bank to bank, extending from Tung-Chow, the port of Peking, to the mouth of the river at Taku, in the gulf of Pe-chi-li.

With such splendid skating grounds it is no wonder that skating is popular in China. During the five months of the year when Peking is icebound the Chinese spend much of their time on skates.

Skating is a business with the Chinaman rather than a sport, for he contrives to turn frozen canals into convenient highways for his merchandise, as they do in Holland and Denmark. Passengers are carried in sledge chairs, propelled by an active celestial on skates, and there is no more enjoyable way of making a tour round the 17 miles of wall which surround the ancient city of Peking than in a sledge of this description, says a writer in Golden Days.

The Jumping School.
In days exceedingly remote a lively kangaroo arose and cried: "The world is wide, and all have work to do; To earn one's living one must try—one mustn't go to sleep."

She thought a wee, and then quoth she, "A jumping school I'll keep!"
Where there's a powerful will at work there's sure to be a way.
She looked around until she found some pupils who would pay;
And though the limbs of most of them proved far too stiff, alas!
They stood in line, quite eight or nine, and formed a splendid class.

Their teacher taught them how to leap "like that," and then "like this,"
But only two contrived to do their jumping not amiss.
The grasshopper was first of these, and next him came the frog.
Who, sooth to say, until that day, had walked about his bog.
At length the term approached its end, and then the kangaroo
Forth from her pouch, as records vouch, a brace of prizes drew.
"The grasshopper takes one," she said. "You, frog, the other get."
At this the couple jumped for joy—and they are jumping yet!

Do you realize that an advertisement in THE MONITOR is read by 1,000 families?

A REMARKABLE RAILROAD SYSTEM.

People Who Go to the St. Louis Convention Will Ride in Fine Street Cars.
(Special Correspondence.)

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 6.—This city has the finest street car system in the world. People who come to the convention next June may be prepared to see and enjoy something unique in street railroad equipment. They will ride in palace cars propelled by electricity, and they can ride from one end of the city to another and around it, 12 miles in all, for 5 cents.

St. Louis was a long time waking up to the demand for rapid transit. I can recall the sensation it created here not very many years ago by the report of the starting of the wonderful cable cars in Chicago. San Francisco had rapid transit long before Chicago, and Chicago was far ahead of St. Louis. But that should not be a subject of reproach. The plodding car horse is still a feature of the landscape in Washington and New York.

When St. Louis awoke to the need of quick transit, there was a long delay while the railway owners debated the relative advantages of cable and electric propulsion. A cable road was the first started, and the opposition to the trolley kept electricity in the background for a long time. But sufficient inducements were offered the members of the city assembly after a time, and franchisees were granted. Before many years the city was gridironed with trolley lines. Boston's system is more complicated and clumsy, but it is not so far-reaching in its usefulness. Fortunately for St. Louis, the street cars are not centered in one or two of the business streets. Every street leading to the business center has one or more car lines on it, however.

Within the city limits are 320 miles of single track. The stranger who comes here to see the city from a street car must be prepared to do a good deal of riding.

The gross annual receipts of the different companies are \$5,000,000, which would represent 100,000,000 passengers carried in a year, not counting dead-heads or making allowance for children who ride at half fare. The 5 cent fare prevails here everywhere, and no tickets are sold. There is a very elaborate system of transfers, which makes it possible to reach almost any part of the city from any other part for 5 cents.

To carry these 100,000,000 passengers there are 920 motor cars, 160 grip cars and 849 "trailers." These cars, if placed in a line, would cover nearly 20 miles of streets.

The four great systems are the Missouri railway, which controls 25 miles of electric and 10 miles of cable road; the Lindell, which controls 62 miles of electric; the Union Depot company, which controls 75 miles of electric, and the National railway, which has 42 miles of electric and 10 of cable line. The first three are owned in St. Louis; the fourth is the property of a Chicago syndicate.

The aggregate capital of the street railroads of the city is \$21,700,000, and they have a bonded indebtedness of \$17,150,000.

St. Louis was the city which inaugurated the mail car system. It came from a suggestion by John B. Harlow of the St. Louis postoffice, now civil service commissioner at Washington. The system has been in operation over lines running north, south and west for several years. Boston took up the idea, and now conservative New York and Washington have street railway mail cars.

The express car system was introduced first on St. Louis railways. An express car now runs on a fixed schedule from South St. Louis to the heart of the city, and before summer comes all the lines in the city will probably be doing an express business. In time, no doubt, the delivery system of the shops will be revolutionized. Delivery cars will be loaded with bundles for different sections, and delivery wagons will cover short routes from general warehouses in these sections.

The first street car ambulance was built in St. Louis and used over the Union Depot lines from the center of the city to the City Hospital. It was equipped with every necessary appliance for performing a surgical operation, if necessary, en route. The railway company built this car and operated it for a time, but it is out of use just now because the city made no provision for paying operating expenses or putting in switches at the hospital grounds.

The funeral car is a novelty, founded on the French funeral train, which has had some serious consideration. The objection to it lies in the fear that the line running to the cemetery might become known as the "funeral line." The funeral car has been planned—a combination car, with a place for the corpse in front and seats for the mourners behind. Such a car could be switched from one end of the city to another from track to track. It would cheapen funerals about one-half.

The living and not the dead are the chief solicitude of the companies now, however, and St. Louis people have reason to congratulate themselves. The cars on almost all the lines are mounted on heavy springs, and they ride with the ease of a railroad coach. They are equipped with double seats of wicker on each side of a broad aisle, and in the winter months they are warmed by stoves. St. Louis street cars were the first in the country to be warmed in winter.

Push buttons at intervals give passengers a means of communicating with the conductor, which is a great improvement on the old hand waving, which sometimes attracted the conductor's attention and sometimes missed him entirely. Many of the cars have smoking compartments. Only one thing the St. Louis street car system needs to make it perfect. The cars should stop before crossing the street. This is the Baltimore idea, and it is spreading rapidly to other communities.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.



WM. PARSONS & CO.'S

New Year's Greeting:

Having given satisfaction during the past year, we feel confident in securing your patronage in the year that we have just entered upon. We are not advertising a

MARK-DOWN

in prices, because our prices are as low as is consistent with good material and workmanship.

"Our method of Cleansing is the Best, We make a Specialty along this line."

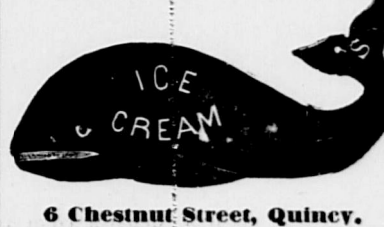
A share of patronage is solicited.

WM. PARSONS & CO.,

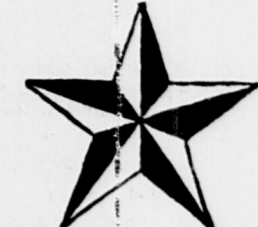
Custom Tailors,

114 Hancock Street, - Quincy.
Come in and get a Calendar.

Prices and Quality are Right.



6 Chestnut Street, Quincy.

Because
We want
Trade.

Most stores burn their fuel in the month of January without making any headway. Customers will rally round the store that gives a generous dollars' worth. That's the mystery of our success.

We have hundreds of

Men's and Boys' Overcoats,
Usters, Suits
and Reefers,

just as good as they were in December, but now with the prices on them so low that you don't require an expert's knowledge to see what you can save by buying one during this, our

Mid-Winter Reduction Sale.

What do we get out of it? Not much in the shape of profit, but we get trade. The first practical knowledge many of our customers got of us, they got through these semi-annual reduction sales. It's been the best advertising we have done. We get five times as much trade in January as we otherwise would. There is no humbug about our reduction sales, that's why they are a success. We have made a reduction of 20 to 30 per cent right through our entire line of Usters, Overcoats, Suits, Reefers, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Come and see, if this interests you.

McManus & Co.,

Men's and Boys' Cloths and Outfitters,

670 Washington Street,

Corner Beach Street,

BOSTON.

Our Sixth Annual January Mark Down Sales.

KID GLOVES.

4 of the Greatest Bargains Ever Offered

1 lot Ladies' Heavy Walking Gloves, 7 hook, all shades, former price, \$1.00.

Now 79 cents.

1 lot Ladies' Dressed Kids, 4 button, colors and black, worth \$1.25,

Our Price 79 cents.

1 lot Ladies' Mousquetaire Undressed, 8 button length, never sold less than \$1.25,

For this week 79 cts.

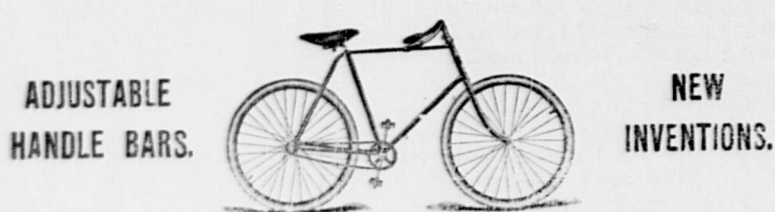
1 lot Ladies' Bairrizzt black and colored, 6 button length a fine Winter Glove, former price \$1.00,

Now 79 Cents.

D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.

Quincy Bicycles.

The Lightest Wheels at the New York Show.



Be sure to see them before you buy.

QUINCY CYCLE CO.,

Washington Street, Quincy.

WALTER H. RIPLEY

Guarantees Satisfaction to Purchasers of

Granite Tools of All Kinds.

JOBBING OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Works, Cross Street, - West Quincy.

N. B. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. P. O. address, Box 16.

Catholic

Prayer Books, Pearl Rosaries, Silver Rosaries, Photo Medallions, Books of Devotion, Gold and Silver Medals, Statuettes, Framed Pictures, etc.

FLYNN & MAHONY, 18 and 20 ESSEX ST., BOSTON.

Drafts for £1 and upwards.

Agent for all the European Steamship Lines.

Passage Tickets to Ireland only \$16.

JOHN H. GOODHUE,

South Quincy Baker.

Bread, Cake, Pastry, etc. Crackers at Wholesale or Retail.

Wedding Cake a Specialty.

Beans and Brown Bread Every Sunday Morning.

25 WATER STREET, - QUINCY.

A. F. BUSSELL,

Portrait and Landscape Photographer.

One dozen fine Cabinet Photos, \$3.00.

Children's Pictures a Specialty.

ADAMS BUILDING, - QUINCY, MASS.

Furniture and Carpetings.

THE GREATEST VALUES ON EARTH.

We buy as low as we can and sell as low as we like. That's mighty low. Furniture Bargains for everyone. Remember this Low-Priced, Money-Saving Store is here for your benefit.

HENRY L. KINCAIDE & CO.,

Tirrell's Block. 93 and 95 Hancock Street.

J. F. Sheppard & Sons,

— DEALERS IN —

The Best Quality Lyken's Valley Franklin, Red and White Ash and Cumberland

COAL.

PRESSED HAY, HARD AND SOFT WOOD AND SPLIT KINDLINGS.

Wharves, East Braintree and Quincy Point. Yard, Granite Street, Quincy.

Telephone Numbers: Quincy, 33-3; East Braintree, 68-2; Quincy Point, 53-2.

Postoffice Box: 19 Granite Street, Quincy; Weymouth, 102; East Braintree, 6.

George F. Wilson & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Teas, Coffees, Tobaccos, Cigars, Imported and Fancy Groceries.

WILSON BLOCK, HANCOCK STREET.

To the Stone Dealers and Granite Workers of Quincy, we beg to call your attention to this fact:

100 Acres of First-Class Quarry Land 100

To be sold in lots to suit customers. Just call on

PINEL BROS.,

And they will be pleased to show you over the land.

AGENTS FOR JERSEY CITY STEEL.

LOADING A BIG LINER

PUTTING AWAY SIX THOUSAND TONS IN THE HOLD OF A FREIGHTER.

Discharging One Cargo While Stowing Another—Many Articles That Are Shipped in Large Quantities—The Dignity of the "Chucks."

A huge cavern, dark and sombre, a marching phalanx of brawny men, heaped up treasures from the four corners of the earth—the sight suggests one of the visions of the secret retreat of which Ali Baba tells us, and we look in the faces of the men to see if perchance they carry there the lineaments of brigandage. But no, these men are not to be distinguished from thousands to be seen any day in the streets of New York.

This scene on the docks from the time of the arrival of a freight ship until its departure is of the sort that comparatively few ever see, but is well worth the seeing of all. We all of us have a suspicion that the docks are the stamping ground of certain marauders, and every boy who reads the fiction of his class can tell lively tales concerning the exploits of the wharf rats chased by Old Sleuth, and in a vague way we know when we stop to think of it that there must be a tremendous amount of merchandise sent over seas to and fro, but in order to realize the truth intelligently one must see it as it is portrayed in a day at the docks.

When the freight steamer Mississippi, plying between New York and London, arrived at her pier in the North river, she had three days in which to discharge her cargo and be again laden. It was overdue, and the merchandise on the dock awaiting the vessel was compactly heaped in a great heterogeneous mass reaching high to the roof. The bulk of the 6,000 tons which were engaged for transport was gathered in this long room by the water. Products of every sort were there—the staples of industry, the sumptuous requirements of luxury, the humblest necessities, the refinements of the sybarite. The wants of the animal man were forcibly illustrated by a great bulwark of 1,300 barrels of hops, doomed ultimately to slake the thirst of the bibulous; 17,000 sacks of flour, each weighing about 140 pounds; 1,000 sacks of coffee, each weighing about 150 pounds, besides a mere trifle of 200 tons of fresh meat. That unassuming element in domestic happiness known as lard was very much in evidence here, being formulated into a culinary monument of 8,000 28 pound pails. A sequence of ideas calls our attention to a stolid heap near by—600 tons of pig lead.

Space would forbid an enumeration of the dress fabrics in a limitless variety, all neatly boxed and seeming somehow expectant of the European trip, from which most of them, alas! will never return. But our interest centers in the cases of furs, some of which are marked in figures that arouse our respectful admiration. Here is one marked with a dignified "1," followed by four ciphers and preceded by the mighty symbol which is the secret or open source of most human activity. The next case also is marked \$10,000, and two watchmen sit upon these boxes by night and by day—solemn, apprehensive, guarding their employers' business with the scrupulousness exacted by a dishonest world.

And here is a sight to gladden Ophelia's heart—a huge collection of musical possibilities in packing cases, inchoate melodies of the future, for here are cubic feet galore of organs and pianos. These and an infinite variety of other things are included in the technical phrase measurement goods, merchandise shipped according to its bulk in boxes, and the total destined for the Mississippi the other day was 1,000 tons, each ton standing for 40 cubic feet.

But there were other points of interest besides the dock itself. Three boat-loads of grain waiting near at hand, about 25,000 bushels, en route for foreign lands. Close to the grain were its natural destroyers, horses and cattle, which neighed and bellowed and snorted and pawed in a fine peripatetic frenzy. These are taken in through a porthole from the boats on which they arrive, whence a steep gangplank leads, and they do some ground and lofty tumbling and much whinnying and lowing before they get safely up it. There were 247 horses scheduled, and the tally of the cattle was \$16. The majority of these are located on the main deck, which is called, after them, the cattle deck, but about 200 of them are put on the upper deck, where they are given air without stint.

The loading and unloading are carried on alternately. As fast as a hatch is cleared out it is filled from the materials awaiting carriage. There are several hatches in all, which penetrate the upper deck, the main or cattle deck, the steerage, the orlop and the lower hold. The upper two are devoted in great part to the cattle, while all below is filled with stores of merchandise.

I was astonished while on the dock to observe a great pile of what looked like ordinary large sized firewood. I wondered if by any chance the cook preferred a wood fire, but I discovered by a little questioning that the wood was not destined to end in smoke. On the contrary, it pursues a roving life, seafaring back and forth an unlimited number of years in a position of importance, but not requiring any active exertion, much otherwise, for its duty is immobility between ports. These pieces of wood are "chucks," being chucked under barrels as wedges to prevent their rolling. Ballast is important on board ship, and barrels are important as ballast. Their steadfastness is dependent on the chucks, and hence the dignity of chucks—New York Herald.

Insoluble Mystery.

"Mamma," asked the little girl, peering in between two nautic leaves of the magazine, "how did they ever get the printing in there?"—Chicago Tribune.

FASHIONABLE PERFUMERY.

Strong Odors Are Out of Date—Popularity of Atomizers and Sachet Powders.

The fashion for perfumery varies, and although most of the leading stores that deal in toilet articles have their special patrons who keep to certain scents there is always one which in some indefinite way predominates. Strong perfumes are quite out of date and the woman is vul-



ATOMIZER AND VINAIGRETTE.

gar to the tips of her toes who, passing, leaves a strong and lingering reminder of patchouli or musk. The perfumes favored by women to the manner born are delicate, leaving an aroma which reminds one of the real flower.

Violet is one of the popular perfumes of the season, though others follow closely, such as the jasmine, white rose, white heliotrope and stephanotis. Opponax continues to have supporters, as do white lilac and other scents that have been equally tested and found satisfactory.

Among the new odors prepared by New York manufacturers is one introduced under the name vertice, a delicate but lasting essence of white roses. Another newcomer is called violet, and claims to be set forth that this is made from Nice violets. Numbered with imported perfumes that please is Bois de Santal, which has had a little run of success on the other side in consequence of having received the patronage of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

Many society women keep to one perfume and when there is a special predilection for a certain flower that flower often suggests the odor adopted, in instance of which may be cited the often times repeated statement that "Mrs. George Gould is exceedingly fond of roses and therefore uses only rose perfumes."

During the hot days of summer lavender water and eau de Cologne assumed increased importance, as these are freely used for bath water, fumigating rooms and sprinkling over the large hand screens so much used. At all seasons, by the bye, the atomizer, which formerly appeared and disappeared with hot weather, is a very satisfactory way of using odors, and is now employed at all seasons. In consequence of the increased employment of atomizers a varied supply of these convenient disseminators of scents is in the market, and the range of prices is such that everybody may have one.

The discrimination of odors is by no means confined to liquid perfumes. In addition to the toilet waters, colognes and extracts are sachet powder, soap and pastils and fumigating ribbons. The two last named are especially designed for sickrooms. When hourly burning, they waft an incense of sweet and refreshing odor. Sachet powder is not only employed in sachets for linen, handkerchiefs and the like, but in little silk bags, hidden away in the various recesses of milady's dress. Favorite scents represented in the sachet powders are violet, white rose and heliotrope. A rival to sachet powder has come across the water in Peau d'Espagne, made from the epidermis of Mediterranean sheep. Small bits of these fragrant skins are inclosed in the sachets in place of sachet powder and are said to possess far more lasting qualities. ALICE VARNUM.

Cut Glass Forks.

Handsome glass is a very important part of table furnishing today and is frequently used to almost the entire exclusion of silver. We have not glass knives, forks and spoons yet, but I have no doubt they will come. I saw a very smart salad set where the handles of the forks and spoons were beautiful bulbs of cut glass, so there is no telling what we may have next.

Dried Apple Cake.

Two cupfuls of sweet dried apples stewed long enough to chop easily; chop them about the size of small raisins and boil in 2 cupfuls of molasses till preserved, then drain off molasses for cake, and add 2 eggs, a cupful of butter, a cup of sour milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda, 4 cupfuls of flour, and spices to taste, added last.

Hints and Helps in Music.

When you take up a new piece, notice the key, the harmonies, chords, scales, fingering and general effects.

The length of time for practice must depend upon the health and the circumstances surrounding the pupil.

The care of the voice is the same in all cases, whether the voice be soprano or contralto, tenor or bass. Regular life, plenty of sleep, fresh air and a careful diet are the requisites.

In sitting at the piano the stool should be of sufficient height to bring the elbows on a level with the tops of the keys, so that the hands may fall naturally into position.

An excellent way to get pupils to understand and appreciate a passage occurring in the "inner parts" of a composition is to select that passage, use it as a melody and harmonize it several ways.

The best time of day for practice is in the morning, as the mind is freer and the body in a refreshed condition.

GOOD HEALTH

ABUSING THE EYES.

The Facile and Unconscious Manner in Which We Injure Our Eyesight.

Myopia being essentially a condition due to a disease of the eye, physicians are constantly obliged to say "don't" to patients. It has therefore occurred to Dr. G. S. Ryerson, a professor of ophthalmology, that it might be useful to put these prohibitory rules in aphoristic form:

Don't read in railway trains or in vehicles in motion.

Don't read lying down or in a constrained position.

Don't read by firelight, moonlight or twilight.

Don't read by a flickering gaslight or candlelight.

Don't read books printed on thin paper.

Don't read books which have no space between the lines.

Don't read for more than 50 minutes without stopping, whether the eyes are tired or not.

Don't hold the reading close to the eyes.

Don't study at night, but in the morning, when you are fresh.

Don't select your own glasses at the outset.

It would almost seem as though some of these rules were too obvious to require mention, but practical experience shows that myopes abuse their eyes just in the ways stated. Reading by firelight or by moonlight are favorite sins. Reading lying down tends to increase the strain on the accommodation, while traveling tires the ciliary muscle because of the too frequent adjustment of focus. In short, anything which tends to increase the quantity of blood in the organ favors the increase of the defect, leading in extreme cases to detachment of the retina and blindness.

Delightful Nerve Stimulus.

There seems to be—undoubtedly is—something positively health and nourishment and strength giving in the influence of sweet and powerful perfumes on the nerves—a subtle something yet unexplained. What we get of most value in the country, physicians and philosophers say, are the sweet smells of grass and flower and tree. It is not chiefly the spirits, the alcohol, in cologne that invigorates. It is the essence of aromatic oils. The delight of a rose gives to everybody is due to some mysterious stimulus the rose fragrance has for the nerves. Half the delight in walking in old lanes in the country comes from the invisible trailing streamers and floating clouds of dower incense in the air, remarks an exchange.

Care of the Aged.

In old age the blood does not flow so rapidly through the veins as it does in youth, and it is for these reasons that old people require more clothing and live in warm rooms, as in a great measure they are dependent upon artificial heat to keep them warm. This is the reason why a sudden spell of very cold weather proves so disastrous to people who are well advanced in life. All those who have the charge of aged people must attend well to them in this respect if they wish to keep them in health as long as possible. Old people also require food at more frequent intervals when they were younger, although the actual quantity they take must not be so large.

A Good Thing to Know.

If a fishhook is run into a finger, do not attempt to draw it out backward. Cut the line quite clear from it, turn the point upward and push it through. Accidents with crochets needles are constantly occurring, and if one is pushed deeply into the flesh do not try to pull it out. The hook at the point will tear and inflame the part. A surgeon with proper instruments will take it out safely without any difficulty. If at a great distance from a surgeon, the best thing to do is, first, be very sure which side the hook is, push a smooth ivory knitting needle or something of that sort down the wound till it touches the hook; then pull out both together.—G. H. Hope, M. D.



ABOUT BRUSHES.

Practical Suggestions Which Beginners Will Find Very Useful.

In choosing a brush for water color work or for varnish do not mistake it, as is usually done, until you have turned it out between thumb and finger and hold it up to the light. If there are short or broken hairs in the brush, they will then appear, and if the brush is of good, elastic hair it will retain its pointed shape when immersed in water.

Wash your paint brushes immediately after using them, dip them in turpentine or benzine and then with soap and lukewarm water. Rinse them well in clear water, and then lay the hair smooth and straight with the finger and thumb, pressing out the surplus water.

When brushes are put away, not to be used for some days or weeks, after rinsing with turpentine they should be soaked in sweet oil to prevent their drying hard and be kept free from dust in a covered box.

If a brush becomes bent, it can be straightened, provided the hairs are not broken, by first moistening it with sweet oil and then drawing it between the fingers and any hard, warm substance, such as a clean, warm—not hot—poker.

If a brush gets clogged with paint, heat a little turpentine by setting it on fire and smothering the flame when it is warm. Then work the brush free from the paint in the hot turpentine with the fingers.

If you wish to shorten a long brush, instead of cutting off the end, which would spoil it, wrap a little paper around the bottom of the brush and tie it with thread. It can then be restored at any time to its original shape by simply removing the paper and oiling the brush with olive oil.

Oil brushes may be prevented from drying hard by keeping them in water, but turpentine is greatly preferable.

Varnish brushes should not be touched with oil or water, but should either be thoroughly cleaned and be put away dry, or should be kept in the varnish in which they are used. The water, oil or varnish should come only to the roots of the brush, not to the binding, says The Art Amateur, from which these useful notes are reproduced.

BLACK DIAMONDS.

A Dealer Furnishes Some Interesting Facts About Them.

"How much would you give for this?" asked Clerk Moore of a gentleman standing on the opposite side of the office counter at the Planters' hotel. The article referred to appeared to be an irregularly shaped brown stone less than an inch at its greatest thickness. The gentleman addressed took it in his hand, inspected it closely and shook his head. "That may have a value," he answered, "but without knowing more about it I wouldn't give you as much as a match or a toothpick for it. To me it looks like a brown pebble worn smooth all around by the water."

The "pebble" was a black diamond worth \$1,200. It was one of nearly 100 carried by Henry Demmert, a guest at the hotel from New York city.

The general supposition is that the greatest diamond mines of the world are in South Africa. And so they are, but nevertheless the firm of which Mr. Demmert is general head and manager exports more diamonds to South Africa than to any other part of the globe. The explanation is easy. Mr. Demmert's diamonds are not of the kind used as headlights for shirt fronts. The place of their greatest utility is underground in mines, where starved shirt bosoms are practically unknown. South Africa doesn't produce them, but it could not well get along without them.

"Black diamond" is the hardest substance known," said the gentleman. "We can burst a hole 6 feet deep in three minutes through Georgia marble, the back of which this hotel floor is made. We can saw off a slab 14 feet long from a block 3 feet thick in less than an hour. A good many feats can be performed with it now that could not a few years ago. The business is only about 20 years old, and improvements are constantly being made in it. We take these rough stones such as you have just seen and split them by machinery in a way that was unknown until recently. If it does split must follow the grain. If it does not, half of the stone will be wasted. Each stone is split into cubes of different sizes. The cubes are then welded into mining drills if they are to be used for boring. The iron is cast about the diamond so that it cannot get loose. In the same way we make diamond saws. They are circular saws. Every tooth is a black diamond cube. It is fastened on when the iron portion of the saw is in a molten state.

"Where do we get them? Why, in Brazil. All black diamonds come from that country. The attempt to make them artificially has proved a failure in every instance, and that will be the result of every trial hereafter. I don't say it is impossible, but that it is impracticable. The cost will always be greater than the market price of the Brazilian diamond, even if the advance of the last two months should be duplicated every two months for a year to come. The cause of the recent advance you ask? It was the increased demand for drills in Johannesburg, South Africa, that did it. Fifty new drills have been set at work in that mining district alone since August, and the result has been to raise the price per carat from \$16 to \$21. About all the diamond drills of that district were furnished by or indirectly through myself, and of course I am in a position to know the situation."

Black diamonds weigh ordinarily, says Mr. Demmert, less than 100 carats, ranging all the way down to half a carat, but now and then a regular jumbo is found. The largest in existence was found only a short time ago, its weight being 3,200 carats. The diamond was sold to a museum in Europe for \$40,000.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Sir Walter Outside in Yazoo City.

Sir Walter Raleigh, while escorting Queen Elizabeth down the muddy lane which, like the upper part of Royal street in Mobile, served in lieu of a paved thoroughfare, came to a pool of mud and water which extended from curb to curb. It was not broad, nor deep, but it was wet. So Sir Walter doffed his velvet cloak and with it made a causeway for the queen to cross upon. Delightful Sir Walter! He probably had a full stock of cloaks at home. Nevertheless he established a record and deserves credit for it.

Up in the Yazoo delta of Mississippi, however, there lives a young man who could give the Englishman cards, spades and little casino and win hands down. We do not know his name, but he inhabits Yazoo City, and his address can be obtained on application to the postmaster of that place. The story goes that this young man, while accompanying his "queen" from the circus, encountered a slough of such proportions that it could not be crossed dry shod without the aid of wings. Our hero had no wings nor yet a velvet cloak. In fact, he did not even have an overcoat, and, what is more, the young lady in her modesty flatly refused to let him take her across the puddle. He was equal to the emergency, however. By lying flat in the dampness he made a footbridge of himself, and over this the fair one tripped as lightly as the gamsbok over the Matterhorn.—Mobile Register.

A Depraved Mule.

One of the brightest Virginia women in this city has a fund of anecdote illustrative of life among the old Dominion darkies that is not surpassed by Thomas Nelson Page himself. She was telling the other night of a young mule that had been shipped on a freight train to a farmer in Fauquier county. A tag had been tied securely around his neck with a rope, with shipping directions thereon, but in the course of his journey the mule's hunger and natural depravity had tempted him to chew up both tag and rope. This gave the darky brakeman great concern. He hurried back to the caboose and saw the conductor.

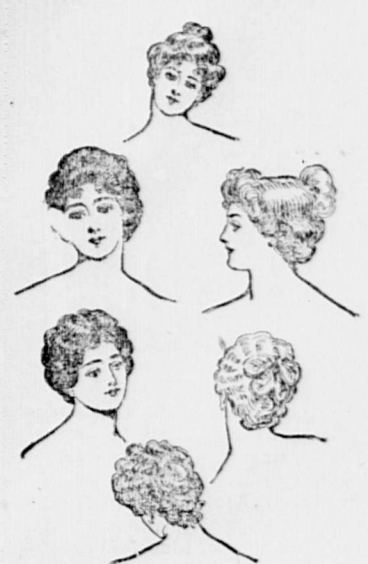
"Mars George," he cried, "fore Gawd, whar yo' specks to put off dat colt? 'E done eat up whar 'e gwine."—New York Press.

FASHIONS

SKILLFUL HAIRDRESSING.

The One Thing Necessary—Puffs and the Pompadour Style.

The Parisian pastime of curling the hair in big, soft waves and arranging it very loosely to set well out from the head is the one point of ambition in hairdressing which makes it a fashionable success. The Frenchwoman gives more time and attention to her coiffure than to any other part of her toilet, and while every one cannot acquire such perfection in the art of studied carelessness and faultless effect, the New York Sun declares that the American woman is not far behind in her efforts to excel in the little trick of making



STYLISH COIFFURES.

ing the hair look as if the process of arrangement had occupied three minutes of her time instead of an hour.

The French style of tossing the hair back pompadour in very high rolls is a very trying one to any but small oval faces with low foreheads, and very few women can adopt it with good effect. The American woman's pompadour is as pretty and infinitely more becoming because it is lower and arranged in waves instead of decided rolls, with a few tendrils curling drawn out on the forehead at either side. The hair at the back is loosely gathered up in a knot a little above the nape of the neck and fastened with a comb. It may look as if it were going to tumble down any moment, but it never does if you have caught the Frenchwoman's art correctly.

The one aim in dressing the hair, as set forth by the journal mentioned, should be the most becoming effect rather than the most fashionable style, so the woman with a long, narrow face should never attempt the pompadour and should always wear the part in the middle. In the latest arrangement of this sort the hair is curled in front, parted well back, drawn down over the ears and caught up at the back in the most negligible sort of a knot, below which are two short curls. If the head is exactly suited to this style, it is very stunning. A pretty twist for the back is made by forming a knot in the center and twisting the hair around it to form half of a figure 8 below the knot.

Puffs are seen again and are very effective with the pompadour style in front and three long, soft puffs arranged across the head in the back. Side curls fully six inches long are worn on either side, so that they almost form a circle around the chignon. Puffs are also arranged in various ways, either high or low, on the head, and fancy pins in jet, rhinestones, shell and gold are a conspicuous feature of hairdressing, three or four small pins being used at one time.

The Latest in Jewels.

The new woman has not the slightest regard for that legendary superstition concerning opals being unlucky. She delights in these fascinating gems with their flame-like shadows and milky radiance, especially when they are mounted with small diamonds to serve as finger rings, brooch or necklaces, says Jewelers' Circular, from which the following is gleaned.

The opal, with its mixture of green, red and milky white, is not only beautiful, but accords with the chameleon idea of three colors combined which runs riot in dress materials.

There is no attempt at disguising the employment of substitutes for real gems. There is every variety of repetition of precious stones in popular priced imitations. The association of diamonds and pearls is never a failure, and many proofs of its success are in evidence this season, for it is a very fashionable combination.

Blue and green meet in rings set with turquoise and chrysoprase. Round brooches in gold scrollwork have diamond centers.

The plume, scroll and coronet are popular designs for the diamond finger rings which are set with diamonds, pearls and other precious gems.

Every kind of ingenuity has been brought to bear with regard to new forms in bracelets, and a series of flexible gold joints united by turquoise is a new departure.

French Skating Costume.

The graceful model shown is in navy blue cloth, trimmed with racoon. A large steel button secures the left side of the



SKATING COSTUME IN BOUCLE CLOTH. Double crossed bodice over the right hip. The hat is in blue felt, with red quills. More brilliant still is a costume in scarlet cloth, with large revers and huge sleeves in black astrakhan and a border of the same around the bottom of the skirt.

LOSS

ENORMOUS TRANSPORT

The M. C. of the United States reports have 1,200 cotton length of market or weight of cost per ton deducted

FASHIONS

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One of the brightest Virginia women in this city has a fund of anecdotal illustration of life among the old Dominion dandies that is not surpassed by Thomas Nelson Page himself. She was telling the other night of a young man who had been shipped on a freight train to a farmer in Fauquier county. A tag had been tied securely around his neck with a rope, with shipping directions thereon, but in the course of his journey the man's hunger and natural depravity had tempted him to chew up both tag and rope. This gave the dandy brakeman great concern. He hurried back to the caboose and saw the conductor.

"Mars George," he cried, "fore Gawd, whar yo' specks to put off dat colt? 'E done eat whar 'e gwine."—New York Press.

LOSS BY BAD ROADS.

ENORMOUS WASTE OF LABOR IN TRANSPORTING PRODUCTS.

The Movement For Good Roads Deeply Concerns Every Commercial and Financial Interest In The Land—Two-thirds of The Loss May Be Saved.

The office of road inquiry of the department of agriculture has completed an interesting investigation relating to the uses of the common roads in the United States. With the aid of the division of statistics of the department, reports have been gathered from about 1,300 counties, giving the average length of haul in miles from farms to market or shipping points, the average weight of loads hauled, and the average cost per ton per mile, and from this is deducted the average cost per ton for the whole length of haul.

These returns have been arranged in groups of states, and the result shows that the average length of haul in the eastern states is 5.9 miles, in the northern states 6.9 miles, in the middle states 8.8 miles, in the cotton states 12.6 miles, in the prairie states 6.8 miles, in the Pacific coast and mountain states 23.1 miles and in the United States 12.1 miles.

The average weight of load for two horses in the eastern states is 2,216 pounds; northern states, 2,136 pounds; middle southern states, 1,869 pounds; cotton states, 1,897 pounds; prairie states, 2,409 pounds; Pacific coast and mountain states, 3,197 pounds, and the United States, 2,093 pounds. The average cost per ton of 2,000 pounds per mile in the eastern states is 32 cents; northern states, 27 cents; middle southern states, 31 cents; cotton states, 25 cents; prairie states, 22 cents; Pacific coast and mountain states, 22 cents, and the United States, 25 cents. The average total cost per ton for the whole length of hauls in the eastern states, \$1.89; northern states, \$1.86; middle southern states, \$2.72; cotton states, \$3.05; prairie states, \$1.94; Pacific coast and mountain states, \$5.12, and the United States, \$3.02.

With these data it becomes possible to obtain approximately the total cost of the entire movement of farm products and other classes of materials over country roads. The chief of the forestry makes the very safe estimate that 5,750,000,000 cubic feet are hauled over the public roads annually. Adding timber used for railroad construction—485,000,000 cubic feet—makes a total of 6,235,000,000, which at 30 pounds per cubic foot, gives 93,525,000 tons of 2,000 pounds. Adding this to the total farm product gives 313,349,237 tons, which at the average cost above stated, \$3.02 per ton, makes a grand total for the annual cost of haulage on the public roads of \$946,414,665.54.

The immensity of the charge will be realized by comparing it with the value of all farm products in the United States for the year 1890—\$2,460,190,454. That portion of the total cost of haulage chargeable to bad roads can be better ascertained when the report from our consultants abroad regarding the cost of haulage on good roads is received.

This information has been asked for from the state department by the secretary of agriculture in a recent communication. The annual increase in cost of haulage done is by no means the only loss by bad roads. The loss of perishable products for want of access to market, the failure to reach market when prices are good, and the failure to cultivate products that would be marketable were markets accessible all the year, add many millions to the actual tax of bad roads.

Moreover, the enforced idleness of millions of men and animals during large portions of the year is a loss not always taken into account in estimating the cost of work actually done. Information already in possession of the office of road inquiry indicates that, all things considered, nearly if not quite two-thirds of the vast expense may be saved by road improvement, and at a cost not exceeding the losses of three or at the most four years by bad roads.

There is at least enough in these facts to justify the assertion of the National League For Good Roads, endorsed by the chamber of commerce of the state of New York, that "the movement for good roads deeply concerns every commercial and financial interest in the land. We are handicapped in all the markets of the world by an enormous waste of labor in the primary transportation of our products and manufactures, while our home markets are restricted by difficulties in rural distribution which not infrequently clog all the channels of transportation, trade and finance."

More Money For Roads In New Jersey.

The Road Improvement association of New Jersey will ask for an increase in the appropriations for state aid for road building. The new commissioner, Henry Budd, states that at the rate the petitions are being filed for state aid it would take at least \$200,000 a year to supply the demand, and that it is quite evident that there must be an increase in the appropriation over and above the \$75,000 allowed now, or roadbuilding through state aid would have to stop, as the petitions on file now are sufficient to absorb the annual appropriation for the next three years.

Road Briefs.

Narrow tires are road destroyers. Bad roads are a costly public nuisance. The longest road is the one with the roughest surface.

Brains are the one quality most needed in roadmaking, and this requisite is now being pretty generally diffused through the country.

The farmers, some of whom have been a little bit slow about "getting in line" with the good roads movement, are now putting good thought into active work.

DESIGN FOR A CHURCH.

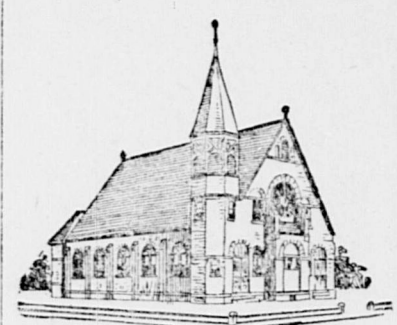
Suited to the Needs of a Small Parish and May Be Easily Enlarged.

(Copyright, 1895, by George Palliser.) The architecture of the present time is undoubtedly very much influenced by the Roman examples erected many hundred years ago. When the student in architecture has a big thing to do, he invariably looks up his books and can find among the work of the Romans more ideas which can be worked over to suit the present needs than from any other people.

The Romans were a very progressive race of men. Arts and sciences were fostered under their care, and the works that they erected were of the most monumental and of the grandest description.

The baths of Antoninus Caracalla were the most magnificent buildings in that line that have ever been built and the forerunner of hundreds of similar institutions on a smaller scale that have been built the world over since their time.

The Romans had the good qualities of push and perseverance. Their political system rendered the grand improvements



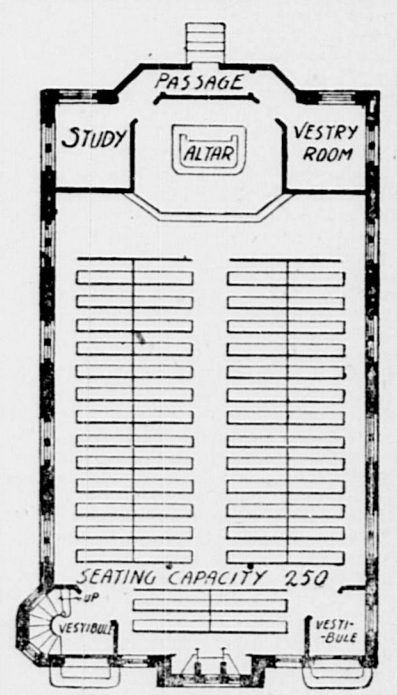
PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

they made possible. They always built to express the uses of their buildings; they were true in detail and form and of a fitness always to the purpose in hand.

Unfortunately the Roman empire tottered and fell, and the only legacy it left has been retained by the Roman Catholic church, which has carried on the good work, through all these ages, that the empire began. It has built magnificent churches and buildings of every class pertaining to church work, and in every land and in every clime these buildings are pointed to as evidences of a high civilization.

No matter what size a church is or what it has cost, it is invariably in good style, in good keeping, and observes all the fitness to the case in hand that can be brought to bear upon it, and the Catholic churches of America can safely be classed as being the best buildings in the church line. That they will be much better in the future, as the church becomes richer, as the people get better able to contribute, and as arts and sciences further advance, goes without saying.

Plan.—Stone Roman Catholic church, 41 feet front, 73 feet 6 inches deep, giving a seating capacity of 250. This design embodies all the requirements of a small parish and is such that it can be readily enlarged at any time the pressing needs and financial conditions will admit of it. The building is of native stone, laid up in irregular ashlar work and trimmed with limestone. The roof is open timbered, of yellow pine and covered with slate. A hot air furnace is placed in basement, under chancel, which amply warms the whole building. A gallery for organ and choir use across front end is reached from main vestibule. The confessionals are built in the front gable recess and thus made a part of the building.



ing in the most convenient location for the entrance. Walls, sand and water floated surface, and the plain gold hoop to window sills. Seats, gallery front, columns, chancel rail and all wood finished of yellow pine filled and varnished. Windows of cathedral glass of a neat and appropriate design.

Cost to build, \$12,000 to \$15,000 finished as above. Could be built of brick and with stone trimmings at much less cost, in many cases as low as \$7,500.

Full working plans and specifications furnished for 2 per cent on cost named by applying to George Palliser, 33 Park place, New York.

Value of First Impressions.

The entrance into any residence or building should by its first observation plant upon the mind of those entering a pleasant and dignified impression, and it should lead up to a correct idea of the whole interior. First impressions are hardest to efface. Let it be good, and it will be lasting. The entrance hall should be characteristic of the whole house—the beginning of the good feeling created by the good points in the rest of the house. If the first point is gained, the rest comes easy and most that is seen later, even if not so good, can be overlooked by the good foundation already laid on first entering. In all walks of life be careful of your first impressions. Let them be from a good foundation of stability, and the after part will always stand the test of time.

The Brass Knocker.

In these days of electric bells and improvements the old fashioned brass knocker of colonial days has become nearly obsolete, but the good work of the revival of this old time architecture is bringing about a better state of things in this line, and many hardware firms have reproduced the old time brass knocker, many of which are elegant in form and graceful to behold and are always indicative of a hospitable and well ordered home.

JEWELRY AND GEMS.

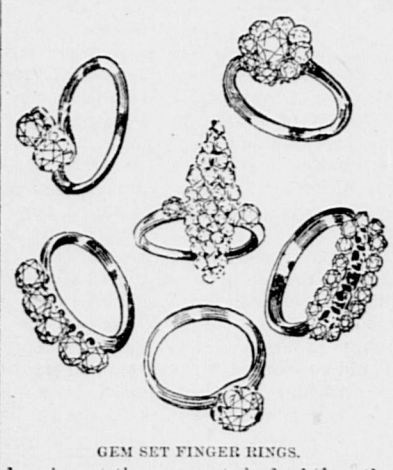
NEWEST FASHIONS IN RINGS, BRACELETS AND BROOCHES.

The Popularity of Gem Jewelry—Finger Rings Worn by Both Sexes—An Old Time Brooch Revived—Diamond Clusters, Crescents and Harvest Moons.

Jewelry is, to a certain extent, influenced by the wheel of fashion. Up comes a long forgotten mode in dress and with it the ornaments of that period. Now and then a particular stone will be "discovered" by an enterprising jeweler, who will boom it for all it is worth, like the moonstones of a few years back and the opal and amethyst this season.

The decree of fashion has set a decided value on these latter stones. The olive and topaz also come in for a large share of patronage. In the meantime the turquoise continues to please with its own special blue tint, as do fine garnets that masquerade as cape rubies and supply the ruby red when oriental rubies, now scarce and costly, are not to be had. A notable feature is that all kinds of colored stones are being used with lavish hand in jewelry. The diamond remains of course the popular gem, and specimens most sought after are either perfectly colorless or possessing decided tints of rose red, green or blue. The association of small diamonds with semi-precious stones is too familiar to need comment. A combination that never fails to please and which is now exceedingly fashionable is that of fine pearls and diamonds.

Finger rings are worn by both sexes, and the number is unrestricted when women are concerned. The most popular



GEM SET FINGER RINGS.

lar ring at the moment is doubtless the hoop with from three to seven stones. The very latest thing in hoop rings that are set with colored gems is the placing of tiny diamonds in the small intervening spaces between the large stones. Cross over rings are also favorites, and the novelty in this line shows shanks covered with small stones that lead up to the large single gems in the end.

There is a fad now for rings composed of tiny hoops set with small gems. The fancy also continues for little finger rings. Marquise and cluster rings are counted with staple styles. A solitaire diamond represents the conventional engagement ring, and the plain gold hoop wedding one. Rings desired especially for full dress occasions are very elaborate and expensive trinkets. These take on forms of scrolls, plumes and coronets wrought with diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls.

Finger rings for men are remarkable this season for their fine hand carved mountings made in Roman and antique finished gold. Gem rings are worn, the cabochon style of setting being fashionable. A decidedly up to date ring is the all gold set ring. Massive gold rings with elaborately carved shanks are set with sard, bloodstone and other seals. A highly coveted ring is one set with a genuine antique seal.

The latest development in brooches is in point of fact an old idea revived—namely, that of mounting a large single colored stone of round or oblong shape in a setting of brilliants, small pearls or a framework of gold. Amethysts and topazes are introduced with effective results.



POPULAR DESIGNS IN BROOCHES.

Butterfly pins remain popular, but their use is restricted chiefly to the service of veil pins. Flower pins are in stock, and miniature brooches continue to please. Diamond clusters are always enviable possessions, and the jeweled crescents and harvest moons still find admirers.

Elaborate gem set brooches are made in sections, which, transferred to a gold bandeau, afford without extra expense an equally resplendent effect as a tiara. Tiaras, on the other hand, are made in sections, which are variously transferred to bracelets, necklace or corsage ornament, as occasion may require.

The Jewelers' Circular, from which the foregoing is gleaned, also tells that never was a fashion more general perhaps than that of the bracelet, which is now represented in both flexible and stiff forms. Elegance select the gem encrusted ones. Pearl and diamond half hoops and large single pearls for half hoops are counted among fashionable bracelets.

Canned Corn Pudding.

Drain the liquor from a can of corn and chop the kernels very fine. Rub together a tablespoonful of butter and sugar, beat up an egg, mix all together with the corn, with 2 cups of milk, add salt to taste bake for one half hour in a good oven.

FARM VALUES RAISED.

Good Roads of Massachusetts Already Prove Their Worth.

The chairman of the Massachusetts state highway commission, Mr. George A. Perkins, intends to ask the legislature for \$1,000,000 with which to push the construction of good roads all over the state, and he believes that he will get it. The money is borrowed, not voted outright, and this sum is much more than has been asked for before. In 1895 the legislature appropriated \$400,000 for building state highways, and in 1894 they appropriated \$300,000. All of this \$700,000 is either spent or applied for, so that there is nothing left for the towns which are now petitioning for macadamized highways.



VIEW OF A GOOD ROAD. (From L. A. W. Bulletin.)

Chairman Perkins figures it out that the state can afford to appropriate \$1,000,000 on the ground that the economy resulting from the use of macadamized roads will more than equal the interest on the money which the state will have to borrow. The method pursued is to borrow the money, issue bonds and then put into the state tax enough to pay the interest on the bonds and to provide a sinking fund which will meet the bonds at maturity.

The farmers in the market garden towns to the north of Boston have told the chairman of the commission that they can save \$1 a load over their former expense in bringing their goods to Boston on account of the better grades and surfacing which have been done for a part of the way by the commission. It is further reported that some of the farmers in these towns have raised the asking price of their farms wherever they have been disposed to sell, because of the value for farming purposes, including transportation of produce to market, which has been added by the new highway. While it is impossible to calculate accurately the saving to the public by better roads, yet the people are growing more and more in favor of them, and the chairman believes that the temper of the legislature will favor an appropriation of \$1,000,000.

WISCONSIN'S HIGHWAYS.

Marked Increase in the Demand For Improved Country Roads.

The good roads movement has gained remarkable progress in Wisconsin during the past year. When the league for good roads was organized, farmers sneered at the projectors and held that the wheelmen were at the bottom of the whole affair so that they might have good cycling in the state. Things have changed. The farmer is beginning to see his mistake in building poor roads when good ones can be built with but little additional cost. In nearly every county in the state new road machinery has been bought, some of it at the expense of individuals, and everywhere last fall new roads were built according to the latest system. Miles of old roads were put in good repair, and the farmers are the people who did it all.

At the meeting of the farmers' institutes during the winter Superintendent G. Kerrow will exhibit a number of good roads maps illustrating good and bad roads in the state. It is proposed to spend considerable of the time of the institutes in the interest of the good roads question. This no doubt will have a marked effect on the movement.

Last Turnpike Gate In England.

At the stroke of 12 o'clock on the night of Nov. 1 the last remaining instance of a former method of road taxation was swept away and the inconveniences, extravagances and abuses of the old turnpike system were finally relegated to the historic past. The turnpike gates which will enjoy the honor of thus being last in the field belong to that portion of the Shrewsbury and Holyhead road which traverses the island of Anglesea, the trust for which was continued by a special act of parliament until Nov. 1, 1895.—London Times.

Good Roads a Public Asset.

There is really no citizen, whether he ride a wheel or a horse or only shank's mare, or go driving in carriages or other vehicles, who is not as much interested in the question of good roads as the wheelmen and others who compose the Good Roads association, and, in fact, even the citizens who never go upon any road beyond the nearest grocery or butcher shop are interested, or ought to be, because of the value of good roads as a public asset and for their influence on the prosperity of the locality that possesses them.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Old and New Roads.

The majority of the English roads are old, but the new roads are equally good, and, whatever the date of the construction may be, all are systematically cared for. A road does not necessarily improve with age, like good wine. It needs constant, unremitting attention, and that is what it receives in England, whether it be ancient or modern.

Good Roads Notes.

Plan your next year's rebuilding now.

Poor drainage and narrow tires are the chief road destroyers.

The best roads are none too good.

"Good roads and bad roads, their advantages and disadvantages," should be a much discussed subject at farmers' institutes this winter.

Good roads do not cripple horses nor shatter wheels.

SWITHIN BROS., REAL ESTATE.

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Dell Estate,
WEST QUINCY,
Hillside Terrace,
GROVE STREET,
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block, Quincy.

Foster Bros.

Have a superior line of

Stoves and Ranges,

and are prepared to fit up the kitchen of the most particular housewife with every article of TIN-WARE needed.

Agents for Barstow Furnaces.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.

All Work Promptly and Accurately Done.

16 and 18 Hancock Street.

THE . . . Misses Flynn

Have a new line of

Muslins,

IN PRAIRIE AND FIGURES.

LADIES'

Shirt Waists and Wrappers,

Also very pretty

CHALLIES at 5 Cents per Yard.

BOYS' SUITS,

EXTRA BARGAINS AT 50 CENTS.

Children's Lace Caps and Hosiery.

12 Hancock St., Quincy.

McGOVERN BROS.,

Stationers, Printers, and

Blank Book Makers

Wholesale and Retail

Dealers in

Confectionery,

Cigars, Tobacco

and Cigarettes.

32 Hancock Street,

Quincy.

City Shoeing Forge

No. 12 Quincy Avenue,

HORSE SHOEING

DONE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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DANIEL DESMOND, - Proprietor.

Telephone Connection.

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Offices, 22 and 23 Adams Building, Quincy.

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CARE, SALE AND LEASING OF REAL ESTATE.MONEY TO LOAN on first mortgages of Real Estate.
Insurance of every description promptly effected.

GEORGE H. BROWN, Conveyancer and Notary Public.

O'Donovan's Prices.

Men's Rubbers,	only 49c.
Ladies' Rubbers,	only 25c.
Men's Arctics,	only 99c.
Men's Fancy Slippers,	only 49c.
Ladies' Storm Rubbers,	only 47c.

Everything in the line of Footwear at prices phenomenally low at

JAMES O'DONOVAN'S BOSTON SHOE STORE, Tirrell's Block, 94 Hancock Street.

PIERCE'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY,

Corner Hancock and School Streets.

PRESCRIPTIONS PUT UP DAY OR NIGHT.

USE FLORAL CREAM FOR CHAPPED HANDS,
ROUGH SKIN, PIMPLES.**CARD**

FROM

C. F. DERBY.**Stock-Taking Reduction Sale.**C. F. Derby begs to call attention to his annual Stock-Taking
Reduction Sale of**Winter Clothing,**

CONSISTING OF

**Men's Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters,
BOYS' CLOTHING,**

Hats, Caps and Men's Furnishing Goods.

C. F. DERBY, - Adams Building, Quincy.

J. C. DORGAN, Manager.

Good Resolutions.

It is not very easy to keep every resolution made on the eve of the New Year, but it will pay you to make and keep the resolution—to buy all you may need in the line of

DRUGS or MEDICINES

— AT —

The Phenix Pharmacy

27 School Street, Quincy, Mass.

Health being essential to happiness, no one who is ill is really happy. Do not prolong your illness by having your prescription compounded by an incompetent druggist.

Bring it to L. J. PASTOR, Ph. G.,

The only Ph. G. (Graduate in Pharmacy) in the city.

With best wishes for the new year, we remain
Yours very truly,

LEONARD J. PASTOR, Ph. G.

EVERYTHING UNDER ONE ROOF.**The W. H. Doble Co.,
Boots and Shoes,****Dry Goods, Groceries, Meats and Provisions,
AND A BAKERY.**

Cor. Franklin and Water Sts., South Quincy.

A Store noted for first-class quality of goods and extremely low prices.



ALLEN THOMAS.

JOSE ANDRADE.

MINISTER THOMAS AND MINISTER ANDRADE.

Jose Andrade, Venezuela's Minister to the United States, and Allen Thomas, United States Minister to Venezuela, are prominently before the public at this time. Thomas is a Maryland man, 55 years of age. He became a brigadier general in the Confederate service and has been consul at La Guayra, Venezuela, for several years. Senator Andrade has been president of the state of Zulia and has served in the Venezuelan senate and house. He is an accomplished diplomat.

MODERN ROAD CONSTRUCTION.

Machinery Has Greatly Reduced the Cost of Building Good Roads.

Whether public sentiment ever becomes powerful enough to compel the adoption of sensible methods in the construction of permanent country roads, the improvements in the machinery for roadmaking have certainly made the construction of good roads possible at a less cost than at any former period, says the Philadelphia Times. In the old time the broken stone spread upon a macadamized road was usually avoided by those driving over it during dry weather, the clay or gravel sides of the roadway being preferred. The broken stone would be worn down to a smooth track only when the wet weather of the fall and winter made the sides of the roadbed impassable.

The invention of the steam stone crusher and the ponderous steam roller has changed all this. The stone is now crushed at the quarry at a much cheaper rate than it could be done by the old fashioned method of breaking it with hand hammers. When it is spread upon the roadway, the heavy steam rollers do in a single day the work of many days and thousands of heavily loaded wagons under the old system. The crushed stone is rolled and compacted into a solid mass at once, and, with a top layer of finer stone, the surface is rolled as smooth as that of a gravel road in dry weather. Under the modern system the macadamized road becomes a model driveway, so far as the surface is concerned, as soon as it is completed, and for stability has no equal.

To secure good roads constructed upon sound principles it is necessary first that the present patchwork system of keeping roads in repair by scraping clay from the gutters into the center of the roadway be returned to the gutters again by the combined action of rain, frost and heavy travel shall be abandoned as an utter waste of work and money. The next essential is that the most important highways be selected first for permanent improvement, and that each highway so selected shall be completely macadamized within township or county lines before another is attempted. One highway in a township improved after this manner would work a revolution in our entire system of roadmaking and lead to the utter abandonment of the cheap and nasty roads that now disgrace nearly every state in the Union.

THE ROADS OF POTSDAM.

A State of Affairs That Is Not Confined to Any Particular Locality.

Potsdam township has over 100 square miles of territory, but its roads are the abomination of desolation.

Potsdam is assessed more real estate than any other town in the county, but Wick would be ashamed of its roads.

The people of Potsdam own more personal property than any other town in the county, but they use roads that waste their substance faster than war.

The people of Potsdam pride themselves on their civilization, but their roads would make an Ashantee sick.

The people of Potsdam lead in education, but they travel roads built in ignorance and repaired without understanding.

The people of Potsdam build fine churches, but the roads keep the sinner at home, and the saint thinketh swear words on his way to the synagogue.

The people of Potsdam raise fine horses, but the roads they use them on would put a spavin on an Assyrian camel in a Sabbath day's journey.

The people of Potsdam buy fine carriages, but the roads make polygons of the wheels and kindling wood of the rest forthwith.

The young man buyeth a \$100 bicycle, and anon starteth out with joy, but the roads send him home bearing his wreck with him.

Verily no name will describe the roads. They are too muddy for stone hoops and too rocky for brickyards.—Norwood (N. Y.) News.

Road Philosophy.

One good road in a county is the strongest possible argument in favor of other good roads.

Theoretically a muddy road is bad, but practically it is very much worse than it is theoretically.

If the farmers would all drive broad tired vehicles, the work of keeping the roads good would be made much easier.

When they are made good, all roads will lead to happiness.

Good roads are sure to come after a little. It is policy to make them.

VILLAGE SCHOOLHOUSE.

Convenience, Ventilation and Light the Features—Costs \$5,000 to Build.

[Copyright, 1895, by George Palliser.]

This is a design of a neat two room village school, well adapted to the needs of a small place where only two rooms are required. The building is of brick, with a very neat and artistic impression, fully expressing its uses and purposes, and would be an ornament to any village requiring a house of this size. The schoolrooms are each 24 by 32 feet in size, with 13 feet ceilings, this size being large enough for 65 scholars of the smaller grades and 50 of the higher grades, with single desks. The rooms are well lighted and are especially adapted to the requirements.

A well built schoolhouse is an essential equipment of any intelligent community, and it is to that place that falls in this respect. The school should be the center of attraction for the young, and so nice that the children would rather go there and study than stay away. All this is possible, and with proper buildings, duly equipped, and pleasant teachers to make learning pleasant, it is more than possible, and it can be made a reality.

The first impressions of good are gained in the schoolhouse, and with a poor school building, poor arrangements, poor teach-



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

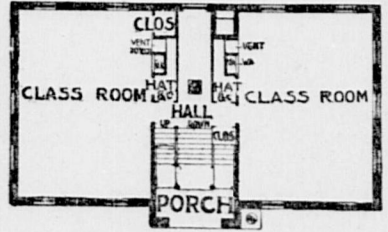
ers, the scholar is apt to ever after look at life as he has then found it. With the best in that line the opposite is the case, and the impressions then gained are apt to last through life, and when a man is grown up and old he will always look back to them as sunny spots to lighten and cheer his whole life.

This schoolhouse, as illustrated, is one of the best models for a building of this kind, giving the best arrangements for small cost and expense. The front porch is roomy and affords access to each basement playroom, the boys' playroom being on one side and the girls' on the other. The playrooms in the basement are the same size as rooms on the first floor.

The hat and cloak rooms are connected with each classroom separately, so that the children know exactly where to find their clothes when the session is over. These cloakrooms are placed in the hall and are practically screens about 7 feet high, open at the top as well as with ventilation at the bottom, and the hall being ventilated and warmed thoroughly the clothing is aired and dried while the school is in session.

The heating and ventilation are by means of a large hot air furnace, placed in the center of the building, under the hall, changing the air in the classrooms four times an hour, so that the windows can be tightly closed and perfect ventilation and plenty of fresh air assured at all times.

The principal's room is placed a short flight up from the first floor over the front porch. His room is 10 feet by 14 feet in



FLOOR PLAN.

size. The size of this building is 66 feet front, 35 feet deep, with a slate roof, built thoroughly substantial, floors lined and decorated, wainscoted classrooms and halls, patent blackboards in the classrooms, adamant finished walls.

Such a building ought to be erected for \$5,000. The furnishings and cost of desks average per pupil when rock bottom is reached about \$2. It will cost \$15 each room for teachers' desks and chairs, \$3 a window for suitable window shades; the furniture for the principal's room, \$50. These items would enable any one to figure on requirements outside of the building.

The arrangement of this plan is such that at any future time two more rooms can be built on the rear, making a four room school, as all communities will grow and it is only a question of time when more room is needed.

In every case of this nature plenty of ground should be had while it is cheap. Then there is always room to enlarge school facilities.

Full working plans and specifications furnished for 2 per cent on cost named by applying to George Palliser, 33 Park place, New York.

They have found out in California that peach stones burn as well as coal and give out more heat. They sell at the rate of \$3 a ton.

TAXES AND GOOD ROADS.

Higher Taxation Not Necessary to Secure Improved Highways.

France raises money for road improvement by levying a wheel tax, and all carriages, including bicycles, are taxed. Commenting on this, the New York Tribune says:

We spend enough money—or its equivalent—on our roads now to make them as good as those of France. The trouble is we don't spend it in the right way. Our labor is misdirected. At some season of the year, when farm work is less pressing than usual, the farmer "works out" his road tax. Generally it is about the worst time of the year for the roads, but that doesn't matter. He takes his horses and plow and scraper, plows up some furrows in the gutter between the wagon track and the sidewalk and scrapes the earth up into the middle of the road. That makes the road rough and lumpy. You must drive over it at a walk, as over a newly plowed field. If the weather remains dry, it gets dusty. If rain comes on, it is a mass of mud. In course of time it gets worn down fairly smooth and hard, and then it is time to "work out" some more taxes and scrape up some more sods and loose dirt again.

That is what roadmaking has meant in most country places, and what it still means on thousands of miles of highway in the most highly improved states of this Union. If, instead of that, the same amount of work had been given for the last 25 years to laying drains and making telford or macadam or even good gravel roadways, we should today have a network of roads all over these States on which any kind of vehicle could run with ease at any time of year. We need no carriage tax, nor window pane tax, nor gold watch and silver spoon tax, but only an intelligent and systematic application of our ordinary revenue to the making of roads on a scientific plan.

CLAY, SAND AND GRAVEL.

When Properly Mixed, They Form an Excellent and Durable Highway.

Greatly improved results in road-building or repairing may be attained by any device that will prevent earth and water from mixing on the roadbed, and much may be done in the way of improvement by a proper admixture of suitable earthy material. The requirements of the material, says Engineer Haupt, are that it shall not be readily affected by moisture, temperature or pressure, which are the three principal destructive agencies. Clay is very sensitive to water and temperature and has a high ratio of absorption. Sand has little coherence and yields readily to pressure. Gravel has great mobility, due to its spheroidal form, but by mixing these in the proportion of 16 parts of clay, 22 of sand and 62 of gravel, an impervious roofing may be laid, which, if underdrained, will make an excellent earth road. The macadam and telford roads when correctly made are excellent, but as built by most supervisors in this country they are pseudo-morphs, unworthy their names.

When, in the march of science, the time comes for segregating the aluminum contained in the clay road into a hard, smooth, resisting medium covering its surface, we will then have a road metal, both in fact and name, which will solve the problem of the clay pit and give us a medium of transportation which will surpass even the railway in cheapness and convenience.—Missouri Roads Improvement Journal.

SHELL ROADS OF GEORGIA.

Heavy Dirt Highways Converted Into Hard and Lasting Driveways.

Chairman James S. Wright of the county commissioners is doing some of the best work for Glynn county that has been done in several years. Under his personal supervision the county roads are being put in excellent condition, and a recent purchase of 500,000 bushels of oyster shells has been applied to the main county road, converting a former heavy dirt road 13 miles in length into a delightful shell drive direct through the piny woods.

If the shells give out before the work is completed, others will be bought to finish out. The shells were bought at such a low price per bushel that the road, while the best in the county, will be one of the cheapest ever built. This road, with the two boulevards built by previous administrations, also at a low cost, gives Glynn county proper 27 miles of the best built drives in this section.

A Fine Old English Road.

Constant attention is the main secret of the perfect condition of such a road as that from Salisbury to Stonehenge, in England. Well made and old it is. The foundations are very deep. It is highest in the center, with a lateral grade that carries the water into the turf at the side without adventitious aid of trench or ditch. It is evenly bordered with grass and does not vary materially in width mile after mile. Accumulations of powdered flint have imparted consistency to the surface without impairing its capacity for rapidly absorbing water. There could be no better example of the art of roadmaking, but if it were suffered to fall out of repair neither antiquity nor scientific construction would protect it.

Sprinkling Preserves the Road.

Sprinkling is an important factor in the maintenance of good roads. Santa Clara and San Mateo, Cal., are ahead in this respect. The first named county has 270 miles of sprinkled road, expending thereon about \$45,000 a year, which is economical and wise, as it prevents the roads from being worn out or cut up under heavy trucking. If a dry spell occurs in the winter, the sprinklers are at once put to work, and as much care is exercised on these highways as if they were city lawns.

Get Rid of the Mud.

The mud on the wheels is harder to pull than the load in the wagon.

FOR NEGLIGEE WEAR.

How the New Tea Gowns and Breakfast Jackets Are Made and Trimmed.

The latest negligee gowns and lingerie of all sorts and descriptions display a growth in extravagance which is in proportion to the luxurious tastes of the day, and the demand for pretty undergarments seems likely to continue, despite the fads of the new woman and the periodical attempts of the dress reformers to bring about a revolution in feminine attire. Negligee gowns for morning wear are made of cashmere, flowered tulle, silk, French flannels and crepe, one of the last, in cream white spotted with white silk dots and lined with pink or blue silk, being especially effective. Albatross may be substituted for the silk lining, as it is cheaper, warmer and almost as pretty.



A STYLISH TEA GOWN.

The more dressy gowns, which aspire to the dignity of tea gowns, are made of fancy broadcloth, velveteens and liberty satin. Green and blue lined with pink are both pretty and a gown of apricot satin is especially attractive, made quite plain, with a large fichu of ivory white chiffon, edged with lace, covering the shoulders and crossing in front with long ends, and fastened down below the bust and at the waist with rosettes and straps of ribbon. The wattleau back is a favorite style for tea gowns as well as the more simple morning dress, and the fullness may be either shirred or laid in double box plaits across the shoulders.

Cashmere gowns with full fronts of soft silk are still worn as of old, except that the deep, square collar of velvet or silk, bordered with a fringe of lace, stamps them new. A gown illustrated in the New York Sun, which reports these late styles, is of crepon in any of the pet colors and the collar is of velvet in a darker shade, cut square in the back and with stole ends in front and trimmed with applique lace insertion on the edge. Frills of lace finish the sleeves, and satin ribbon ties around the waist. Breakfast jackets of flounced and striped tulle in light and medium shades are lined warmly with albatross and cut in a simple straight sack fitted partially under the arms and drawn down in a few plaits at the waist both back and front. Wide collars of various sizes and shapes cover the shoulders and many of the sleeves are made after the bishop pattern, with either frills of lace or a lace trimmed cuff at the wrist. The collars are made of alternate bands of silk and lace insertion and trimmed on the edge with lace. The neckband of ribbon has a ruffle of lace and ribbon ties around the waist.

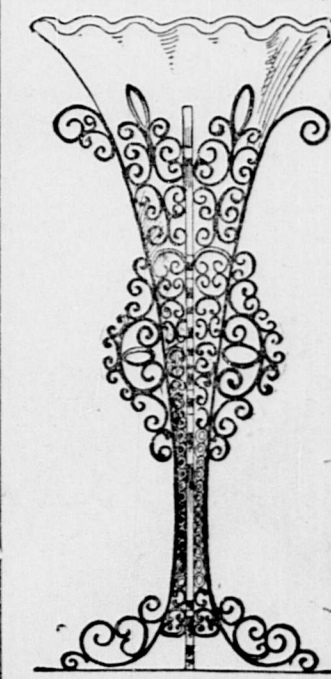
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How to Make Poached Eggs With Gravy.

The eggs must be very fresh and can only be poached a few at a time. Boil some acidulated water with a little salt, break the eggs in a shallow saucer and slip them in, dropping each egg exactly in the spot where the water bubbles. With a small, deep skimmer turn the egg, gathering it together so that it takes an oblong shape. Then remove the pan to the side of the fire until the egg is hard enough not to break. Lift it up, pour hot gravy over, laying each egg on a round of toast, and serve at once.

Venetian Bent Iron Work.

Venetian bent iron work is very simply constructed, and although the finished work may seem to a great many people to be quite a task, that only a thorough mechanic can master, this is



FLOWER STAND IN IRONWORK.

not the case, as any skillful amateur can reproduce almost any design in this kind of work without any previous knowledge of the art. Ironwork of this kind gives an opportunity to those who have a desire to get up something entirely novel to ornament their homes, and to assist in this laudable work The Decorator and Furnisher gives an illustration of a stand to serve as a receptacle for a dainty glass vase. There are stores in the larger cities where all the material for art metal work is kept and at such a low price that all can avail themselves of the materials for executing this interesting work.

VOLUME X. NUMBER

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REFRESHING.

In these days of "mock mark-down sales," isn't it refreshing to find one store that doesn't fool customers.

Some Overcoats, some Suits, will "get left" after the regular season, even with the most careful storekeeping. We have put prices on these "odds and ends" that shrewd buyers are quick to take advantage of. The man who gets them gets a bargain.

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We can fit you in any kind of an Ulster as easily now as any day this season. You are making an investment for half your life when you buy one of our Irish Frieze Ulsters; lots of length, lots of warmth, lots of convenience in them that makes them indispensable for many a man's out-door life. It's a good time now to begin trading with us. Try it.

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Quincy Monitor.

VOLUME X. NUMBER 2. QUINCY, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1896. FIVE CENTS A NUMBER.

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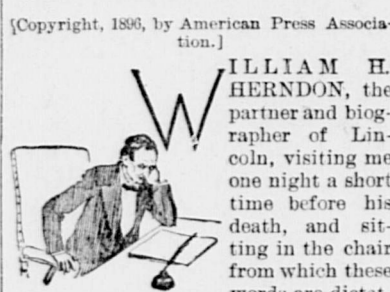
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AN IMMORTAL MIND.

TRIBUTE OF JOHN CLARK RIDPATH TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

He Was the Greatest Thinker of the Age. His Intellectual Forces Were Always Marshaled in Precise Order—His Reply to Horace Greeley.



WILLIAM H. HERNDON, the partner and biographer of Lincoln, visiting me one night a short time before his death, and sitting in the chair from which these words are dictated, said: "Lincoln read less and thought more than any other man in America. There is not one great book that he ever read thoroughly. When a boy, he read the Bible, and when of age he read Shakespeare, and he often quoted from both, but he never read either book through. I repeat that he was the poorest reader and the greatest thinker, within his sphere, in America, if not in the world."

The sayer of this was already tremulous with the premonitions of the final catastrophe, but his head was clear, and I could not remember that he had been for a long time more intimate with Lincoln than was ever any other man. I believe that Herndon's judgment was good in the matter referred to. Lincoln did think more—and better—than any other man in America. He rose above his age because he was the greatest thinker. In many particulars he was not the highest man. He was not the best. He was not the noblest. He was not the greatest pioneer of freedom. He was not much moved with the sublime enthusiasm of humanity, but he could outthink any man of the age.

The operations of Lincoln's mind were more exact and more certain, more complete and finished, than were those of any other mind in that greatest epoch of our national existence. So much has been said about the matter that I hesitate to enter upon a new analysis or to revise the old analyses of the Lincolnian intellect, but I insist on the main fact and emphasize it—namely, that Lincoln could outthink any man of his age and country. His reading was so small and desultory that it may be wholly disregarded, but his view of the world he lived in was clearer, more far-reaching and distinct than that of any of his contemporaries or any several of them together.

Note with particularity the mode and manner of that tall, gaunt, melancholy creature moving among his fellows and talking to them in the manner of Æsop. Of nature he knew nothing. He never referred to nature. He never spoke of rain or shine, of the green earth or the blue sky, of forest or plain, of distant mountain or ruffled sea. He who had himself been a flatboatman descending the Father of Waters gives no sign that the majestic stream ever interested him or touched his imagination. His speeches are as devoid of reference to the aspects of the natural world as though no such world existed.

I recall with interest that the very last words Lincoln delivered on the afternoon before the assassination—last of those great utterances that for six or seven years electrified and enlightened half the world—were a message of suggestion and encouragement to the miners of the Rockies. Schuyler Colfax was going thither and was paying his final call at the White House. Lincoln said to him: "I want you to take a message for me to the miners. I have large ideas of the mineral wealth of our nation. During the war, when we were adding \$2,000,000 a day to our national debt, I did not care about encouraging the increase in the volume of our precious metals, but now that the rebellion is overthrown and we know pretty nearly the amount of our national debt, the more gold and silver we mine makes the payment of that debt so much the easier. Now I am going to encourage that in every possible way. * * * I intend to point the immigrants to the gold and silver that wait for them in the west. Tell the miners from me that I shall promote their interests to the utmost of my ability, because their prosperity is the prosperity of the nation."

These were the last public words of the Immortal, and they were as prophetic and true as the rest. If Lincoln were present today, and in power, the international gold trust would break itself to pieces on the immovable granite of that great and honest nature.

Lincoln has been credited with possessing a vein of poetry. That is not true. He had no imagination, no idealism. The one poem which he is said to have known by heart is a long piece of moralizing doggerel about the folly of pride in such a creature as man. It has in it the precise tone of melancholy and doubt which were the prevailing characteristics of Lincoln's somber sentiments. For that reason he read the poem and committed it. He was a dabbler in Shakespeare because the aphorisms of that Titanic genius suited him in point

and argument. It was not the poetry, but the Shakespearean logic, that he caught at and took. To him Meissner's "Friedland" would have suggested a story of the Blackhawk war, and Millet's "Angelus" would have brought to mind a joke that he once heard in Indiana.

Poetically considered, Lincoln's mind was as flat as a musing ground. The aesthetic faculties were wanting. He endured music as a necessity. On the Fourth of July, 1863, being serenaded, he concluded his speech thus: "Recent events bring up glorious names, and particularly prominent ones, but these I will not mention. Having said thus much, I will now take the music." That is, I will take it as medicine! The excessive power did not exist in Lincoln's mind. He had no flight. Even in the finest things that he ever said we may perceive that they were intellectually fabricated, woven out of reason in the brain loom, drawn from the subject as with a syllogistic spindle through the hackle of the rule of three.

Lincoln was the mighty wrestler. The man never lived who could throw him on equal ground. Once in his clutches, the strongest antagonist was broken, whirled with his feet to the planets and cast prone. Horace Greeley was no weakling. When he was enraged, the power of the gods was on him. In the high noon of the war he attacked the president and demanded to know his meaning. Would he or would he not abolish slavery? Was he or was he not a friend to freedom? Had the loyal people hoped in vain? Would the administration never do anything? What was the war waged for anyhow? Did the president himself know or did he not know his own meaning? Would he plainly tell the nation what were his purposes and aims? And this is Lincoln's reply:

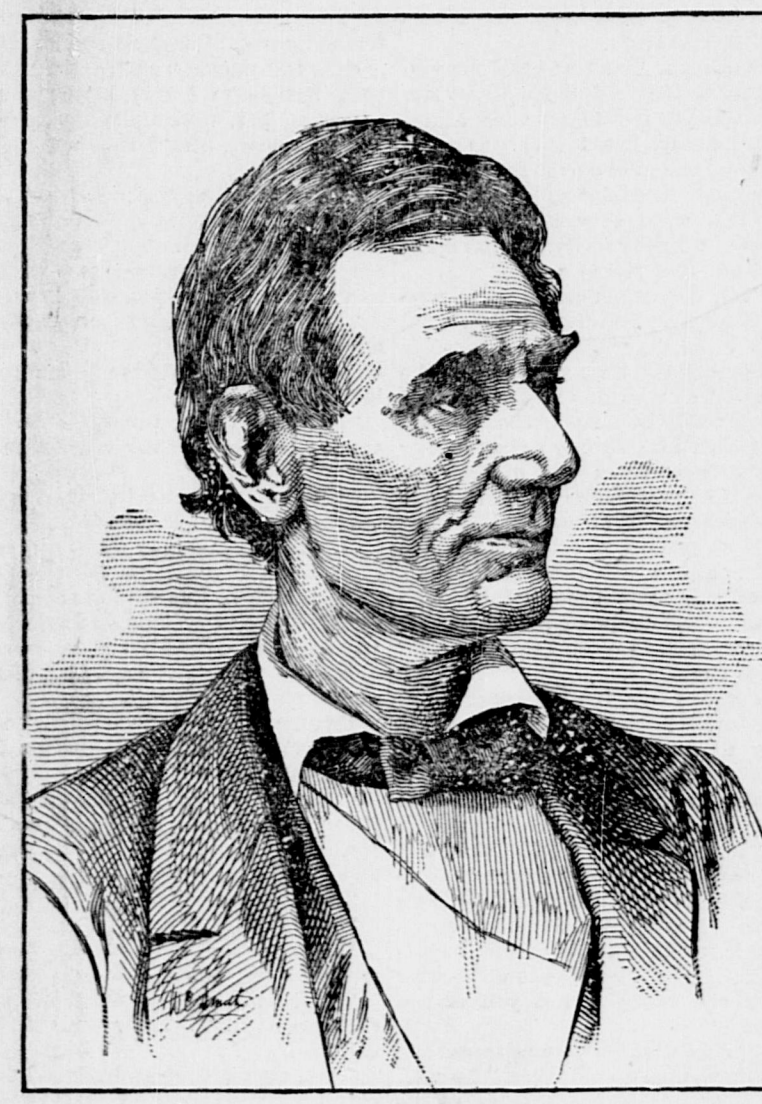
"If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it, and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do it. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear because I do not believe it helps to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe that what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause."

Since the death of Thucydides there has not, I believe, been written another such paragraph as that! Talleyrand and Burke and Webster all sitting together could not have composed it! It is tougher than wrought steel. The precision of it is equal to the strength, and the cogency to the dispassion. It is well nigh the unapproachable model of all that was ever done in human argument. No phalanx of bayonets ever won so level across the field against the enemy. It is a countercharge that goes over the redan without breaking a step. After that was said there was silence in the cavaliers' camp for times and a half time. And the secret of it is simply the strength and clearness of the thought. The homely phrase is only the necessary garb of the immortal thinking.

There are those who speak of the happiness of language, as though men were gifted with words and the power of arranging words without respect to thought. There is no gift of language, but the gift of thought. Clearness of speech and greatness of phraseology are the necessary correlatives of great thinking. The allegation of sublime language without sublime thought in it is preposterous, and the assertion that the thought is great and strong, but that the language is weak and imperfect, is an absurdity. Thought is born in language, and not otherwise. The thinker is he who makes out of the nebulous ideality of the question the convincing and sometimes immortal fabric of speech.

Such was Lincoln's power. He came humbly and patiently to the greatest problems of political and national life in the midst of an epoch of convulsion and cataclysm, and the chaos, passing through his powerful formative faculties, resolved itself into stellar beauty and order. In his intellectual action he was as matter of fact as he was great in comprehension. His mental product was the most inornate in the world. At bottom he regarded it as almost a sin to indulge in a figure of speech; even when his composition seemed of itself to rise from the merely syllogistic basis into flight or fancy he stood back and would not follow.

Coming to the end of his first inaugural, Lincoln reached these words: "In your hands, my fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it." At this point he paused, for he had finished the argument. But Seward thought that there should be an imaginative appeal added



Anna (now Mrs. Blair) gave me
see your Union. Ann
From a son
J. S. Lincoln

to the address. Lincoln asserted, but could not do it. He passed the address into the hands of the secretary and asked him for a suggestion, and this is what Seward wrote and appended to the manuscript: "I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battlefields and so many patriot graves, pass through all the hearts and all hearts in this broad continent of ours will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of our nation."

And this is what the paragraph became after it had passed the alembic of the purifying fires:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

There is not in the whole history of literature another such illustration of the transforming force of the master mind! The rail splitter took the great scholar's faulty, straggling paragraph and made it immortal—because he was the thinker!

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH. LINCOLN, THE CARPENTER.

A Cabinet Made by Him Which Is Still in Existence.

In the days when Abraham Lincoln was a boy on his father's farm in Gentryville, Ind., it was necessary for every settler to know how to handle tools.

Thomas Lincoln, Abraham's father, was probably as skillful a carpenter as any of his neighbors, and he taught his son to handle the saw and plane as well. There is evidence that Abraham was an apt pupil, for a specimen of his handi-

work is now in the possession of Captain J. W. Wortman of Evansville, Ind. It is a cabinet made of walnut, two feet in height and very well put together. Young Abe probably cut down the tree

LINCOLN'S MEMORY.

Told Where He Had Put a Whetstone Fifteen Years Before.

It is said that Abraham Lincoln never forgot a face and was never at loss to greet by name any person whom he had ever known. Possibly this may be an exaggeration, but many anecdotes are told which go to prove that the great president did have a wonderful memory.

When he was a comparatively young man and a candidate for the Illinois legislature, he made a personal canvass of his district. While "swinging around the circle" he stopped one day and took dinner with a farmer in Sangamon county.

Years afterward, when Lincoln had become president, a soldier came to call on him at the White House. At the first glance the chief executive said:

"Yes, I remember you. You used to live on the Danville road. I took dinner with you when I was running for the legislature. I recollect that we stood talking together out at the barnyard gate while I sharpened my jackknife."

"Ya-as," drawled the soldier. "You did. But, say, wherever did you put that whetstone? I looked for it a dozen times, but I never could find it after the day you used it. We 'loved as how mebbe you took it 'long with you."

"No," said Lincoln, looking serious and pushing away a lot of documents of state from the desk in front of him. "No, I put it on top of that gatepost—that high one."

"Well," exclaimed the visitor, "mebbe you did. Couldn't nobody else have put it there, and none of us ever thought to look there for it."

The soldier was then on his way home, and when he got there the first thing he did was to look for that whetstone. And, sure enough, there it was, just where Lincoln had laid it 15 years before. The honest fellow wrote a letter to the chief magistrate of the nation, telling him that the whetstone had been found and would never be lost again.

Why Lincoln Grew a Beard.

It was by request of a young woman whom he had never seen that Lincoln grew his first beard. In 1861 he traveled from Springfield to Washington and made a series of speeches. At Erie, Northeast station he prefaced his address by saying that a year previously he had received from a young girl in that place a letter asking him to let his whiskers grow.

"And if that young lady is present," added the president, "I would like to ask her if she will come up and tell me what she thinks of the result, for I have followed her advice."

Amid the cheers of the audience a pretty girl made her way to the platform and was kissed by the president.

ANOTHER LINCOLN STORY.

He Enjoyed Life's Good Things, but Got Few of Them.

Mr. Lincoln was one of the rare talkers who could always point a moral with an adorning tale taken out of his own experience. Everybody has experiences if he only knows it. Most of us are so much in the habit of taking in wisdom and fun through the printed page or the story as another man tells it that we lack the capacity to see it for ourselves.

The story teller is the man who finds his own material. An old southern politician was moralizing thus a few nights ago and enlarging the man the south used to dislike:

"When Lincoln first came to Washington, I went to see him, so prejudiced against him beforehand that no man with less genius could have overcome it. I left that first interview his friend. No man ever came under the charm of Lincoln's personality without respecting him, and, if allowed, loving him."

"One day, after we had become fairly good friends, I told him of my early prejudice.

"'Mr. Lincoln,' I said, 'I had heard every mean thing on earth about you except one. I never heard that you were too fond of the pleasures of life.' Mr. Lincoln sat for a moment stroking his long cheek thoughtfully, and then he drew out in his peculiar western voice:

"'That reminds me of something that a boy said to me when I was about 10 years old.

"'Once in awhile my mother used to get some sorghum and some ginger and mix us up a batch of gingerbread. It wasn't often, and it was our biggest treat.

"'One day I smelled it and came into the house to get my share while it was hot. I found she had baked me three gingerbread men, and I took them out under a hickory tree to eat them.

"'There was a family near us that was a little poorer than we were, and their boy came along as I sat down.

"'Abe,' he said, edging close, 'gimme a man.'

"'I gave him one. He crammed it into his mouth at two bites and looked at me while I bit the legs from my first one.

"'Abe,' he said, 'gimme that other'n.'

"'I wanted it, but I gave it to him, and as it followed the first one I said:

"'You seem to like gingerbread?'

"'Abe,' he said earnestly, 'I don't s'pose there's anybody on this earth likes gingerbread as well as I do, and drawing a sigh that brought up crumbs, 'I don't s'pose there's anybody gets less of it.'"

And the old congressman said Mr. Lincoln looked as though the subject was ended.

ANNA LEACH.

INTERRUPTED THE WEDDING.

A Story About Lincoln's Marriage to Mary Todd.

Lincoln's unfortunate marriage to Mary Todd occurred in Springfield, Ill., at the home of Mr. M. W. Edwards, where Miss Todd lived. She was the belle of Springfield, and the story of Lincoln's unhappy and interrupted courtship is well known. The marriage, although hastily arranged in the end, was perhaps the first one performed in that city with all the requirements of the Episcopal ceremony. Rev. Charles

REV. CHARLES DRESSER.

Dresser officiated. Among the many friends of Lincoln who were present was Thomas C. Brown, one of the judges of the state supreme court. He was a blunt, outspoken man and an old timer.

Parson Dresser was attired in full canonical robes and recited the service with much impressive solemnity. He handed Lincoln the ring, who, placing it on the bride's finger, repeated the church formula, "With this ring I thee endow with all my goods and chattels, lands and tenements."

Judge Brown, who had never before witnessed such a ceremony and looked upon it as utterly absurd, ejaculated, in a tone loud enough to be heard by all, "God Almighty, Lincoln, the statute fixes all that!" This unexpected interruption almost upset the old parson, who had a keen sense of the ridiculous, but he quickly recovered his gravity and hastily pronounced: the couple man and wife.



WINGS.

Wings that flutter in sunny air,
Wings that dip and dip and dare,
Wings of the humming bird flashing by,
Wings of the lark in the purple sky,
Wings of the eagle aloft, aloft,
Wings of the pigeon upon the roof,
Wings of the storm bird swift and free
With wild white sweeping across the sea—
Often and often a voice in me sings—
Oh, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

Oh, to winnow the air with wings!
Oh, to float far above hurtful things!
Things that weary and wear and fret—
To touch in a moment the mountain's crest
Or haste to the valley for home and rest,
To rock with the pine tree as wild birds may,
To follow the sailor a summer's day,
Over and over a voice in me sings—
Oh, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

Softly responsive a voice in me sings—
Then last the freedom, the freedom of wings.
Soon as the glass a second can count
Into the heaven thy heart may mount;
Hope may fly to the topmost peak,
Lone its nest in the vale may seek,
Outspeeding the sailor Faith's pinions may
Touch the ends of the earth in a summer's day.
Softly responsive a voice in me sings—
Then last the freedom, the freedom of wings!

—Mary F. Butts in Youth's Companion.

STRATEGY.

"Did you have a good time in town?"

"No-o. Beastly hole; bores one to death."

"But there is such a lot going on now. Did you not go to any theaters?"

"Yes, to every one; music halls, too; saw everything there was to be seen. I suppose I did enjoy myself, but I have forgotten it."

The girl looked at the man steadily for a moment, but he walked moodily on, unconscious of her gaze.

"Who were those people you wrote about? Those people you were with so much?"

"Oh, they were Irish."

Dead silence. The man and the girl sauntered along the beach, each intent on his or her own thoughts.

"What charming people the Irish are as a rule," said the girl, at length.

"Yes, awfully jolly," enthusiastically.

"Were these?"

"Oh, yes. They weren't bad."

"How many were there, and of what sort and condition? Do yourself a little and try to be a trifle more entertaining."

"What shall I tell you? About the Irish people I met? Well, there was a father, also a mother—awfully fine old lady she was—and a daughter."

"Was the daughter pretty? Irish girls are lovely, as a rule, I think. Their eyes are so beautiful. Had this girl beautiful eyes?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Was she a nice girl, clever, and so on? Tell me all about her."

"Oh, there is nothing to tell." The girl sauntered on more slowly. She was a little paler than she had been, but a slightly mocking smile played round the corners of her mouth.

"How pretty those brown sails look out there," she said presently, pointing to a little fleet of fishing boats far out on the glittering sea.

"Mark, I should like to go out sailing."

"Would you?" he rejoined indifferently.

"Yes. Let us go and have a nice long day. I will get some provisions while you get the boat. Shall we go?"

"I should like it if you would."

Out at sea there was a soft breeze blowing, a little breeze that made the hot sun bearable and put new life and spirits into the two in the boat. There was something so exhilarating, so free, so invigorating, in the very feeling of flying along over the smooth, sparkling waters.

"Shall we have lunch now?"

The girl was leaning back in a perfect nest of cushions, looking unspeakably comfortable and very pretty. Her pink sunshade gave a delicate flush to her cheeks, which were otherwise pale.

The breeze tapped the wide brim of her hat and blew her soft hair in curls about her forehead.

The man looked round from the sail ropes he had been intent on, and an involuntary gleam of admiration shone from his eyes.

"You look so comfortable it is a pity you should move," he said, in less melodramatic manner than he had hitherto spoken. "I will unpack the things and hand you all you want."

"My dear boy, I could not possibly eat in this position, and loath as I am to disturb myself, my spirit length for sustenance. I am going to sit in the bottom of the boat," she said. "Will you arrange some cushions at my back for me?"

Easily and deftly he arranged her nest. There was something strangely fascinating in taking care of this dainty, graceful maiden.

The girl seemed to divine his feelings, for she colored a little and roused herself so as to dispense with his attentions.

"This is awfully fine," said the man, leaning back, with his hands clasped behind his head, and looking first at the girl, then at the sky and then back at the girl again. "This is splendid. I could go on sailing away forever. One seems to leave all worries behind, and forget all disagreeables."

"I do not know that I should care for it for the rest of my existence,"

she said at length. "You are a very agreeable companion, Mark; at least, you can be," with a little rising of her eyebrows, "but I think it would be very stupid to pass one's whole life with one friend."

"With one what?"

"Friend," answered the girl, calmly unfurling her sunshade and settling more comfortably into her cushions.

The man stared at her for a few seconds, then he followed her gaze at the brown sails, and for a moment they appeared to find something of surpassing interest in them.

"I think it would be very jolly to bring out Mina Armstrong one day, and her brother, don't you?" asked the girl.

"Yes, perhaps they would like it," indifferently.

"Oh, Jack Armstrong told me yesterday that he is devoted to sailing. He wanted me to go with him—today, but I said you were coming and you would think it odd if you found no one at home."

"You were very kind," he answered a little sulkily. "I am sorry to have kept you at home."

"Oh, it does not matter, I can go another day; I wanted to see you, you know."

For minutes silence reigned in the boat. The man was wondering if it could really be possible that the girl regarded him simply as one of her many friends and was quite indifferent as to whether he cared more for another girl or not.

In an instant it all flashed across him. She was infatuated by this newcomer, this other friend, who wanted to take her out sailing, and she wanted to pack him, Mark, off with the sister.

Perhaps her thoughts were with that other fellow! While he was trying to discover why he so disliked that other fellow, Ruth gave a little sigh, and the sadness vanished from her face.

"How perfectly idyllic this is," she said. "What a comfort it is to be able to sit silent when one feels inclined, and not feel one is playing the bore. It is a sign of true friendship, Mark. I could not do so with any one but you, but you understand."

"Friend" always seems to me such an inadequate, cold word," he said. "Friends and acquaintances are the same to me."

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" she cried. "Acquaintances mean so little, they are nothing. I have so many, but of friends so few. You are one of my chiefest, and—"

"I always thought we were more than friends," he said.

"You silly boy, how could we be?" she replied, with a little laugh, but the laugh did not ring true.

Later that day it occurred to him that he had not thought of the Irish girl for several hours. He did not think of her until the moon rose, and he went out on the headland and sat alone with his pipe, and he longed to make her aware of the fact.

During the last week or two he had found that she did not jump at his suggestions with her old alacrity—in fact, it had taken all his time and all his tact to secure her company at all, and so occupied had he been that he had had no time to think at all of the Irish girl. Today, however, Ruth willingly consented to accompany him.

So they strolled along the narrow lane inland, until they came to the moor, where the low hedges were draped with festoons of honeysuckle and "old man's beard."

"Mark, this is an earthly paradise," she exclaimed, as she leaned back against a soft cushion of sweet scented thyme. "If I was superstitious, I should say it was too good to last."

"I think it is," said Mark, rather mournfully. "We seldom have a walk or anything else together now, Ruth."

"No?" She was not prepared for this sudden attack, and grew confused.

The man noticed it, and determined to make the most of it. "Ruth, dear, you have changed lately. We are not such good friends as we used to be. Why is it? Tell me."

"Don't be silly," she said, studiously averting her eyes. "Get into a more comfortable position," she said, smiling down at him, "and talk to me. I must be amused."

So the man, with a sigh, lay down on his heather couch and began to talk.

"And those Irish people?" said the girl unconcernedly, idly sticking pieces of heather in his curls, while she looked keenly down on his face.

"Why do you not ask them down here? You were so much with them and liked them so, I am sure you would be glad to have them."

No answer.

"I am sure I should have liked to have met them. I think I should have liked the girl awfully."

"I am sure you would not. She is not your style at all."

"What style is she?"

"Oh, I don't know. She is an awful flirt, and not good form at all."

"Oh!" A silence ensued for about five minutes; then the man rolled

over, and planting his elbows in the heather looked up determinedly in his companion's face. An inkling of the truth had reached his brain.

"Ruth, I must know. It is only fair that you should tell me why you have changed so to me? You are making me very miserable, dear."

"I am? Oh, Mark, how can I make you unhappy?"

"Because I love you, Ruth, and I cannot bear this something that has risen between us. It drives me mad. Ruth, my dear little girl, don't you know how I love you, and that I want you to be something very, very much nearer than a friend?"

"But, Mark, how about that other girl, that Irish girl? Aren't you—don't you—care for her?"

"Pooh!" said the man, with unfeigned scorn. "Care for her? I never did. One may flirt with a girl like that, but as to loving her, or—marrying her, well, I pity the poor fool who does. She flirts abominably."

Then the girl smiled again, a triumphant little smile, quite unintelligible to the man. She knew that her course of treatment had been successful; the cure was complete.

"Why do you smile?" asked the man perplexed.

"Because—oh—because I am so happy."

"Happy! Do you mean that?" catching one of her hands and kissing it passionately.

Still she looked away, intent on tearing up the unfortunate heather by her side. The man watched her in silent dismay. He could not understand her in this variable mood.

"You do not care," he said at last, when the silence had become unbearable. "You do not care, and you cannot make yourself."

He turned over, and propped himself on one elbow, with his face well away from hers.

"Don't try, dear," he went on, but the words came haltingly. "Don't try. Either you do or you do not, and I would not have."

"Mark," she said softly.

"What is it, Ruth?"

He obeyed her, and turned a very miserable pair of eyes toward her.

"Never mind, little woman," he said bravely. "I know you can't care."

"You are making a mistake. I do care very, very much," she said earnestly, and leaning toward him she took his face between her two hands and kissed him gently on the forehead.—Mabel Quiller-Couch in Gentlewoman.

Needed No Exercise.

The tall man with the stooped shoulders and a pale face had been standing for 20 minutes gazing intently at the handsome young chap who was vigorously manipulating Professor Swingen's home exerciser in the window of the sporting goods store.

His interest was so manifest that the proprietor sauntered outside under pretense of rearranging some of the sleds and skates which were on show in front of the store.

He stopped beside the tall man and took a look at the exerciser himself.

"Great thing that," he said cheerfully. "Put one up in my own house two months ago, and I feel like a new man."

"Use it every day?" asked he of the bowed shoulders.

"You bet! The man who uses one is bound to keep it up. Just the right thing for a man who follows a sedentary occupation. One of those machines would straighten up your shoulders and put color in your cheeks in six weeks. Exercise is what you need, my friend. Won't you come in and try one?"

"No, thank you, haven't got time now. I do tumbling and acrobatics over here at the museum, and it's pretty near time for me to go on."

—Detroit News.

The Poor Dog Went to the Almshouse.

An incident which would seem to prove that a dog learns to understand the language of his country was related by one willing to vouch for its truth. And this is the story:

A dog had come to be very old in a family in a country village. One of the family remarked on a certain day, as the dog lay in the room:

"I think Sancho ought to be put out of the way. He is only a nuisance now."

That afternoon Sancho disappeared, and as the days passed did not return. In the course of a week a neighbor said, "I see that your dog is up at the poorhouse." On inquiry it was learned that Sancho, having been kindly received, had continued on as a guest. And ever after, although he sometimes made a brief call at his old home, he lived at the town farm, and there peacefully ended his dog's life.—Philadelphia American.

Controlling Nature.

It is the triumph of civilization that at last communities have obtained such a mastery over natural laws that they drive and control them. The winds, the water, electricity, all aliens that in their wild form were dangerous, are now controlled by human will and are made useful servants.—H. W. Beecher.

WOMEN WHO FASCINATE WOMEN.

Tragic Results That Have Followed in Some Modern Instances.

Cases of the unnatural influence which women have exercised over women are not uncommon. The most noted instance of that kind was in the case of Miss Alice Mitchell of Memphis. Miss Mitchell's father was a merchant of wealth and she lived in great refinement in the fashionable part of the city. She was frequently visited by Miss Freda Ward of Gold Dust, Ark., and the pair seemed to be inseparable. One day in January, 1892, however, Miss Mitchell was driving through the streets with a friend when she met Miss Ward. She jumped from the carriage suddenly and without a word cut Miss Ward's throat. The poor girl fell to the sidewalk and died while being taken to a hospital.

No one could understand the motive for the deed. Miss Mitchell told various stories, one of which was that she killed Miss Ward because she had circulated scandals about her. Finally she made a statement which she adhered to, in which she said:

"I killed Freda because I loved her and she refused to marry me. I asked her to marry me three times, and at last she consented. We were going to marry here and go to St. Louis. When Freda promised to marry me, I was so happy. I sent her an engagement ring and she wore it for a time, but when it was returned to me I was miserable. I could not bear to be separated from her, so I resolved to kill her. I would rather she were dead than away from me."

Miss Mitchell was tried for murder in July, 1892, and on being adjudged insane was sent to an asylum. A peculiar case lay in the infatuation which Miss Margaret Messmore of Los Angeles had for Miss Grace Miltimore of Savannah. Both girls came of good families and were exceedingly pretty. In 1893 they roomed together in Chicago, where they were studying music. The parents became alarmed at the friendship which existed between them, and Miss Miltimore was induced to return home. She left her trunk containing many valuable articles with her friend, who refused to give it up.

"Grace is my husband," said Miss Messmore, "why should I give her things to her family?" Miss Messmore was finally taken back to Los Angeles almost by force. Mrs. Alma Erhardt's love for Mrs. Charlotte Goehling of Newark caused her to be sent to an insane asylum in January, 1894. At the trial Mrs. Goehling produced a letter from Mrs. Erhardt, which contained a distinct proposal of marriage. Another letter urged her to kill her two children.

Mrs. Eugenia Van Cott, daughter of a prominent minister of Smithville, N. Y., was arrested in September, 1893, for enticing Mrs. Alice Tauris away from her husband. The case never came to trial.—New York Herald.

Medieval Outbursts.

The energies which in our own day find vent in half a dozen forms of athletic exercise had in the thirteenth century hardly more than the single outlet of fighting. Men talked of war and sang of it, and the close of the thirteenth century was a period when a succession of fortunate expeditions and a soldierly king had turned men's thoughts more strongly than usual upon the popular topic.

The prevailing tone of society must have acted upon the immature lads at Oxford cooped up in the narrow streets of a crowded city, without, or practically without, books, much as the cheap romances of our own day are believed to affect the office boy.

There were plenty of rogues in the thirteenth century, of course, who were able and willing to help the militant student to add practice to theory, and when we recollect that there were no better police than half a dozen Dogberries, that the city was unlighted, and that even lads went armed, one no longer has cause to wonder at the insecurity of life in Oxford 600 years ago.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Napoleon In the Russian Campaign.

Around the campfires there was, during the remaining months of winter, a passive endurance, mingled with some murmuring about the horrors caused by one man's ambition. The emperor set his men an example of uncomplaining cheerfulness. His health continued as exuberant as it had been for the year past, and his activity, though no longer feverish, lost nothing of its intensity. Savary thought he outdid himself, accomplishing in one month what elsewhere would have been, even for him, the work of three.

Mme. de Remusat remembered to have heard him say that he felt better during those months than ever before or after. This vigor of body, combined with the same iron determination as of old, did indeed work miracles, and this in spite of the fact that his indefatigable secretary, Maret, was long at the point of death.—"Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Sunday Trading in the Past.

It may safely be asserted that from the time of the Conqueror (1066-1087) Sunday trading received much attention. In early ages markets and fairs were held on Sundays, and frequently in the churchyards.

In 1305 the inhabitants of Cokermonth presented a petition to parliament, as their market was fast declining through the inhabitants of Crosthwaite dealing in corn, flour, beams, flesh, fish, at their church on Sundays, and that thereby they were unable to pay their tolls to the king (Edward I.). An order was issued for closing the church market at Crosthwaite.

At Bradford, Yorkshire, during the same reign, the market was held on a Sunday, doubtless in the churchyard. The toll yielded £3 per annum.

In 1285 a statute was passed enacting that henceforth neither fairs nor markets be held in churchyards, for the honor of the church.

In 1312 a market was granted to the town of Sedgefield, Durham, to be held on a Friday, but was soon changed to Sunday.

In 1367 the archbishops of Canterbury and York delivered charges directing, among other things, that "we firmly forbid any one to keep a market in the churches, the porches and the cemeteries thereunto belonging or other holy places on the Lord's day or other holy festivals."

—Notes and Queries.

He Was Baptized Baldheaded.

It was proved at a baptizing in Kentucky that it is well to go well prepared if you are to be baptized, says the Albany (Ky.) Courier. A citizen who was immersed can testify to this effect. This gentleman had long intended to be baptized, but it took him a long time to make up his mind. At last, however, he came to a decision, and the minister led him into the pool. So far all was well. The trouble commenced as soon as the minister tried to put the citizen's head under the water. The citizen apparently did not object to standing in the water up to his ears, but further, or rather deeper, he did not wish to go. Finally, as a last resort, the minister placed his hand on his head and began to bear down. As he did so the citizen's mass of hair slipped from his head and the minister found himself standing with a wig in his hand, while the bald head loomed up conspicuously. After this there was no trouble getting that head under the water. The citizen had always carefully concealed the fact that he was bald, and when he was found out he went under the water so willingly and staid so long that the spectators became frightened. He was taken out very much ashamed of himself.

Mrs. Radcliffe's Successor.

Maturin, the author of "Montorio," who died in 1824, was perhaps the purest representative of the decadent followers of Mrs. Radcliffe. His appearance and his character write the epitaph of the extinction of the school to which he belonged.

When engaged in composition, he placed a black wafer on the center of his forehead as a sign that he must not be interrupted. Often in pecuniary difficulties, he once borrowed £50 of Lady Morgan. He spent the money at a reception to which he invited all his friends. At the end of a large, empty, hired room was placed a dais surmounted by a crimson canopy, under which sat Mr. and Mrs. Maturin. Bewick, who visited him at Dublin in the early part of the present century, has left a graphic picture of his appearance. He found Maturin dressed to receive him, "pacing his drawing room in elegant full dress, a splendidly bound book laid open upon a cambric pocket handkerchief—laced round the edges, and scented with eau de cologne—and held upon both hands; a stylish new black wig curled over his temples, his shirt collar reaching half way up his face, and his attenuated cheeks rouged up to the very eyes."

—Quarterly Review.

This Boy Will Bear Watching.

There is a boy in Bradford who should rival Lord Russell of Killowen as a cross examiner when he grows up. In the police court he was heard and four others were charged with stone throwing, and he thus cross examined the constable:

"How many windows did you say were broken?"

"Four."

"And how many stones did you find inside?"

"Three."

"But how can you charge five boys with breaking four windows with three stones?"

Given boys, stones, and windows, almost anything might happen, but the query puzzled the policeman and the boys got off.—London Tit-Bits.

She Knew.

"Maria," said Boggles to his wife, with an idea of instructing her in political economy, "do you know what civil service is?"

"Jasper," replied Mrs. Boggles, with memory of recent contact with the cook, "there isn't any."—Illustrated Monthly.

THE MOONSHINER OF FACT.

He Is Vastly Different From the Wild Creature Pictured.

He is neither a bandit nor a highwayman, a disturber of the peace, nor, in respect to formalities other than the revenue statutes, a law breaker. Least of all, perhaps, is he a desperado. Within a month of the present writing a traveler on one of the Tennessee railways entered the smoking car of the train. In the rear seat sat an officer in charge of a "covey" of moonshiners flushed by him on the mountain the night before. There were 12 in the party. They had yielded without resistance to one man, and most singular circumstance of all in the south, the deputy had not found it necessary to put them in irons.

At their trial the members of this party will doubtless plead guilty to a man, though a little hard swearing would probably clear half of them. They will beg for mercy or for light sentences, and those of them who promise amendment will most likely never be again brought in on the same charge, for the mountaineer is prone to keep his promises.

A venerable judge, in whom judicial severity is tempered by a generous admixture of loving kindness and mercy, and whose humane decisions have made his name a word to conjure with among the dwellers in the waste places, tells a story which emphasizes the promise keeping trait in the mountain character. A hardened sinner of the stills, whose first and second offenses were already recorded against him, was once again brought to book by the vigilance of the revenue men. As an old offender, who had neither promised nor repented, it was likely to go hard with him, and he begged not for liberty, but for a commutation of his sentence which would send him to jail instead of the penitentiary, promising that so long as the judge remained upon the bench he would neither make nor meddle with illicit whisky.

He won his case and was sent to jail for a term of 11 months. This was in summer, and six months later, when the first snow began to powder the bleak summits of Chilhowee, the judge received a letter from the convict. It was a simple hearted petition for a "furlough" of ten days, pathetic and eloquent in its primitive English and quaint misspelling. Would the good judge let him off for just ten days? Winter was coming on, and the wife and children were alone in the cabin on the mountain, with no one to make provision for their wants. He would not overstay the time, and he would "certain shore" come back.

His petition was granted, and, true to his word, the mountaineer returned on the tenth day and gave himself up to the sheriff. He served the remainder of his sentence, and, after his release, kept his pledge so long as the judge remained on the bench.—Lippincott's.

One of the Evils of Wealth.

The family of one of the richest men in New York was visited not long ago by a contagious disease. A health inspector was obliged to go through the magnificent mansion on the Fifth avenue, and a pretty state of affairs, as he privately told his wife, he found there. "It almost makes one contented with one's modest home," he added, "and with the knowledge that you and I are not too busy, nor too fashionable, nor too elegant to look after our own household matters. There naturally everything is left in the hands of servants. They are supposed to be most competent, but they are only servants, after all, and not so deeply interested as the owner would be. Such a cellar as stands under that splendid pile I never saw outside of a tenement house in the slummiest slums. It was piled high with indescribable refuse and filth, rotting there and breeding inexpressible disaster and menace. It is a wonder that there is a sound life in that house. I tell you I made the mistress of that home pale with horror before I had finished my explanation of causes and my threats as to what effects she might anticipate unless a new regime was inaugurated."—Philadelphia Press.

He Moved the Cattle.

Here is an incident in the life of Dr. Herber Evans, who, about 15 years ago, broke down in health, and was sent to Buxton with instructions from his medical adviser not to preach for 15 months. It seems that he had got so downcast at not being able to preach for such a prolonged period that he doubted his own powers of ever again being of any use.

In this frame of mind he went far away into the fields one fine Sunday morning and gave out an old Welsh hymn at the very top of his voice. Suddenly the sheep and cattle, which were quietly browsing by, looked up and ran to him from all parts of the field. Herber returned thanks to Providence that he still had the power at least of moving cattle and sheep, and from this point he regained confidence in himself, and his recovery was rapid.—London Globe.

LOVE'S FORM IS STILL.

Love's form is still, for dear love is a-lying. Upon his bed of roses quivering. For love, who wounded others, heartless dying. Himself was struck by Jove upon the wing.

And fell to earth, in mortal anguish lying. Why should love die? What is the use of sighing. While you such delicate tender ditties sing! Haste you, my Phyllis, with quick footsteps hieing.

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And fell to earth, in mortal anguish lying.
Why should love die? What is the use of sighing?
While you such doleful tender ditties sing?
Haste you, my Phyllis, with quick footsteps hiving.
No mournful requiem bring.
With drooping lips and dewy eyes half crying,
Haste you your heart to offer for his buying.
Jove will repent him that he did this thing.
For your sweetheart, I'm sure there's no denying.
Fit ransom is for love, the heart's own king.
Ah, now I see your teardrops quickly drying!
Love is again on wing!
—Christie Deas in New Budget.

Light on the Bluebeard Story.

The fascinating story of Bluebeard has a mythical rather than a mythological origin. No one has found his prototype in the Vedas or in the old Greek or Roman authors. The story is supposed to be of French origin, and it has even been suggested that Bluebeard was no other than our own much married Henry VIII. There is, however, better reason for believing that the original was Giles de Laval, lord of Riaz, who was marshal of France early in the fifteenth century. He was a brave soldier whose exploits in the wars between England and France are recorded in history. According to Mizeray, he murdered his wives as soon as he tired of them, and was himself eventually strangled in 1440.

The story of Laval has, however, not many points of resemblance, for there is no mention of a key, and Giles de Laval, moreover, used to entice persons of both sexes to his castle for the sake of their blood, which he wanted for certain incantations he indulged in. Nor, indeed, does the story fit in with our own Henry VIII, and we are left to believe that, whatever the origin, the key and Sister Ann were added for the sake of effect. A variant of the story of Giles de Laval is told by Holinshed, in whose version the name is Giles de Retz, marquis de Laval, who lived in Brittany, and was strangled and burned for the murder of his seven wives. Dr. C. Taylor, it may be added, regarded the story simply as fiction, a satire on, or type of, the castle lords of the days of knight errantry.—London Globe.

Miss, the Egotist.

In her entire mode of life, which was, like that of most cats, distinctly methodical, Miss produced the effect of a little egotist, and she was one. She was her own cat, not ours, and her impulses and purposes began and ended with herself. She was also a tease, the first specimen of that class, excluding, of course, monkeys, I have seen among animals, except a black and tan terrier, the friend and torment of the one that wiped his feet. Miss would wait until one of the other cats was asleep, pretending to be asleep herself meanwhile, then she would noiselessly creep to the back of the sofa, chair or top of the basket where the other lay and give her a slight tap on the head, instantly crouching so as to be invisible.

The sleeper would start, open one eye, wink, shut it again, and go to sleep, when Miss would tap again. This would be repeated until the sleeper, roused and enraged, jumped up and saw the offender, when some spitting and slapping would ensue, and either Miss would retreat or the victim choose another couch, but no sooner fall asleep again than Miss would be at her post, until the other would rush out of the room and the house. She also used to amuse herself by coming behind her companions when they were eating or meditating and giving them a push or a poke, and by many similar practical jokes.—Temple Bar.

Doing Good by Stealth.

The church of St. Mary, in Kilburn, a suburb in the northeast of London, has had an unknown benefactor for 19 years. On a certain December day, every year, an envelope is found in the collection box, containing £100. No effort is made to discover the benefactor, for fear the discovery might result in the loss of the annual gift.

A curious typographical error recently appeared in a daily paper. In giving an account of an inquest, it was stated, "The deceased bore an accidental character, and the jury returned a verdict of excellent death."

The Medical society of Bern, Switzerland, advises the passing of a law prohibiting the publication of accounts of suicides, on the ground that the reading of such accounts suggests suicide to certain people.

The mind is found most acute and most uneasy in the morning. Uneasiness is, indeed, a species of sagacity—a passive sagacity. Fools are never uneasy.—Goethe.

For several centuries an infusion of nutgalls treated with sulphate of iron composed the only known ink.

Color blindness or the slightest deficiency in hearing is sufficient to exclude a man from the army.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG BY CHARLES LAMB

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as



youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry ante-diluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking



remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known



it) he tasted—crackling! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributive cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he



might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX.

CHUCKCHEE BEAR KILLING

How the Kamchatkan Indians Circumvent the Big Brutes.

When a Pike county man strikes a bear track, he gets a dog and rifle and follows the trail. If he keeps it up long enough, he gets the bear, and that's all there is about it. Methods vary. In the Rockies when a man strikes a bear track he makes a careful examination. If it's a grizzly's track, and the man has had experience, he is likely to decide that he "hain't lost no grizzlies" and go on about his business. Probably the most uncommon way of bear catching which is pursued regularly is the Chuckchee Indians in the Kamchatkan peninsula. The captain of a whaler who had gone ashore at Olu-tarsk to trade, and had investigated the Chuckchee method of bear killing, told this story about it, when he got back to civilization, recently:

"The Kamchatkan bear is a huge brown fellow, often weighing over 1,000 pounds, and he is very ferocious and hard to kill. Such an animal is invulnerable to the small darts which are the Chuckchee's missile weapons, and it is necessary to cripple him before closing in with spears. These bears inhabit ground which is covered with dense thickets, through which they have paths and runways. The runways are impenetrable to man except he crawl on hands and knees. To circumvent the bear the Chuckchee takes two pieces of board about 6 inches long and 3 inches wide, through which he bores numerous holes. Through the holes in each piece he puts long iron nails with their points sharpened. Then, placing the backs of the pieces of the wood together, he lashes them with thongs, thus leaving the sharp ends of the nails projecting on each side. This curious implement of hunting he lays in the runway where the bear tracks are thickest, lightly covering it from view.

"Presently the bear comes along, his great fore paws covering each nearly a square foot of surface, and almost to a certainty he plants one fore paw upon the nails which penetrate and hurt him. Rising upon his hind legs, he raises the paw to which the boards are fastened by the nails, looks at it, and, seeking the thing that has hurt him, he strikes at it with his other paw to knock it off, thereby driving the nails from the side he hits into that paw. Thoroughly angry, he now hauls off and strikes with the first paw that was pierced and the nails again penetrate that. So he goes on striking with one paw and the other, driving the nails deeper and deeper into the flesh, until, exhausted with pain and rage, he sinks to the ground. His paws are now so sore that he cannot travel far, and as he goes he leaves a trail of blood behind him. Discovering this, the Indians follow him up, and with their spears dispatch him."—New York Sun.

Peasant's Hut, Russia.

The floor is either the bare earth or that covered with some straw; the walls are whitewashed. The general appearance is that of cleanliness. In one corner of the room a small lamp is suspended before the icon—a picture of Christ or the Virgin Mary. A large stove takes up one-quarter of the room. If there is more than one room in the hut, the stove is built through the partition wall, so as to heat the other room as well. The stove is also whitewashed and fed with straw. It is full of little pigeonholes, into which articles can be put to be warmed and dried. From it a platform of wood, standing about 2 1/2 feet above the floor, extends to the opposite wall; on this the peasant sleeps at night. Thus half of the available space of the room is taken up.

Clothes hang from the roof. Round the wall runs a shelf, on which, among other things, are the dark brown heavy loaves of rye bread which the peasants eat. The appearance and size of these loaves are that of a curling stone, minus the handle. Round the second half of the room runs a bench close to the wall, scrupulously clean, which is utilized for sitting on and for washing. It is at the same distance from the door as the platform above mentioned, which it eventually joins. But more interesting than the peasant hut are its inhabitants.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Paper Heels.

Shoe heels made of paper pulp are among the latest improvements in the shoe line. The pulp is made from white pine and similar woods. It is digested in proper tanks, then mixed with glue, tar, litharge, alcohol and other necessary ingredients. After standing for a short time the pulp is rolled into sheets and placed on rollers and pressed to the proper thickness. The sheet is then placed upon a table and the heels of the shape desired are stamped out 100 at a time.—New York Ledger.

The Price of Poems.

She—It's a perfect poem that supper place, isn't it?
He—Yes, indeed. "Oh, the wild charge they made!"—Pick Me Up.

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[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.]

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Connected by Telephone.

FATE IN FEBRUARY.

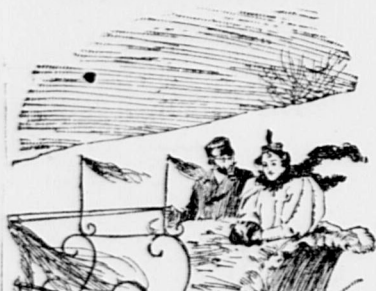
[A Valentine.]
When all the fields are white with snow,
And February's sun is fair,
With Lella's dimpled face aglow,
What care I for the winter air?
Companioned so within the sleigh,
Her silver voice is cheer enough,
And while the horses speed away
One hand I clasp within the muff.



Her lily lipped, azure eyes
Add to the lidded, electric thrill,
For now two human destinies
Depend upon a maiden's will.

The friendly south wind's soft caress
Bespeaks a solution fair,
And one unruly, roughish truss
Falls where it banishes despair.

Upon a wayside orchard bole
We note the frisky chickadee,
He seems to say, "Upon my soul,
Two precious fools, oh, see, oh, see!"



What would he give if, from its bark,
He could ascend to joy like this,
Or when the evening shades grow dark,
Imprint the repetitions kiss?

Dear Lella, though the spring delay,
And all the summer turn to snow,
Our lives are pledged to endless May,
And nothing else I care to know.

JOEL BENTON.

THE LEADING LADY.

A VALENTINE DAY SKETCH.

[Copyright, 1896, by American Press Association.]

Miss Blanche Defoe, leading lady of the Walkback Dramatic company, was in a very bad humor as she stepped off the train at Groverville. The weather had something to do with it, no doubt. It was weather such as the English describe as "baseley," yet it was characteristic of February.

But the weather was not all to blame. Miss Defoe had been a leading lady for three months, and she was thoroughly disgusted with the stage. She had worked for several years with this ambition in view, and now that she had reached it she wished that her lot had been cast anywhere but on the stage.

The prospect was certainly not alluring. The tour of the Walkback Dramatic company had not been successful. Salaries had not been paid since the first week out, and now there was a possibility that the entire combination would be stranded in some out of the way nook on the New England circuit.

She envied the young women whom she saw in the cheerful homes she passed by in her walk to the barnlike hotel. They had fond mothers and kind fathers probably and friends whom they had known for years. They did not have to travel all day in drafty, uncomfortable cars, eat their meals at railroad restaurants and wonder on what day they would be left penniless among strangers.

Yet she realized that these same young women envied her.

"Fools, every one," she muttered to herself, and followed the rest of the company into the hotel.

In fact, a good many people in Groverville were feeling rather sour that day. The rain that had begun at daylight was still falling steadily and was turning the snow into slush that seemed to exert a dampening and chilling influence over everything and everybody.

John Brickley was perhaps the most cheerful man in town. Just why we will see later. Let us state right here that the dead walls and board fences of Groverville had announced for seven successive days that on Feb. 14 the Walkback Dramatic company, "a grand aggregation of histri-

cal up for the first scene," was the call which interrupted further discussion of the valentine and its mysterious sender. Miss Defoe went on and capered through the first act as Fanchon with considerably more spirit than any of the other members of the cast could muster. She was thinking of something besides her lines, though.

When the act was over, she took advantage of the wait which the inexperienced scene shifter caused and sent for the usher who had brought her the valentine.

"Do you know the person who sent that package to me?" she asked.

The usher did. He knew all about him and was most happy to give Miss Defoe all the details concerning John Brickley. He even pointed out to her the unsuspecting John through a peephole in the curtain.

"Come back here after the next act," said Miss Defoe to the usher. "I want you to take a note to him."

Miss Defoe was a young lady who could act with great promptness on occasions. The note was duly delivered, and as a result John Brickley found himself waiting in the parlor of the hotel at 11:15 p. m. that same night, his heart beating somewhat rapidly, but with a determination to see the thing through.

"Well, what luck?" inquired the leading man as the manager deposited his dripping umbrella in a corner of the hotel corridor.

"Same as usual, d—n poor. Small advance sales. Probably won't have \$50 in the house tonight."

"Even the weather's against us," dolefully remarked the leading man.

"Yes, and everything else. Let's go get a drink."

And they did.

John Brickley didn't care a snap for the weather. He had said so a dozen times that afternoon to the customers who had come splashing in out of the wet. Why should he? In the center of his well stocked grocery a big salamander stove blazed away cheerfully, and he was warm and dry.

Besides this, John was something of a philosopher. So is any man who has been successful. It comes easy when fortune smiles, and John considered that fortune had smiled on him. He had a good business, a neat bank account and nothing to worry him. John helped himself to a cigar from the showcase, swung himself into an easy position on the counter and fell to gazing at a lithograph which hung in his store window. It was a picture of Miss Blanche Defoe, leading lady of the Walkback Dramatic company.

"Mighty handsome young lady," John so murmured. "I thought I didn't shut up early tonight and go to see that show."

John continued to gaze at the picture. He had very little else to do, as customers were scarce.

John's gazing ended in his making another determination. He felt quite pleased and not a little astonished with himself after he had made it. He chuckled frequently as he ate his supper that night.

"I wonder what the fellows will say to that?" he remarked audibly. Evidently he had matured a scheme in his mind and was picturing the surprise of his friends when he should relate it to them.

John Brickley was quite a favorite among the young men in town. He went to Boston several times a year and had even spent a week in New York. No one doubted that he could have married almost any girl in the village had he so chosen. But he didn't choose. He said he was going to look around a little before he got married.

So John Brickley, being highly satisfied with himself, was convinced that his scheme, whatever it was, was a brilliant and original one. However, it did not interfere with his attending the production of "Fanchon, the Cricket," at the opera house that evening.

He was there in a front seat and a component part of the elite audience that awaited the rise of the curtain.

Behind the footlights there was gloom. The "histronic stars" were, as a local scene shifter expressed it, "readin' the riot act to the boss." They were making a combined onslaught on the manager.

Miss Blanche Defoe was just having her say.

"If the ghost doesn't walk within a week, I'm going to shake the whole business, and that's a straight tip. See?" she concluded with an angry stamp of her foot.

"You'll find the walking man," remarked the manager with a weak attempt at a laugh.

Miss Defoe did not consider this ancient joke worthy of a reply, but marched off.

"I like to be your valentine," said John hesitatingly. "And I thought you were very—like I—admired it, and—"

"I see," said Miss Defoe, with an effective little laugh. "Well, what do you think of the original?"

John's face grew very red at this frank question, but he was equal to the emergency.

"I think you're just as pretty as the picture, Miss Defoe, and—and a little prettier, hanged if I don't."

Miss Defoe laughed—not a stage "ha ha," but a genuine laugh. Her black eyes sparkled with humor, and she certainly deserved the honest compliment.



ST. VALENTINE.

He Was Gentle, Charitable and Good, but

The earliest authorities say that St. Valentine was a bishop, gentle, charitable and benign, whose tongue was marvelously persuasive in convincing the benighted pagans of the errors of their ways. He labored hard and earnestly in his good work, but alas, his zeal did not suit the pleasure of the authorities, and after being cruelly beaten with clubs he was beheaded. This happened in the reign of Marcus Aurelius Claudius, on the 14th day of February, somewhere about the year 270, but after his abrupt taking off the canonization of the good bishop followed, and his name has been a household word ever since. It is a singular circumstance that the new saint took the disease of epilepsy under his peculiar patronage during the first of his saintly career, while now it would appear that his jurisdiction confines itself exclusively to the domain of the heart.

How did the good saint become responsible for the flood of tender sentiment which is annually poured forth under shelter of his venerable name? A few only of the reasons will be given. One of the simplest explanations was that the birds selected their mates on Feb. 14. This theory was popular for some time until a heartless naturalist knocked it into smithereens by proving that, as a matrimonial season, birds didn't care any more for the 14th than for the 13th or 15th.

Another reason assigned was that St. Valentine, being a man of love and charity, it was natural to suppose he would patronize these virtues. Perhaps the best solution is the following: With the dawn of the Christian era pagan rites, pagan ceremonies and pagan feasts began to disappear. Some of the feasts, however, were merged into Christian holidays. The festival of the Lupercalia was the one on which the Romans did honor to Pan and Juno, not only with the banquet, the dance and the drama, but by a peculiar ceremony in which the young men drew from a box of billets, each inscribed with maidens' names, each bachelor devoting himself for 12 months to the lady falling to his lot. In the national order events the Lupercalia became St. Valentine's day, and the drawing of billets was so agreeable a custom that the youthful blood rebelled against the annihilation. It was therefore permitted to continue and from the delicate notes from the bottom of the Mediterranean sea, to the fashionable bookshops of London, where on the 14th of February, they pass to the parlors of the beauties of the season.

More than one young girl has opened on the auspicious day a box covered with postage stamps to find therein a real South American humming bird, holding in its tiny beak a billet inscribed with the sentiments of the day. These unique valentines are costly and of surpassing beauty, and the nuns of the Brazilian convent put many a penny into the urn of charity by their delicate ingenuity.

From Far Brazil.

The custom of sending valentines is confined to no one country, but obtains in some shape nearly the world over. Deep in the heart of Brazil, where one would think the day had no fame at all, is a large convent. It stands in a land of cloudless skies, gorgeous birds and beautiful flowers. The feathers of the birds and the leaves of the flowers are so mingled by the deft fingers of the nuns who inhabit the convent that they are in great demand for valentines in England and other countries. They find their way, with valentines made from the delicate notes from the bottom of the Mediterranean sea, to the fashionable bookshops of London, where on the 14th of February, they pass to the parlors of the beauties of the season.

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THE CURIOUS SHOP

QUEER FOOT COVERINGS.

Some of the Caprices of Fashion as Exemplified in the Early Footwear.

Probably the earliest kind of shoe was the sandal, to which we find allusion in the Bible. This, while protecting the sole, left the upper part of the foot naked, and so suited an oriental people. But more complete covering existed in the east at an early date. Those great enemies of the Hebrews, the Hittites, appear, judging from the sculptured memorials, to have worn a kind of boot, a fact probably to be accounted for by their springing from a locale where the weather was much colder and retaining the boots to which they had become accustomed when they migrated to Asia Minor and Palestine. The Egyptians also wore boots—at least some of them. The Assyrians, the Persians and the classic nations had both boots and shoes.

All these we know from delineations, sculptured or painted, and a few Egyptian fragments which have come down to us, but of the footgear of the later Romans more is known, as was demonstrated not so very long ago at an exhibition of footgear held in London. There were shown examples of the sandal proper (solea), the outdoor shoe or boot (calceus) and the indoor shoe (crepida), both of adults and a child. Boots and shoes of the English medieval period are very interesting from their frequent quaintness and eccentricity of form. These, from this exhibition represented both by actual antique specimens and by copies of footgear from A. D. 1216 onward.

One of the queerest caprices of fashion, as exemplified in foot coverings, was the long, pointed toe shoe fashionable among the "fofs" of the fourteenth century. Toes were then made of such a preposterously exaggerated length that they had to be chained to the knees, and an enactment was issued that a shoemaker who should make for any others save "nobles" boots or shoes with toes exceeding two inches in length should be fined 20 shillings, a large sum in those days.

"Only One Girl in the World."

The reigning sensation of the past few months in New York city has been, "Only One Girl in the World For Me." The New York Herald tells that this was written by David Marion and has attained a circulation of nearly 100,000 copies. The success of the song is due mainly to the one touch of nature, which makes the whole world kin, contained in the words, together with the delectable nature of the melody. The following refrain indicates the general character of the song:

There is only one girl in the world for me;
Only one girl in the world for me;
She's not so very pretty, nor yet of high degree;
There's only one girl in the world for me.

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

In the earliest edition of the New England Primer, says Bartlett, the prayer reads thus:

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

The prayer is copied thus in the edition of 1777. The edition of 1784 makes it, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and in the edition of 1814 the second line reads, "I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

Pioneer Women.

The first woman to act the part of a woman character on the stage was Margaret Swartz, who made her first appearance in London on the night of Nov. 9, 1656. The first woman who ever circumnavigated the globe shipped with the famous Bougainville expedition in 1766. She was distinguished as a man and was known as Charles Thomas Barr. She was a servant to Phillibert de Commerce, the botanist of the expedition. Her true name was never learned.

Lilliputian Books.

Quite a library could be formed of the Lilliputian books which have appeared from time to time. They are admirable specimens of the printer's art, and consist of many subjects, grave and gay. Among the smallest known are some French devotional works, German almanacs and Irish almanacs. The French "Chemin de la Croix" and "Livre de Prières" have a print only 13 lines high (about half inch by one-quarter inch) in size. The "Bleem Hofje" ("Court of Flowers") is

SMALLEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

Illustrated by Cassell's Magazine as what is believed to be the tiniest book in existence. The print is only 10 by 6 millimeters (nearly two-fifths inch by one-quarter inch), and the entire page with margins is only 17 by 8 millimeters (about seven-tenths inch by three-tenths inch) in dimensions. It contains 49 pages, and was produced in Holland in 1674. The author's name is Carl Van Lange, and the publisher is B. Schmitz. It is elegantly bound in calf, gilt and furnished with a clasp in gold filigree. A comparative idea of its size will be got from the figure, which shows it lying on a French postage stamp. The book is now in the possession of M. Georges Salomon, a foreign collector.

Things That Are Told.

China has 4,000,000 opium smokers. Japan has 46 spinning mills. Uncle Sam has 800 electric railways. England has 1,674 co-operative stores. Half of France's houses are one story. The largest state building in the United States is the capitol of Texas. Brazil grows about half the coffee crop of the world.

Coffee is not a drink for cold countries. In the highest latitudes or above 60 degrees tea is almost universally used. The first national woman's suffrage convention held in the United States convened at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848.

Utilizing Heat From the Kitchen.

A great deal of surplus heat is wasted which might be often utilized from a kitchen range to the warming of other parts of the house. It is a very simple matter to adjust any ordinary kitchen brick set range so as to warm one or two rooms over, and a very little care and trouble will do this if rightly gone about at the start. It is a matter worth the attention of every home builder, as it will often be the means of saving a more costly apparatus, and where plumbing is to be protected it is of the utmost importance, and can be depended upon to offset old Jack Frost when he is on the rampage.

DESIGN FOR PRIVATE STABLE.

This Plan Gives Ample Room For Five Horses and Two Cows—Cost, \$2,350.

Copyright, 1886, by George Palliser.

The erection of a private stable building is often a subject of much thought to those having it in hand. Many things govern and regulate its matter. First, it is generally the location and approaches; second, the economic question rules, and the space and conveniences required are often at great variance with cost intended and are thus part of every other part, till some middle ground is reached and a compromise is effected. It requires equally as much thought to plan a well ordered stable as it does to plan a residence, and the different departments contained therein must be studied from each of their necessities and the appointments carefully made, so as to be handy and convenient in all particulars.

First, the carriage part; second, the horse part; third, the harness; fourth, the hay loft; fifth, the living rooms for gardener or coachman, and sixth, the cow part. The carriage room should be the most roomy, neatest and cleanest—in fact, the parlor of the structure, isolated and closed from the other part of the building. This is necessary not only for the care and preservation of fine carriages and vehicles. The stalls are that part which may be called the working part of the institution and must be strong, durable and arranged so as to be convenient to, as well as independent of, every other part of the structure, so that the rest may be closed up and entirely separated from it. The principal things to be considered in a well ordered stable are convenience, arrangement

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CREAM BONBONS.

Candies That Are Cheaply and Easily Made by Amateurs.

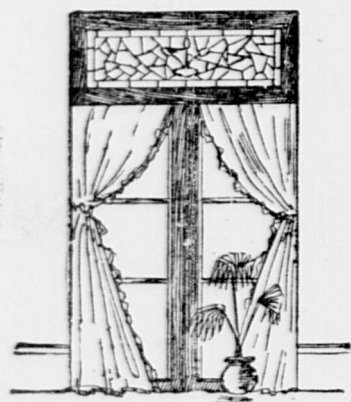
Cream candies can easily be made by an amateur if these directions, furnished by Country Gentleman, are only followed: To a pound of coffee sugar add 11 table-spoonsful of cold water and let it stand an hour. Dissolve in cold water cream tartar the size of a bean. Stir it into the sugar and set the pan over a quick fire. Stir till it boils; then cease stirring at once. Let it boil until when some of the sugar dropped into cold water can be gathered into a ball with the fingers; then pour into a pan sprinkled lightly with cold water. Do not touch it until the mass is nearly cold; then beat with a spoon. When it turns white and begins to harden, gather it into a mass and knead in the pan exactly as you would dough. If not hard enough to knead, add a little water and boil again. If boiled too long, it will harden quickly and will not be smooth. Excluded from the air, this will keep a week.

This forms the foundation for a great variety of candy. Just before it is taken from the fire it may be colored with cochineal, saffron, beet or cranberry juice, flavored with lemon, rose, peppermint, wintergreen or cinnamon essence. Even strong tea or coffee may be used for flavoring and will be novel at least. Melt a little of this cream or fondant, as it is called, color part of it pink and drop in walnut or butternut meats one at a time. Grease the tines of a fork, take the nuts out and place them on buttered paper, and when cold repeat the dipping.

Lemon or orange creams are made by grating the rind of an orange or lemon, then adding the juice of half an orange, half a lemon and a very little tartaric acid. Mix with this sufficient powdered sugar to make a stiff paste. Form it into balls and let them dry a few hours. Melt a little of the fondant, drop in the balls, lift out and dry on oiled paper. For raspberry creams make a stiff paste with a little red raspberry jam and powdered sugar, roll with the hands into small balls and give them two coats in the melted fondant. Grate maple sugar and mix it with the fondant; then fashion into any shape desired.

Muslin Curtains.

How to make and hang muslin curtains for French windows has proved a problem to many a housewife. A plan is here suggested which affords pleasing results. The



CURTAINS FOR A FRENCH WINDOW curtains are finished with a gimpure edge or other pretty border. These are fastened on rods on each half of the window, top and bottom, and drawn back with a ribbon band about the middle.

Fruit Salad.

Make a lemon jelly in this way: To a package of gelatin add a pint of cold water and the juice of 4 lemons. Let it stand an hour. Now add a pint of boiling water and 3 cupsful of sugar, let it come to a boil, strain through a cloth and pour a little into as many cups as there are persons to be served. Set them where they will be cold. Keep the rest of the jelly warm. Have ready thinly sliced oranges and bananas, some candied cherries and grated coconut. When the jelly in the cups sets, put some of each kind of fruit in each cup and pour on more jelly. It is best to prepare this salad the day before it is to be used. It must be kept in a cool place.

Good Recipe For Pumpkin Pies.

Stew pumpkin. While hot add an ounce of butter and a pinch of salt for every pint. Set aside to cool. When ready to use, put a quart of the pumpkin into a large bowl, add a quart of new milk, a teaspoonful of each of ground mace, cinnamon and ginger and a teaspoonful of sugar. Beat 6 eggs very light and stir into the mixture. Line pie pans with plain paste, fill with the pumpkin and bake in a hot oven.

Poor Man's Pudding.

Line a buttered pudding dish thickly with bread crumbs. Over this put a thick layer of thinly sliced apples, a squeeze of lemon juice, a little nutmeg, a teaspoonful of butter in tiny bits and 3 table-spoonsful of sugar; now a thick layer of crumbs and apples as before, with twice the quantity of butter. Finish with crumbs, bake and serve with or without sauce.

Silver and China.

Silver candelabra with tinted shades or only the mellowed light from white waxen candles add much to the appearance of the dinner table, and when it is desirable to give a prevailing tone of color the lights or their globes or shades will be found most effective auxiliaries.

A bouillon cup is especially nice for an invalid and should always be selected with a cover. Tinting in two colors—brown, with light ivory yellow or deep red shaded to white, with a gold rim and handle—makes it very pretty.

The rose jar is a dainty thing. Some with pierced covers have the inside of the lid lined with a moderately strong red (carnation) and the edges of the opening gilded, with very rich effect.

The newest silver tableware, variously termed "old English" and "colonial," consists in modified copies of the ware used by colonial dames.

Fancy pieces in silver are rendered unusually attractive this season by the aid of gilding, enamel and small jewels.

There is a demand for letter seals, which are supplied with gold and silver affairs that add decorative effect to a lady's writing desk.

In tableware a pleasing design is in octagon shape and has bright finish, with beadwork decoration.

NATURE AS A CHILD'S TEACHER.

Rain to the City's Little Ones Is Only Witness Broken Loose.

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., writes upon "Memories of Our Childhood Homes" in The Ladies' Home Journal, and emphasizes the necessity of surrounding children with bright pictures and cheery furnishings, as the mental photographs they make in early years are the ones that never fade, but last and remain vivid through life. Nature, too, has a big part to play in the teachings of the youth. It takes a good deal to make a good home. It needs something even beside father and mother, and an open fire, and the cat on the hearth. The first element in the home is the house itself, which needs to be distinctly different from any other house in sight. Then there needs to be some land around a house before it can be "real homey." It gives play room for the eyes as well as for the feet.

A wide range of solemn woods will do more for a child in a week than yellow bricks and dirty paving stones will do for him in a year or ever do for him. It is a great thing for a child to grow up within earshot of a babbling brook. There is a kind of musicalness of spirit that will become his in that way that he will never be able to acquire from a piano teacher or a fiddling master. This wide range of prospect will also companion him with the bright and the more earnest moods of the great mother earth on whose bosom he is being nourished. He will have opportunity to see the days brighten in the east in the morning, and his soul will unconsciously absorb some of the glory of the setting sun.

Children in the city hardly ever see the sun come up or go down. It simply grows light about the time they have to get up and grows dark a dozen or so hours later. To a child in the country there is likewise opportunity for him to see it rain. There is a great difference between rain and falling water. Rain in the city is only witness broken loose, and is calculated only in terms of street cleaning and aqueduct supply. A square mile of rain or a dozen square miles is a different matter, and is unconsciously construed by the child as being a mood of nature's mind rather than a hydropathic uncorking.

Still more impressive upon the child's mind are the strange communications made to him by the lightning flashing above him across a hundred miles of country sky, and the weird aurora and the swift and blazing track of "falling stars," that make him feel how solemnly close to him is the great wonderful world above the clouds.

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The Quincy branch of the Irish National League held its annual meeting Sunday evening and elected these officers:

President.—James Collins.
Vice-President.—Frank Rafferty.
Secretary.—George D. Cahill.
Treasurer.—Peter McConarty.
Executive Committee.—Edward Lawton, Michael Burns, Michael Daley, Patrick Fay, Thomas Carroll.

R. E. Preston, director of the United States mint, estimates the world's output of gold for 1895 at \$200,000,000, as against \$180,000,000 for 1894. The product of the United States he estimates at \$46,000,000 for 1895, an increase of \$7,500,000 over 1894. Colorado contributing half the increase.

The wettest place in this country is Neah Bay in Washington. Over 123 inches of rain falls there every year. The driest place in the United States, at any point where regular observations are taken, is Fort Garland, Col.; less than six inches of rain falls there during the year.

Prices and Quality are Right.



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A GENEROUS KNIGHT.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

Our faith should be the faith of the great Columbus and of the Pilgrim and Patriot, undeterred by any obstacle.

Rev. John P. Cuffe, in the absence of Fr. Driscoll replied to the toast, "The Chaplain." He added his felicitations to the worthy host and council. He was fully in accord with the principles enunciated by preceding speakers and so noticeable in the personnel of this gathering. The order was destined to be a credit to Church and State. The success of Quincy Council due in a large measure to Bro. McAnarney, and he hoped for him, with a full knowledge of his estimable qualities increased prosperity.

Grand Knight T. Sullivan was then called upon and he responded to the toast, "Columbus: my name and memory!"



JAMES F. BURKE,
Toastmaster.

leave to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages." After a cursory sketch of the great mariner, he turned to the affairs of the order that bore his name. Membership in the society was coveted and one admitted only after a careful scrutiny and unquestionable endorsement.

James A. White at this point favored the gathering with a solo.

Brief remarks of a congratulatory nature were made by Deputy Grand Knight, Richard J. Larkin; Treasurer, William T. Shea; W. J. Coleman, P. F. Fitzgerald,



M. T. SULLIVAN,
Grand Knight.

Charles C. Hearn, Councilman Thomas J. Lamb, Peter T. Fallon and D. T. Fitzgerald. Dr. Welsh of Neponset at the conclusion gave a solo.

Toastmaster Burke then proposed a rising vote of thanks to Mr. McAnarney, which were given, and he in return gave this toast: "A good life, a happy life, and a long life to everyone present."

Then as the clock struck the hour of twelve the banqueters adjourned, all with the best of wishes for Past Grand Knight John W. McAnarney.

Postmaster Burke makes an excellent toastmaster, and his introductory remarks were facetious and varied. Letters of regret were received from State Deputy Hayes and Deputies Cavanaugh and McNary.

The Misses Flynn

have a nice line of
Outings, Prints,
Ginghams, and
some of the Lat-
est patterns in

PLAIDS.

Also some very
nice Wrappers,
at reasonable
prices.

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TRAITS OF LINCOLN.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE'S ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.

His Tenderness, Bravery and Common Sense—A Mysterious Personality—Full of Contradiction and but Little Understood. His Weakness and His Religion.

Abraham Lincoln was, in all probability—and every year strengthens the opinion—the greatest of Americans, living or dead, and beyond odds the greatest man of his time. Unquestionably a rare genius, and showing it in many directions, he has revealed nothing in his whole career that in the least interferes with the conviction. Not one of our countrymen has his obvious chance of immortality.

Lincoln, it is often said, has been idealized—idealized by the nation and the world. Perhaps he has been so idealized by the nation and the world. He seemed to know all men by instinct. His perfect fair mindedness, his unconditional sincerity, so impressed everybody that the bitterest prejudices melted away under their influence.

Since the death of the eminent emancipator many persons have concerned themselves about his faith, his religious beliefs, and to little purpose. He has been called atheist, infidel, deist, pantheist, orthodoxist, latitudinarian, rationalist, as most men of earnest thought and deep conviction are and have been. No one knows what he believed or disbelieved; he rarely talked of such things. But whatever his faith we are all convinced that his life was in the right; that he had an idea of God that should put believers in a pious duty to shame. JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

The great president often declared that extreme tenderness was his chief weakness; that he could not, under ordinary conditions, refuse mercy to any one for whom life was begged, and he never did refuse it. That extreme tenderness was really one of his grandest strengths and is the thing, above all others, that has embalmed and haloed his memory. He was as firm, where there was imperative need, as he was tender; there was a point of rugged duty beyond which he could not be moved. He was a shining instance of a man streaming with humanity, not without faults, not without ambition, but affluent of noble purposes and completely conscientious.

Notwithstanding the innumerable volumes that have been written about Lincoln, notwithstanding the endless comments, criticisms, explanations, analyses that have been offered of his character, he is still unknown, still somewhat a mystery. His true life is yet to be written. Simple as his nature was, in the main, it was also complicated and apparently full of contradictions, though, to one who could understand it, actually harmonious. His spirit was solitary; his being, like that of genius generally, grave, anxious, sad, from temperament, not surroundings. His jests, his stories, his occasional buffooneries were intended to relieve his oppression, often to conceal his thoughts and aims, and they commonly succeeded. To the mass he continues to be as a sealed book. He is one of the most tragic no less than of the grandest figures in history.

Abraham (meaning in Hebrew, father of a multitude) was, in spite of his special fitness, his prophetic quality indeed, very disagreeable to Lincoln from early boyhood. When he reached manhood, he fairly hated it. He could not bear the title so universally bestowed on him, Honest Old Abe, but he had too much sense, too much pride, to reveal his feeling. It was not his nature to refer to what troubled him, whether an important or trifling matter. If he had been an ordinary man, he would no doubt have changed his name, which no one could conceive of his doing. His dislike of the pronomen grew with his years, and he invariably wrote its initial alone.

It may seem strange that so great a man should be so affected by so small a fact, but a name is of more consequence than it seems. Even Caesar, the foremost hero of all antiquity, who, as everybody is aware, was bald, took unwearied pains, when young, to conceal his baldness by carefully arranging the long locks of his hair over the bare spots. This would be thought frivolous in a commonplace mortal. How much more the imperial Caesar?

Lincoln was a great admirer of Pope's "Universal Prayer," saying that it contained the substance of all Christianity. He frequently repeated it, and wondered that it was so little cited. This was his favorite stanza:

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see,
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

It is a singular circumstance that Lincoln's very brief Gettysburg speech, now familiar to the whole English world, fell dead on his vast audience at the time of its delivery. Nor did any one discover its extraordinary merit for months. Lincoln himself, with characteristic modesty, thought it a "poor affair," and was amazed when a London journal—the next spring, I think—praised it to the echo. This set the key. Every newspaper and periodical followed the lead, and the little speech immediately took rank as an effort unequalled on any similar occasion, as a great English classic. It is not often that native genius is detected in England.

Lincoln was, beyond everything perhaps, the incarnation of common sense (so called), which is the most uncommon sense, and rarer than the rarest genius.

Although one of the kindest hearted, most amiable, most peaceable of men, Lincoln was the embodiment of courage, as the incidents of his early life prove,

as well as the incidents of his subsequent career. During his repeated visits to the front, while president, he gained, among the soldiers, a reputation for insensibility to fear, so careless, so indifferent was he to any and all danger.

Naturally and necessarily, a man of Lincoln's unassertive but resolute courage was distressed at having avoided Baltimore (contrary to his better judgment) on his way to be inaugurated at Washington, in obedience to the urgent, overwhelming advice of his friends. They only prevailed on him at last by assuring him that the Union cause demanded that he should zealously guard his life. He never failed to feel that he had made a great mistake by any apparent shirking of duty. He would rather have been assassinated a thousand times than not have made the journey direct, and the "mistake" afflicted him to his last consciousness.

No mortal creature has ever understood human nature better than Lincoln. He seemed to know all men by instinct. His perfect fair mindedness, his unconditional sincerity, so impressed everybody that the bitterest prejudices melted away under their influence.

Since the death of the eminent emancipator many persons have concerned themselves about his faith, his religious beliefs, and to little purpose. He has been called atheist, infidel, deist, pantheist, orthodoxist, latitudinarian, rationalist, as most men of earnest thought and deep conviction are and have been. No one knows what he believed or disbelieved; he rarely talked of such things. But whatever his faith we are all convinced that his life was in the right; that he had an idea of God that should put believers in a pious duty to shame. JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

The Wheels of Fashion

run one way today, another way tomorrow, but there are two things fashion always demands. First, a man's clothes must fit him; second, the materials in his clothes must be good. Those are just exactly the kind of garments I make at my store. The wheels of business are turning very fast for me just now. It is coming to be a matter of common knowledge that I'm the cheapest tailor in this part of Massachusetts, and still my prices seem higher than a great many tailors ask. I'm cheap because I give a man his money's worth.

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Men's Rubbers,	-	only 49c.
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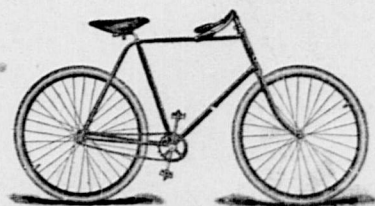
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VOLUME X. NUMBER 3.

QUINCY, MASS., MARCH, 1896.

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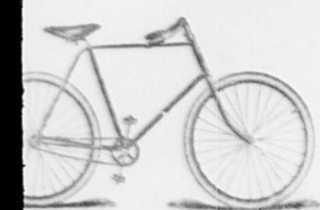
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Will be opened at 65 Water street,
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Clams and Oysters. Also all kinds of
Fish in Cans.

We believe the people of Quincy
will find it much better when they
want Fish to call at this Market and
look over our Stock. We shall en-
deavor to always have it fresh and it
will be in better condition than fish
that has been carted around for several
days.

Orders will be received and promptly
delivered by the clerks of L. M. Pratt
& Co., 25 School street, or South
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Will be on land at President's Hill every
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Prices and Quality are Right.



6 Chestnut Street, Quincy.

PETER RICHARD KENRICK.

The Archbishop of St. Louis Dies Sud-
denly on March 4. One of the Ablest
Theologians of the Church and an Ad-
ministrative of High Rank—A Notable
Character in the Councils of the Church
—Dr. Kenrick the Recipient of Many
Favors From Leo XIII Upon the Com-
pletion of Fifty Years in the Episcopate.

Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick,
the venerable archbishop of the arch-
diocese of St. Louis, Mo., died at the
archiepiscopal residence Wednesday
afternoon, March 4. The archbishop
was taken suddenly ill on that fore-
noon, and Dr. Gregory was summoned.
The latter was at the bedside of the
prelate in less than half an hour, and
soon ascertained that only a few hours
of life remained.

Archbishop Kain was notified, and
he and the members of the household
assembled around the bedside. The
prayers for the dying were recited and
the rites of extreme unction were
administered. Archbishop Kenrick
was conscious throughout, and ap-
parently in no pain. Toward noon his
breathing became irregular. A cruci-
fix was placed in his hands and he
repeated the prayers of the church as
chanted by a Jesuit father who had
been summoned. Soon after 12 the
archbishop sank into an unconscious
state, and at 1.30 he breathed his last.

Peter Richard Kenrick was born at
Dublin, Ire., Aug. 17, 1806, being a
younger brother of the late Rt. Rev.
Francis Patrick Kenrick, archbishop
of Baltimore, one of the ablest theo-
logians this country has produced.
Educated in Maynooth, Peter Richard
Kenrick was ordained a priest March
6, 1832. After a year spent as a curate
at Rathmines his learned brother, then
coadjutor bishop of Philadelphia, in-
duced him to come to this country, and
in October, 1833, he settled in Phila-
delphia, where he took charge of the
theological seminary of the diocese.

Bishop Rosati of St. Louis, feeling
the need of a coadjutor, went to Phila-
delphia to consult with the bishop of
that city on the subject. While there he
made the acquaintance of Fr. Kenrick,
and was so favorably impressed with
the young priest that he petitioned
Rome for his appointment, and was
pleased to find his petition granted. Fr.
Kenrick was consecrated Nov. 30,
1841, titular bishop of Drasa in parti-
bus infidelium and coadjutor of St.
Louis. On the death of Bishop Rosati
in 1843 Dr. Kenrick succeeded to the
office, and when in 1847 St. Louis was
erected into an archiepiscopal see he
became metropolitan.

From the time of his consecration up
to 1872, a period of 31 years, Arch-
bishop Kenrick administered his
diocese without the aid of an assistant
bishop. In that year a coadjutor, Rt.
Rev. P. J. Ryan, who is now the
archbishop of Philadelphia, was ap-
pointed under the title of Bishop of
Tricomia. Bishop Ryan remained in St.
Louis for 12 years. Then he was sent
as archbishop to the city from which
St. Louis took Archbishop Kenrick.

The venerable archbishop governed
the vast province of St. Louis from
the time Archbishop Ryan left him to
go to Philadelphia until a little less
than two years ago. Archbishop John
Joseph Kain was then sent to St. Louis
to act as coadjutor with the right of
succession. But the rapidly waning
mental powers of the aged Richeliu
of the west forced decisive action, so on
May 22, 1895, Dr. Kenrick was retired
by the express order of the holy father,
Pope Leo XIII, and Dr. Kain became
the second archbishop of St. Louis.

The thing which brought Dr. Kenrick,
perhaps, more prominently before the
general public was his opposition to
the opportuneness of the definition of
papal infallibility at the vatican council
of 1870. About this opposition much
has been written and spoken, but per-
haps no better statement can be made
than that which came from his own
lips when he returned from the council
and made his position known from the
pulpit of his cathedral. Concerning
the matter, he said:

"With regard to that portion of the
address that refers to my course in the
vatican council, I will state the motives
of my action and submission. Up to
the very period of the assembling of
that council I had held as a theological
opinion what that council had decreed
to be an article of Christian faith, and
yet I was opposed most strongly to the

definition. I knew that the miscon-
ception of its real character would be
an obstacle in the way of diffusion of
the Catholic truth. I feared in certain
parts of Europe especially that such a
definition might lead to the danger of
schism in the church, and I was not
convinced of the conclusiveness of the
argument by which the opportuneness
of the definition was sustained. These
were the motives of my opposition."

Nov. 30, 1891, Dr. Kenrick assisted at
celebration of his golden jubilee as a
bishop of the church of Rome. This was
the first occasion of the kind which ever
took place in the United States, and it
is a very rare occurrence anywhere in
the world, only one now living besides
Dr. Kenrick having celebrated the
arrival of his 50th episcopal year, and
that is the present head of the church,
Pope Leo.

Some time last spring it was found
that all the ecclesiastical property of
the Catholics of the St. Louis arch-
diocese was vested in Archbishop Ken-
rick. It was reported that for some
unexplained reason the deposed arch-
bishop clung to his "rights" as the
owner of the property. As each arch-
bishop or bishop in this country is
obliged to make his will, leaving the
property of the diocese, which he holds
in fee simple, to his successor, Dr.
Kenrick had named as his heir Vicar
General Brady, at that time his prob-
able successor. Nearly forty years
after the making of the will Dr.
Brady died, and there was no new
will made. That left the property
to be dealt with by the law, which, it
was supposed, would turn the property
over to the natural heirs. It was
rumored that the brother of Dr.
Brady, a layman, and the arch-
bishop's sister would become the pos-
sessors of the property, and as the
relatives of ecclesiastics are usually
tenacious of their legal or technical
rights, it was feared a long and trouble-
some time was imminent. He would
not make a new will, fearing
still further complications, so he urged
Dr. Kain to bring a suit as archbishop
against him as trustee. When the
time came Dr. Kenrick defaulted and
the judge decided that the title lay in
Dr. Kain, as archbishop, and by that
decision a long litigation was headed
off.

When Dr. Kenrick entered upon his
work he found the affairs of the diocese
in an exceedingly undesirable condition
from a financial point of view. By his
wise measures and his excellent execu-
tive ability he straightened out the
tangle, and in a very short time he had
made the diocese one of the most flour-
ishing in the country.

At his best he was one of the most
learned ecclesiastics in the world. His
knowledge of theology was extensive
and varied. He was a perfect master
of canonical law, and, as has been said,
had Catholic theology at his fingers'
ends.

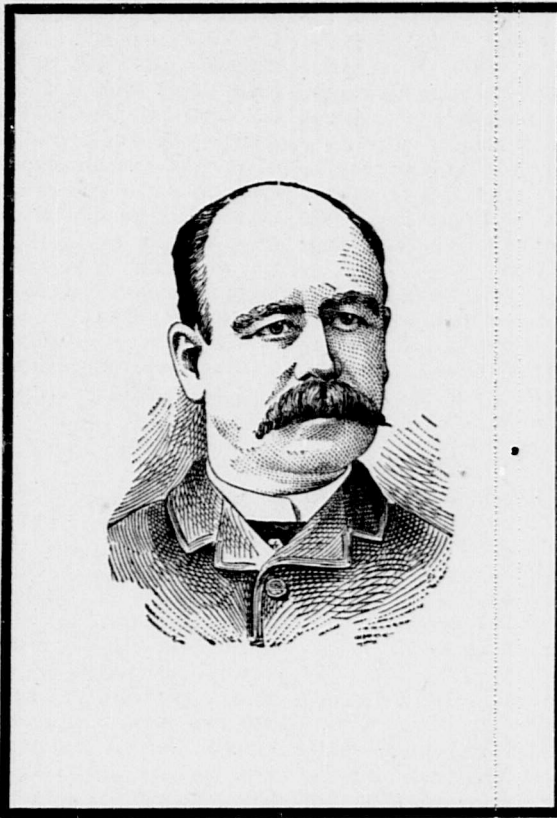
It is told of him that he knew the
contents of all the books in his library
page by page. On occasions when
pastors less learned consulted him on
theological points he would say:

"Go to the third shelf from the bot-
tom, take down the fifth book and turn
to page 119. You will find it there."
In all the years of his administra-
tion he tolerated no discussion of or
appeal from his decision. When a
pastor not liking his appointment
would seek for a change, the old arch-
bishop would say:

"I have decided that," and that
settled it.

"Years have bent the once erect
form," wrote a biographer of Arch-
bishop Kenrick not long ago, "but they
have robbed it of none of that dignity
which is essentially his own. His head
is of that type peculiar to intellect; his
features are large—his forehead ex-
panding widely at the base—and deep-
ly furrowed with wrinkles; his eyes
are deeply set, the color blue gray; his
eyebrows bushy and dark, now slightly
tinged with silver, as is his hair; the
expression of his eyes is keen and pen-
etrating, yet there is a singular gentle-
ness in their depths.

"As an orator, in his earlier years,
the archbishop was especially fine; his
voice was calm and impassioned, his
delivery one of thorough and convinc-
ing argument. At the cathedral his Leu-
ten sermons created such interest that
the church was crowded until entrance
was barely possible. As a theologian
he is celebrated; he is a profound and
erudite scholar, is master of Latin and



FREDERIC THOMAS GREENHALGE.

Born in Clitheroe, England, July 19, 1843, died in Lowell, Mass.,
March 5, 1896. The late Governor has been president of the Lowell Humane
society, president of the History club, president of the People's club, Special
Justice of Police Court, Lowell; member of Lowell Common Council, 1868-69;
member of Lowell School Board, 1871-73; Mayor of Lowell, 1880-81; delegate
to National Republican Convention, 1884; City Solicitor of Lowell, 1888;
Representative to the Legislature, 1885; trustee of City Institution for Savings
of Lowell from 1876 to his death; member of Congress from Eighth District,
1889; and at the time of his death was serving his third term as Governor of
Massachusetts. The late Governor was a man of scholarly attainments and
indomitable courage, ready to face any and every crisis. His judgment on
every important question was generally in sympathy with the popular will, and
probably no man in recent public life has held the high place in the estimation
of all classes that he did. The funeral was held from his residence in Lowell,
Monday, March 9, 1896, and was attended by thousands of Massachusetts citi-
zens. Business was generally suspended during the funeral, and resolutions
of condolence and respect were passed by every considerable organization in
the State. The late chief magistrate leaves a wife, two sons and one daughter.

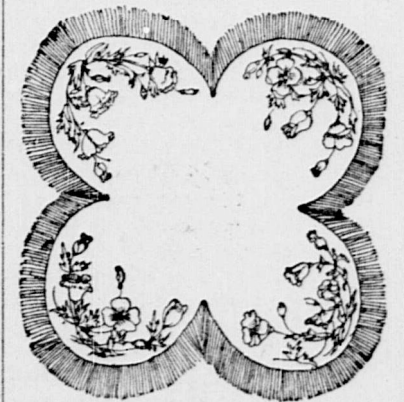
Greek, well acquainted with Hebrew,
and speaks four continental languages.
He is also a scientist, somewhat of a
mathematician, a good astronomer and
knows much of physics."

Archbishop Kenrick is the only pre-
late who attended all the national coun-
cils of the Catholic church in this coun-
try. Pope Leo XIII selected him to
officiate at the investiture of Cardinal
Gibbons with his official insignia, and
it was at one time rumored that a car-
dinal's hat was destined for the head of
Archbishop Kenrick.

Dr. Kenrick was the author of several
works which are standard today.

DESIGN FOR TABLE CENTER.

A Pleasing Pattern in Needlework From
the Baltimore Design and Art Club.
The Baltimore Design and Art club,
while young in years, is rich in designs
for artistic needlework. It was started
in May, 1894, with the avowed ob-
ject of raising the standard of artistic
needlework, both in regard to designing
and intelligent execution. In The Ladies'
Home Journal have appeared a
number of charming designs, with in-



POPPY DESIGN FOR TABLE CENTER.

structions for reproducing the same.
Among these were several designs for
table centers now so fashionable.

These table centers are to be worked
on white round thread linen in natural
colors. The golden gate poppy design
has the poppies worked in rich sunset
yellows, the foliage in cool greens. The
shape of this centerpiece is both novel
and pretty. It may be noted that each
of the four sections is filled with a dif-
ferent arrangement of the poppies. The
heading of the fringe is worked in
white with buttonhole stitch.

This design is worked in solid em-
broidery, long and short stitch, with filo
dross. If the linen is cut up to the points,
there will be no difficulty in fringing.
If desired, the square centerpiece may
be hemstitched, or a narrow border of
fine drawn work above the hem would
be an addition.

REFRESHING.

In these days of "mock mark-down
sales," isn't it refreshing to find one store
that doesn't fool customers.

Some Overcoats, some Suits, will "get
left" after the regular season, even with
the most careful storekeeping. We have
put prices on these "odds and ends" that
shrewd buyers are quick to take advantage
of. The man who gets them gets a
bargain.

This month is the time for

Ulsters.

We can fit you in any kind of an Ulster
as easily now as any day this season.
You are making an investment for half
your life when you buy one of our Irish
Frieze Ulsters; lots of length, lots of
warmth, lots of convenience in them that
makes them indispensable for many a
man's out-door life. It's a good time now
to begin trading with us. Try it.

McManus & Co.,

Men's and Boys' Clothiers & Outfitters,

670 Washington Street,
Corner Beach Street,

BOSTON.

At this season of the year you
never know just when you will
want a Swallow Tail Suit; you
want it quick; ours will fit nine
men out of ten better than a
tailor can make them, and our
price is about half.

A ZENDA STORY.

His mood was cynical; the topic, books. The sort set down as fiction. He cultivated a tone that brooks no proper contradiction. "Hawthorne and Thackeray and Dickens dead. There are no novels now worth being read," he said.

Her mood was optimistic, ever so; she reads each new romance. And lightly from her rosy Cupid's bow she sped her arrow answer: "I am no critic, Love, as you may be. I live on hope; he's good enough for me," said she.

—Felix Carmen in New York Sun.

FINDING FINGALL.

"Fingall! Fingall! Oh, Fingall!" A gray mist was rising from the river; the sun was drinking it delightfully; the swift, blue water showed underneath it, and the top of White Faced mountain peaked the mist by a hand length. The river brushed the banks like rustling silk, and the only other sound, very sharp and clear in the liquid monotone, was the crack of a woodpecker's beak on a hickory tree.

It was a sweet, fresh, autumn morning in Lonesome valley. Before night the deer would bellow reply to the hunters' rifles and the mountain goat call to its unknown gods, but now there were only the wild duck skimming the river and then rising and fading into the mist, the high hilltop, the sun and again that strange cry:

"Fingall! Fingall! Oh, Fingall!" Two men lounging at a fire on a ledge of the hills raised their eyes to the mountain side beyond and above them, and one of them said presently:

"The second time. It's a woman's voice, Pierre."

Pierre nodded and abstractedly stirred the coals about with a twig. "Well, it is a pity—the poor Cynthia!" he said at last.

"It is a woman, then? You know her, Pierre—her story?"

"Fingall! Fingall! Oh, Fingall!" Pierre raised his head toward the sound; then, after a moment, said: "I know Fingall."

"And the woman? Tell me."

"And the girl. Fingall was such as Shon McGann, all fire and heart and devil may care. She—she was not beautiful except in the eye, but that was like a flame of red and blue. Her hair, too—then—would trip her if it hung down. That was all, except that she loved him too much. But women—et puis, when a woman gets a man between her and the heaven above and the earth beneath, and there comes the great hunger, what is the good? A man cannot understand, but he can see, and he can fear. What is the good? To play with life—that is not much—but to play with a soul is more than a thousand lives. Look at Cynthia."

He paused, and Lawless waited patiently. He knew Pierre well.

Presently Pierre went on:

"Fingall was gentle. He would take off his hat to a squaw. It made no difference what others did; he didn't think; it was like breathing to him. How can you tell the way things happen? Cynthia's father kept the tavern at St. Gabriel's Fork over against the great sawmill. Fingall was foreman of the gang in the lumber yard. Cynthia had a brother, Fenn. Fenn was as bad as they make, but she loved him, and Fingall knew it well, while he hated the young skunk. The girl's eyes were like two little fireflies when Fingall was about, and when he thought of her he said to me once, 'They are the kind God made for the whole year round.' He was a gentleman, though he had only half a name—Fingall—like that! I think he did not expect to stay—he seemed to be waiting for something, for always when the mail came in he would be there, and afterward you wouldn't see him for a time. So it seemed to me that he made up his mind to think nothing of Cynthia and to say nothing."

"Fingall! Fingall! Oh, Fingall!"

The strange, sweet, singing voice sounded nearer.

"She is coming this way, Pierre," said Lawless.

"I hope not to see her. What is the good?"

"Well, let us have the rest of the story."

"Her brother Fenn was in Fingall's gang. One day there was trouble. Fenn called Fingall a liar. The gang stopped piling. They expected the usual thing. It did not come. Fingall told him to leave the yard and they would settle some other time. That night there was a wicked thing. We were sitting in the barroom when we heard two shots and then a fall. We ran into the other room. There was Fenn on the floor, dying. He lifted himself on his elbow, pointed at Fingall and fell back. The father of the boy stood white and still a few feet away. There was no pistol showing—none at all. The men closed in on Fingall now. He did not stir—he seemed to be thinking of something else. He had a puzzled, sorrowful look. The men roared round him, but he wavered them back for a moment and looked first at the father, then at the son. I could not understand at first. Some one pulled a pistol out of Fin-

gall's pocket and showed it. At that moment Cynthia came in. She gave a cry. By the holy, I do not want to hear a cry like that often. She fell on her knees beside the boy and caught his head to her breast. Then, with a wild look, she asked who did it. They had just taken Fingall out into the barroom. They did not tell her his name, for they knew that she loved him.

"Father," she said all at once, "have you killed the man that killed Fenn?"

"The old man shook his head. There was a sick color in his face."

"Then I will kill him!" she said.

"She laid her brother's head down and stood up. Some one put in her hand the pistol and told her that it was the same one that had killed Fenn. She took it and came with us. The old man stood still where he was. He was like stone. I looked at him for a moment and thought; then I turned round and went to the barroom. The old man followed. Just as I got inside the door I saw the girl start back and her hand drop, for she saw that it was Fingall. He was looking at her very strange. It was the rule to empty the gun into a man who had been sentenced, and already Fingall had heard his 'God have mercy!'"

"Fingall said to her in a muffled voice:

"Fire Cynthia!"

"I guessed what she would do. In a kind of a dream she raised the pistol up—up till I could see it was out of range of his head and she fired. One! two! three! four! five! Fingall never moved a muscle. But the bullets spotted the wall at the side of his head. She paused after the five, but the arm was still held out and her finger was on the trigger. She seemed to be in a dream. There were only six chambers in the gun and of course one chamber was empty. Fenn had his bullet in his lungs, as we thought. Some one beside Cynthia touched her arm, pushing it down. But there was another shot and this time, because of the push, the bullet lodged in Fingall's skull."

Pierre paused now, but waved with his hand toward the mist which now hung high up like a canopy between the hills.

"But," said Lawless, not heeding the scene, "what about that sixth bullet?"

"Mon Dieu, it is plain! Fingall did not fire the shot. His revolver was full—every chamber—when Cynthia first took it."

"Who killed the lad?"

"Can you not guess? There had been words between the father and the boy. Both had fierce blood. The father, in a mad minute, fired. The boy wanted revenge on Fingall, and to save his father laid it on the other. The old man? Well, I do not know whether he was a coward or stupid or ashamed—he let Fingall take it."

"And Fingall took it to spare the girl, eh?"

"For the girl. He knew it wasn't good for her to think that her father killed his own son."

"And what came after?"

"The worst. That night the girl's father killed himself, and the two were buried in the same grave. Cynthia—"

"Fingall! Fingall! Oh, Fingall!"

"You hear? Yes, like that all the time as she sat on the floor, her hair about her like a cloud, and the dead bodies in the next room. She thought she had killed Fingall, and she knew that he was innocent. The two were buried. Then we told her that Fingall was not dead. She seemed to come and sit outside the door and listen to his breathing and ask if he ever spoke of her. What was the good of lying? If we said he did, she'd come in to him, and that would do no good, for he wasn't right in his mind. By and by we told her he was getting well, and then she didn't come, but staid at home, just saying his name over to herself. A long time she took hold of a woman—it is so strange! When he was strong enough to go out, I went with him the first time. He was all thin and handsome, as you can think, but he had no memory and his eyes were like a child's. She saw him and came out to meet him. What does a woman care for the world when she loves altogether? Well, he just looked at her as if he'd never seen her before and passed without a sign, though afterward there came trouble in his face. Three days later he was gone, no one knew where. That is two years ago. Ever since she has been looking for him."

"Is she mad?"

"Mad? Holy Mother, it is not good to have one thing in the head all the time. What do you think? So much all at once! And then—"

"Hush, Pierre! There she is," Lawless said, pointing to a ledge of rock not far away.

The girl stood looking out across the valley, a weird, rap look in her face, her hair falling loose, a staff like a shepherd's crook in her hand, the other over her eyes as she slowly looked from point to point of the horizon. The two watched her without speaking. Presently she saw them. She gazed at them for a min-

ute, then descended to them. Lawless and Pierre arose, doffing their hats. She looked at both a moment, and her eyes settled, steadily glowing, on Pierre. Presently she held out her hand to him.

"I knew you—yesterday," she said.

Pierre returned the intensity of her gaze with one as deep and strong.

"So, so, Cynthia," he said, "sit down and eat."

He dropped on a knee and, drew a scow and some fishes from the ashes.

She sat facing them, and taking from a bag at her side some wild fruit, ate slowly, saying nothing.

Lawless noticed that her hair had gone gray at her temples, though she was but one and twenty years old. Her face, brown as it was, shone with a white kind of light, which may or may not have come from the crucible of her eyes, where the tragedy of her life was fusing.

Lawless could not bear to look long for the fire that consumes a body and sets free a soul is not for the sight of the quick. At last she rose, her body steady, but her hands having that tremulous activity of her eyes.

"Will you not stay, Cynthia?" asked Lawless very kindly.

She came close to him, and after searching his eyes said with a smile that almost hurt him: "When I have found him, I will bring him to your campfire. Last night the voice said that he waits for me where the mist rises from the river at daybreak, close to the home of the white swan. Do you know where is the home of the white swan? Before the frost comes and the red wolf cries I must find him. Winter is the time of sleep. I will give him honey and dried meat. I know where we shall live together. You never saw such roses! Hush! I have a place where we can hide."

Suddenly her gaze became fixed and dreamlike, and she said slowly, "In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us."

"Good Lord, deliver us," repeated Lawless in a low voice. Without looking at them she slowly turned away and passed up the hillside, her eyes scanning the valley as before.

"Good Lord, deliver us," again said Lawless. "Where did she get it?"

"From a book which Fingall left behind."

They watched her till she rounded a cliff and was gone; then they shouldered their kits and passed up the river on the trail of the wapiiti.

One month later, when a fine white surf of frost lay on the ground and the sky was darkened often by the flight of the wild geese southward, they came upon a hut perched on a bluff at the edge of a clump of pines. It was morning, and White Faced mountain shone solemnly clear, without a touch of cloud or mist from its haunches to its crown.

They knocked at the hut door and in answer to a voice entered. The sunlight streamed in over a woman lying upon a heap of dried flowers in a corner and a man kneeling beside her. They came near and saw the woman was Cynthia.

Then Pierre broke out suddenly, "Fingall!" and caught the kneeling man by the shoulder. At the sound of his voice the woman's eyes opened. "Fingall! Oh, Fingall!" she said and reached up a hand. The bearded man stooped and caught her to his breast:

"Cynthia, poor girl! Oh, my poor Cynthia!" he said.

In his eyes, as in hers, was a sane light, and his voice, as hers, said indescribable things.

Her head sank upon his shoulder, her eyes closed. She was asleep. Fingall laid her down with a sob in his throat. Then he sat up and clutched Pierre's hand.

"In the east, where the doctors cured me, I heard," he said, pointing to her, "and I came to find her. I was just in time. I found her yesterday."

"And she knew you?" whispered Pierre.

"Yes, but the fever came hard after. He turned and looked at her, and kneeling smoothed away the hair from the smiling, pathetic face. "Poor girl!" he said. "Poor girl!"

"She will get well?" asked Pierre.

"God grant it," Fingall replied. "She is better—better."

Lawless and Pierre softly turned and stole away, leaving the man alone with the girl.

The two stood in silence looking upon the river beneath. Presently a voice crept through the stillness.

"Fingall! Oh, Fingall! Fingall!"

It was the voice of a woman returning from the dead.—Gilbert Parker in Cincinnati Tribune.

The Risk.

Wife—That insurance agent who dined with us last night seemed a very gentlemanly fellow. Is he going to take you, dear?

Husband—No. He says I'm too great a risk.

Wife—Why, there isn't anything the matter with you, is there?

Husband—No, no; but he accidentally learned that you cooked the dinner.—London Tit-Bits.

A SAMSON IN A FOUNDRY.

Trick In an Allegheny Shop Which Had Unexpected Results.

At one of the Allegheny foundries, where large cast iron car wheels are made, a long standing joke practiced on green hands by some of the older employees was to send two men after a pair of wheels. The old employee, in accordance with the plans, picked up a wooden wheel which was an exact counterpart of the cast iron wheels weighing 500 pounds each, and lifting his light burden trudged away to another part of the establishment, while the other workmen, concealed in various places, laughed themselves hoarse at the frantic efforts made by the new man to carry the heavy iron wheel. Not long ago a big strapping young Irishman just landed from Limerick secured employment at the place as a laborer. He was put to work with a little Englishman not more than 5 feet 3 inches in height, and who weighed only 112 pounds.

The two were often sent to carry molds and other heavy articles, and the big Irishman complained that his partner was only half a man and not fit to carry wheels for a clock tinker, not to talk about working in an iron foundry. The other men, seeing how affairs stood between the two who were so unevenly matched in strength, perceived an excellent opportunity to work the car wheel joke for the hundredth time. They posted the little Englishman, and after getting the foreman's consent had the wooden wheel with its counterpart, a cast iron one weighing 550 pounds, placed at the lower end of the foundry, and then they ordered the Irish giant and the British dwarf to go and bring the couple of wheels.

The two started off together, and the men hid behind boxes and barrels, and in anticipation of their fun unbuttoned their vests so as to give their lungs full play for laughter. Little Billy, the Britisher, reached the place first, and picking up the wooden wheel hoisted it to the top of his head and started off with an easy motion that surprised the son of Erin, who was in doubt about the ability of the little fellow to carry one side of a wheel, not to talk about lugging a whole one.

Pat then bent down, and after giving the iron wheel a mighty tug straightened himself up with a look of the utmost amazement depicted upon his face and watched the Englishman hurrying away with his load.

Then it was that those who were near enough to the scene heard Pat make use of an awful oath, and stooping down he seized the wheel and by an almost superhuman effort raised it up to a level with his head, and with the tremendous load in the air staggered into the other room and threw it to the floor with a crash that shook the whole building. The floor gave way under the shock, and the wheel went clear through to the cellar, while the men, who stood by in amazement watching the prodigious feat of strength, finally broke forth in a shout of laughter and applause. Many a time had the joke been perpetrated, but never before was the iron wheel lifted and carried until Pat performed the formidable task.—Pittsburg Post.

Alabama's Old Capital Gone.

The name of Aaron Burr chancing to be mentioned in conversation with W. A. Hawley, a young lawyer of Selma, Ala., he said: "Speaking of Burr reminds me of a visit I made recently to Cahoba, the old time capital of Alabama, where Burr spent considerable time, and where he built a handsome residence, perhaps the finest in the place, unless the one owned by William L. Yancy was superior to it. When railroads began to be built, Cahoba did not remain the capital of the state very long, and one by one the families that had made the place famous for fashion, hospitality and learning moved away, and when I saw it it was a cotton field, with here and there the remains of an old brick chimney. Not a house is left standing. Even the cemetery has been removed or trampled down until all traces of it are obliterated."—Washington Star.

His Wig In His Pocket.

A correspondent of the Washington Post tells how Benjamin Franklin once wore his wig in his pocket at the court of Versailles. When he was about to present himself at the court for the first time, he was informed that a wig was essential. Franklin's head was so large that no ordinary wig would begin to fit it. However, one was found sufficiently large to pass him through the ante-chambers, after which he was permitted to remove the ridiculous conventional appendage and place it in his ample pocket.

An Amicable Dispute.

Miss Stager—So, Mr. Waddy, you and Miss Flippant are at war again.

Mr. Waddy—Oh, no; we never actually quarrel, but we can't agree upon any subject. We are always the soul of civility to one another, however.

Miss Stager—Ah, I see—a sort of civil war.—Vogue.

Breakfast.

It is no uncommon thing to find among our acquaintances that many persons, when asked as to the kind of breakfast they eat, reply that they either eat none at all or only perhaps drink a cup of coffee or tea. It is true that the ordinary English breakfast is calculated to strike terror in the minds of the average European, and French people would be appalled at the idea of eating a beef-steak or a couple of chops the first thing in the morning, and yet it is a great mistake to commence the day without a good meal as a foundation.

It may have been noticed by those who have no appetite for breakfast that even if hungry on retiring it is an exception to have a feeling of hunger on awakening in the morning. It is probable that during sleep, the functions of digestion being in abeyance, the stomach contracts, and this is probably why some persons cannot eat late at night. The empty stomach, having no function to perform, contracts of itself, and in the morning it requires some little stimulation for it to begin its daily work. This is why so many, especially invalids, cannot take a heavy breakfast.

For those who can do so it is a good plan to drink a little cold water on rising. It washes out the stomach, takes away any mucus that may have collected there in the night and stimulates the digestive glands to give forth their secretions and prepare for that important act, digestion.—Family Doctor.

Moses and the Tables of Stone.

Did you ever figure on the probable size and immense strength of Moses, basing your calculations on the dimensions of the tables of stone, as given by the Talmudic writers? In the Talmud (folio 38, column 8) it is said that the tables of stone upon which the commandments were written were 6 ells long, 6 ells broad and 3 ells thick. In the Bible, Exodus xxxii, 15, we are told that "Moses went down from the mount, and the two tables of the testimony were in his hand."

"Hand," mind you, not hands, though it must be admitted that it would have taken a strong pair of hands to perform the task of carrying them, even on the level. Now, we will put the Talmudic and the Biblical accounts together and apply the mathematical rule. The Hebrew "ell" or "cubit" was, at its least estimate, a measure of 18 inches, which would have made each of the tables a stone block 9 feet long, 9 feet wide and 4½ feet thick. If common stone weighed as much to the square foot then as it does now the tables would tip the beam at about 28 tons! Was Moses one of the "giants of those days" or has some one made a mistake in calculations or in the statement of supposed facts?—St. Louis Republic.

A Lively Young Duke.

The Duke of Orleans served for a time in the English army, but was compelled to give up his connection in consequence of his childish behavior. He played no end of senseless tricks while stationed at Aldershot, was most insubordinate as regarded discipline, was forever taking advantage of the immunity due to his royal rank, and finally was compelled to leave the army for having cut the ropes anchoring a captive balloon in which General Sir Evelyn Wood and a couple of other field officers were taking observations during a sham battle. A strong wind was blowing, and the balloon was carried up into the air, and its occupants were unable to effect a descent until at a distance of some 30 miles from Aldershot. Sir Evelyn complained directly, not only to the Duke of Cambridge, but also the queen herself, who never liked the young duke, and who immediately responded to Sir Evelyn's communication by intimating to the Comte and Comtesse de Paris that she could no longer permit their son to continue his military training in her army.

A Smart Young Man.

Smart Young Man—Good morning, Mr. Bullion!

Mr. Bullion (irascible old gent)—Um—ah! Good morn'. Remarkable dog you have with you.

"Ya-as; Siberian bloodhound; terribly savage; takes this ox chain to hold him. If any one should ever look crossly at me, this dog would tear him to pieces—yes, indeed. I'm going to have him killed. Too dangerous, you know."

"I should say so."

"Ya-as; must do it in the interest of humanity, you know. By the way, Mr. Bullion, your daughter has accepted me, and I have called to ask your consent."

He got it.—Pick Me Up.

Do You See Through This One?

The horse editor sneered. "No," he repeated, "I fail to understand what is the practical utility of these cathode rays they are talking about."

"Why," retorted the snake reporter, who was a very envious person, "people will now be able possibly to see through newspaper jokes."

—Detroit Tribune.

A WORD ABOUT CONDOLENCE.

It Should Be Gently Offered and Delicately Considered.

The foundation of condolence is sympathy, for it is, in fact, only an expression of sympathy, but sympathy itself is sometimes simulated or merely perfunctory. Words of condolence are consequently in many cases set terms or trite sayings uttered without thought or feeling, and when that is the case they have no consoling effect. But real condolence with the afflicted, springing naturally out of sympathy, has a soothing effect. The sorrow is divided, as it were, and the chief sufferer or mourner feels relieved by having a companion in misery. No such relief is brought by polite words of sympathy coldly expressed, which every one utters as a matter of form, and which no one takes as having serious meaning.

The expression of sympathy which is most felt and most gratefully received is not always translated into words. The pressure of the hand or kindly acts of consideration may sometimes be more consolatory than any spoken words. People of judgment and consideration who wish to console the afflicted do so quietly and gently. They do not attempt to stop the torrent of fresh grief, but waiting until it has subsided exhibit such sympathy in acts rather than words as will tend to soothe the sorrowing. The mourner at a deathbed knows as well as any adviser that tears will avail nothing; he knows that the end was inevitable; that it may have been for the best; that he should be thankful for the companionship of the departed one during life rather than mourn over his loss.

All of these thoughts and set phrases have been made familiar to him by constant repetition, but they grate upon his ears in the presence of his own fresh grief and afford him no consolation. From the effusive friends without real sympathy in their hearts who thus endeavor to console with him he turns for relief to some one whose real sympathy is expressed in actions rather than words—one who is silent because he feels the hollowness of mere professions of sympathy, and who is tolerant of the passion of grief because he feels and understands its force.

Real consolation is found in such condolence, and little by little the grief is assuaged, and then comes the period when the mourner finds consolation in the talk that at first irritated him. People who desire to console with others, even as a matter of form, should respect the periods of grief and avoid wounding the seared heart by hollow expressions of philosophic comfort at a time when the mourner is ill prepared to receive consolation from such a source. In the house of death all voices are lowered through awe. They should be stiller out of sympathy, at least until the passion of grief has spent its force and the mourners have begun to hunger after sympathy and condolence. Time is the great curer of grief, and the best that we can do is to intelligently aid time by extending condolence in words only when the words can be both understood and appreciated—after the passion of a fresh grief has subsided.—Baltimore Sun.

The Cologne Cure.

The question is often asked whether there is any way of nipping a cold in the bud—that is, of stopping it as soon as the first symptoms make their appearance. Whatever difference of opinion there may be on this subject, I have no hesitation in replying in the affirmative and in stating that it can be done by inhalations of cologne water. As soon as a person feels the first signs of a cold in the head or chest some eau de cologne poured on a handkerchief should be inhaled as energetically as possible by the nose or by the mouth several times during the day. The inhalation of the vapors arising from the eau de cologne should be sufficiently ample to produce either in the nasal fosse or pharynx an intense sensation of irritation, distressing at first, but only lasting a short time. When in spite of this treatment having been followed for three or four days the cough still continues, the method must be admitted to have failed.—New York Herald.

Not So Daff.

A poor man, locally reputed to be a "button or two short," living in an out of the way village in Gloucestershire, called one day at a farmhouse while the good wife was washing up a huge plate of dumplings.

"I'll bet thee a penny missus," said he, "that I could eat they dumplings, plate and all, for me dinner."

"I'll bet thee a penny the kesn't," said the good wife.

"I'll bet thee I can," again said Jock.

"Then do it, Jock," said Mistress Hodge.

Thus bidden, Jock threw his legs under the table, calmly devoured the contents of the plate and heaving a deep sigh said:

"Missus, I shall hev to pay 'e the penny after all, for I find that I can't eat the plate."—Pearson's Weekly.

A VISTA OF FASHION.

EARLY IMPORTATIONS THAT INDICATE THE INCOMING STYLES.

Godet Jackets and Bodices Remain in Favor—Sleeves Are Gradually Diminishing. The Louis Coats—Separate Waists and Skirts Popular as Ever—Shirt Waists.

Early importations are usually somewhat conflicting; still these indicate to a considerable degree the incoming styles. An effort is being made again to push the whole black coats with loose fronts. Whether these garments will prove popular or not remains to be seen. In the meantime the godet jackets are a certainty. A quite new model, sure to please for a variety of reasons, has the sleeves cut out with the shoulder pieces. It is not only stylish, but is a beau ideal coat for wearing with shirts. The fronts are cut separately and join visibly under a plait and there is a small dart at

the waist to shape it to the figure. The back is shaped in the basque part to give it the desired fullness which marks the skirts of the fashionable coats. Godet bodices, by the bye, are also a fashionable feature. The godets are short. Three rows of stitching finish the spring jacket under special consideration and fancy pearl buttons, placed at the neck and waist, form a decorative trimming.

Louis XV and Louis XVI coats are to be met with on all sides, or, to be quite accurate, coats of a fashion blending a conglomerate of both periods and called "Louis coats." The richest of satins and brocades are employed. Trimmings are great elements of success in these coats, an unadorned Louis coat being a thing unheard of.

It is time to consider the joys of the smaller sleeve, for there is no doubt but that shortly women will be called upon to realize that it is possible to be fashionably dressed without voluminous draperies on their arms. From Paris come rumors that evening gowns are to be made with long, close sleeves and with no sleeves at all, so it would appear women may take a choice. White satin is very much in favor just now for both young and old and is much trimmed with jeweled and silken embroideries. Chiffon appears to be the most popular fabric still for bodices. The newest hats are veritable garlands of flowers. Jewels are very much worn at the present time with evening dress.

Many women will be delighted to hear that separate skirts and bodices are more fashionable than ever. These separate garments are made not only here, but in Paris, England and Germany.

Unlimited styles in silk, cotton, linen and flannel shirt waists and blouses are shown, and a great many have detachable white collars and cuffs. Cambric blouses, too, made of plain and fancy materials, are popular and will appeal to all who have to study economy.

A beautiful gown, which shows the tendency in sleeves, is made of one of the new corded cloths with flecks of silky knots at intervals, and of a new shade of green. This material forms the full plain skirt and the sleeves of the bodice. The pretty zone with its quaint basque is made of the same cloth in a lighter shade of green, while it is ornamented with a close row of tiny grelots, made of two shades of green silk mixed with threads of oxidized and copper tinsel. The zone is outlined with a charmingly embroidered pattern in fine cord of these mixed colors, the cuffs being trimmed in the same manner. The bodice has also a full vest of

shot silk in oriental shades, which is drawn to the waist from a square gorget of the lighter shade of green cloth, a narrow band of the mixed embroidery appearing at the bust and waist, and the pretty pointed collar is faced with copper colored velvet. With this costume is worn a charming

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STYLISH SPRING JACKET.

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A beautiful gown, which shows the tendency in sleeves, is made of one of the new corded cloths with flecks of silky knots at intervals, and of a new shade of green. This material forms the full plain skirt and the sleeves of the bodice. The pretty zouave with its quaint shade is made of the same cloth in a lighter shade of green, while it is ornamented with a close row of tiny greenlets, made of two shades of green silk mixed with threads of oxidized and copper tinsel. The zouave is outlined with a charmingly embroidered pattern in fine cord of these mixed colors, the cuffs being trimmed in the same manner. The bodice has also a full vest of



A NEW PARIS GOWN.

shot silk in oriental shades, which is drawn to the waist from a square gorget of the lighter shade of green cloth, a narrow band of the mixed embroidery appearing at the bust and waist, and the pretty pointed collar is faced with copper colored velvet. With this costume is worn a charmingly picturesque hat of moss green hue turned up on the left side with a knot of daffodils trimmed with folds of copper velvet and clusters of feathers in the dark and light shades of green, which alternate in the gown.

ALICE VARNUM.

LION TAMERS.

Some Who Never Use the Whip in Training Lessons.

French lion tamers, even if they do not exceed in skill those of other nations, have, at any rate, had more written and said about them. A few years ago M. Pezon retired from business, having made a fortune by his great power over animals, and gained the distinction of being possibly the greatest lion tamer in the world, with the exception perhaps of M. Bidel, at whose menagerie in Paris some time ago there was a wonderful meeting of giants, dwarfs and monstrosities generally, for the purpose of discussing the interests of their respective callings, so far as those interests were connected with the hiring of ground in Paris and its vicinity.

M. Pezon was one of the tamers who ignored the use of a heavy whip. Conciliation, and not coercion, was apparently his motto, and, acting on that principle, he attained prodigious success. Henri Martin, too, another French performer, was quite in the front rank, and he, unlike some others in the profession, began really young. He was but a small boy when he first embarked on circus life, and began with horses, gradually making his way to the more dangerous animals. He is said to have been one of the few who did not object to tackle tigers, leopards and panthers—three animals which the majority of wild beast performers have a wholesome and not an unnatural dislike to.

Some of M. Martin's methods appear to have been curious. Having on one occasion to interview a hyena, Martin wrapped his legs and arms with cords, protected his head with handkerchiefs and other things, and, walking into the cage, went to the hyena and offered it his arm. The hyena bit it, of course, but Martin looked on stolidly, as though nothing had happened. Next day he substituted a leg, and so the training went on, till either the hyena got tired of biting or was so disgusted at seeing no results that he gave it up.

M. Albert of Havre, too, was another famous man in his calling, and distinguished himself on one occasion, when he found a quarrel going on among the bears, by walking straight in among them and separating the fighters; but Mr. George Sanger once did about as plucky a thing as ever was known. The lions and a lioness were having a terrific fight in their cage, and the battle raged so furiously that neither Crockett nor the keeper cared about venturing in. Mr. Sanger, however, was equal to the occasion, and, going in among the combatants, succeeded in restoring peace at last.

But if Crockett, who was a very able trainer, showed a slight loss of nerve on that occasion, he made up for it on another, when a groom tampered with the fastenings of the lion's cage at Astley's, in the hope that the occupants would kill one or more of the horses, in order that he might be revenged on the management for some fine inflicted. A night watchman, hearing a noise in the auditorium, soon discovered the cause, and a message was sent to Crockett at his lodgings hard by. The tamer arrived, and, going into the auditorium with a small switch, succeeded in a very short time in re-caging his pupils.—London Field.

No Amidant in the Box.

A friend of mine told me of an experience he had that was most peculiar. He is a lumberman, and was formerly engaged in business at Stillwater, Minn. A fresher occurring, his office building was swept away, and with it a wooden box containing a number of valuable papers. Headquartered for their return, offering a considerable reward, but in vain. A few months later he went to Donaldsonville, La., making his headquarters there while he inspected the cypress forests west of that place. The river came up suddenly one night, and the water surrounded his house, keeping him a prisoner. When, at the expiration of a few days, the river subsided, among the debris in front of the house was the box that had been lost in Minnesota. It had been lined with metal, and this fact kept the contents intact. When opened, nothing had been very seriously damaged by the water.—Washington Star.

The New Domestic.

Housewife (to new domestic)—There is one thing I wish to say to you. The last girl had a habit of coming into the drawing room and playing the piano occasionally. You never play the piano, do you?

New Domestic—Yis, mum, I plays, but I'll hev to charge yer 5 shillings a week axitry if I'm to furnish music for the family.—London Tit-Bits.

Fortune.

Fortune is like the market, where many times if you can stay a little the price will fall, and, again, it is sometimes like a sibil's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price.—Bacon.

QUAINT SALEM.

A Town Which Expresses the Individualism of Early New England.

The very name "Salem" is an index of its character, as well in sound as in signification. How differently does its measured cadence strike the ear, with how much more of dignity, comfort, tranquillity than that of its brisk neighbor, Lynn, whose sharp monosyllable causes one an inadvertent shock as the brakeman announces these two contrasted sister cities to the traveler upon the Eastern railroad. The story is told of Phillips Brooks (with more authenticity than belongs to most of the stories attached to him) that coming into Salem from Boston one evening he remarked to a friend: "What do you suppose I met coming up your quiet street? A little dog going over to Lynn to bark."

The adjective which is oftenest used of Salem is "conservative." It is well applied. Her very appearance is expressive, not of decay, but of conservatism. Her old buildings and dwellings are not left to disuse and ruin. Far from it. They are tenanted with as much complacency and pride (and at as high rentals) as if there were no finer upon the continent—and indeed there are not, if you accept the criterion of those who say that the best house is the one that has been longest lived in.

In truth many of the old houses are possessed of great charm and beauty. Old and exquisite carvings, generous fireplaces (too often walled in), wide hallways, handsome staircases, old fashioned plate and china, antique furniture and interesting bric-a-brac, brought home from distant lands, combine to lend many of these old residences a rare attractiveness. In others are to be found signs of age of a different kind, such as low ceilings, narrow stairways, uneven floors, diminutive window panes and other tokens of the inefficiency of bygone days. One virtue they all possess, the beautiful and the ugly alike, and that is individuality. Nowhere certainly can there be found clearer expression of the individualism of early New England than in the diversities in appearance and construction of the dwellings of this old Puritan city. Fronts of 1,000 different designs; eels and lean toes of the most peculiar patterns; roofs of all descriptions—hip roofs, curb roofs, gable roofs, shed roofs—windows of all sizes and shapes; doorways of diverse types, many of them quite artistic; chimneys that often look as if they were the original structures and the houses built round them, and interiors of equal diversity, amuse as well as interest those who have not been accustomed to these old dwellings from their youth up.

There is a deal of picturesqueness about them as well as a deal of distortion and homeliness—much as it was, doubtless, with the humanity which built them.—Boston Transcript.

Subduing a Murderer.

Dr. Cyrus Falconer, who recently died at the age of 85, was a distinguished physician of Hamilton, O. He was a trenchant fighter against every sort of wrong, and his presence and character commanded deference, even from desperate men. The interior gives an example of this power:

The doctor had been active in the prosecution of the assassin and desperado Tom McGeehan, who, though he murdered not less than six men, could not be convicted, and finally was shot to death by a vigilance committee. The assassin swore vengeance against the doctor, and soon after, fully armed, met him on the highway.

"Dr. Falconer," said the assassin, "do you know that I am going to kill you?"

The doctor noticed that his assailant was deadly pale. "Tom," said the doctor, "you know me well enough to know that I am not afraid of you, and you cannot frighten me. Now what do you mean?"

The two stood in silence, the assassin's hand in his side coat pocket. In a moment the doctor noticed with great relief the color coming into Tom's face, which quickly deepened into crimson.

"Then I knew I was safe," said the doctor, "and I proceeded to give Tom such a lecture as he never heard before."

A Dumas Anecdote.

Dumas the elder had a good deal of the African in his appearance, and he had to no small degree the love of show common to that race. Referring to the latter trait, Alexandre Dumas fils made the remark, "My father is so vain and so fond of display that he would ride behind his own coach to make people believe that he keeps a colored footman."

Considerate.

"John, this a very bad report you bring me from school."

John—I know, father, but you know you said if I would bring you home a first class report you would give me a shilling, and I wanted to save you that expense.—Strand Magazine.

The Ancient Inca.

The flocks of llamas belonged to the sun and the inca. It was death to kill one. It certain seasons of the year they were collected from the hills and shorn. Large numbers were sent to supply food for the court and to be used at the religious festivals and sacrifices. Male llamas only were killed. The wool belonged to the inca, and was stored in the government depositories, and dealt out according as the people's wants required. In this way they were provided with warm clothing. When they had worked up enough wool in to clothing for themselves, they were then employed in working up material for the inca. The distribution of the wool and superintendence of its manufacture were in the hands of officers appointed for the purpose. No one was allowed to be idle. Idleness was a crime and was severely punished.

All the mines belonged to the inca, and were worked for his benefit. The various employments were usually in the hands of a few, and became hereditary; what the father was, that the son became. A great part of the agricultural products was stored in granaries scattered up and down the country, and was dealt out to the people as required. It will thus be seen that there was no chance for a man to become rich, neither could he become poor. The spirit of speculation had no existence there.—Chambers' Journal.

A Soldier's Self Sacrifice.

In Sir Evelyn Wood's "Reminiscences" a touching instance of courage and self sacrifice is given. One June day in 1855 a detachment of English marines was crossing the Woronzow road under fire from the Russian batteries. All of the men reached shelter in the trenches except a seaman, John Blewitt. As he was running a terrific roar was heard. His mates knew the voice of a huge cannon, the terror of the army, and yelled: "Look out! It is Whistling Dick!" But at the moment Blewitt was struck by the enormous mass of iron on the knees, and thrown to the ground. He called to his especial chum, "Oh, Welch, save me!" The fuse was hissing, but Stephen Welch ran out of the trenches, and seizing the great shell tried to roll it off his comrade. It exploded with such terrific force that not an atom of the bodies of Blewitt or Welch was found. Even in that time, when each hour had its excitement, this deed of heroism stirred the whole English army. One of the officers searched out Welch's mother in her poor home, and undertook her support while she lived, and the story of his death helped his comrades to nobler conceptions of a soldier's duty.

Pachisi.

Curious is the resemblance between the East Indian pachisi and the Mexican patolli. Pachisi seems to have been originally played with cowrie shells, and before the conquest the Mexicans used beans. Both, according to Professor Tyler, were played on mats which had squares marked on them. Old Spanish writers describe the Mexicans playing patolli. Gamblers made a business of patolli, going about with all the necessary tools. The divining sticks of the Chinese, Japanese and Koreans are used by our Indians exactly in the same way. The Sioux, according to Dr. Yarrow, use plum stones for gambling purposes.—New York Times.

Lincoln as a Dancer.

Lincoln made his first appearance in society when he was first sent to Springfield, Ill., as a member of the state legislature. It was not an imposing figure which he cut in a ballroom, but still he was occasionally to be found there. Miss Mary Todd, who afterward became his wife, was the magnet which drew the tall, awkward young man from his den. One evening Lincoln approached Miss Todd and said, in his peculiar idiom:

"Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way."

The young woman accepted the inevitable and bobbed around the room with him. When she returned to her seat, one of her companions asked mischievously:

"Well, Mary, did he dance with you the worst way?"

"Yes," she answered, "the very worst."

His Identity.



Lost Child (to policeman)—Please, sir, have you seen a man without a little boy? 'Cause if you have I've that little boy.—Collier's Weekly.

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All precious mineral discoveries are practically gifts to the people. Each person is entitled to what he can fairly get. Why not try for your share through us now?

Splendid opportunities for securing great bargains in mines come to us constantly. Our agents are reporting from the gold fields of this continent and from Africa. The company owns two promising properties in Cripple Creek. We propose to develop one of the most remarkable, well-proven placer mines in the world. It has already produced about \$2,000,000 by crude surface working, and is estimated to contain over \$25,000,000 in gold.

Now is the time to invest with us. Do not wait until every man, woman and child is eager to buy and prices have advanced enormously.

In 1887 the first shipments of gold, amounting to less than \$500,000, were made from South Africa. In 1894 the production was nearly \$40,000,000. It is estimated that works under way and contemplated will produce \$100,000,000 per year.

Less than five years ago Cripple Creek was unknown as a mining camp. In 1892 it produced \$300,000. It is now producing \$1,000,000 per month. "Two old men, tired out and almost hopeless, not many years since clinging desperately to a small hole in the ground which showed some traces of gold. That hole has since yielded over \$2,000,000."

The Idaho Mine has paid nearly \$6,000,000 in dividends, the Crown Point nearly \$12,000,000, the Belcher over \$15,000,000.

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MARCH, 1896.

SOCIETY EPITOME.

St. John's C. L. and A. A.—George A. Cahill, president; Michael J. O'Hara, secretary. Meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock in St. John's hall, School street.

Knights of Columbus—M. T. Sullivan, grand knight; Thomas J. McGrath, secretary. Meetings the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 8 o'clock in Doble's hall.

Irish National League—James Collins, president; George D. Cahill, secretary. Meetings in Cahill's hall, Water street, on Sunday evening.

Division 5, A. O. H.—Edward J. Powers, president; Patrick Crummins, secretary. Meetings the first and third Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock in French's hall, Hancock street.

Quincy Court, M. C. O. F.—John A. Avery, chief ranger; Patrick Ward, secretary. Meetings in French's hall.

St. Mary's C. T. A. & M. R. Society, West Quincy.—Patrick Kelliher, President; W. E. V. Goff, Corresponding Secretary; John Galvan, Recording Secretary. Meetings held first and third Tuesdays in the month.

The President's intention to send a commission to Cuba is much more sensible than the action of either branch of Congress, and likely to result better for the insurgents and to friends of Cuba in this country. The trouble all along has been that one was not able to determine the status of the insurrectionary movement and a consequent hesitancy on the part of sober-minded men to countenance any action that might offend a friendly and well-intentioned power. We believe that the government and people of the United States are ready to favor any measure that will assuage the condition of any people, but they must be acquainted with all facts before they can proceed intelligently.

No, Fr. Marquette was not a citizen, but we think that he laid the basis of a citizenship that is a few years older than that of the Hon. Mr. Linton's, and it was further in consequence of being privileged to wear the habiliments of a Catholic priest that he was able to open up what is today the most fertile and productive region of these United States. He gave his service to his God and to mankind, and that without the butchery of the unenlightened man of the forest, and the people of Wisconsin, appreciative of this and other things, have seen fit to petition Congress for a place for his statue in Statuary hall and the request has been granted. And the niche that his statue occupies will never be open for the reception of anything commemorating another's deeds.

MONSIGNOR MAGENNIS.

The elevation of Rev. Thomas Magennis, P. R., of St. Thomas' church, Jamaica Plain, to the dignity of a monsignor by Pope Leo XIII was received by his hosts of friends in the archdiocese with the highest favor. Every priest and layman in Boston and elsewhere who knows the man and is familiar with his splendid work, knows that the honor conferred was fully deserved. There is no more zealous, self-sacrificing or efficient pastor in New England than Monsignor Magennis. What he has achieved in building up his parish and in providing for the education of the children under his care will stand as an enduring monument to his energy, zeal and devotion to the cause of Catholic progress. THE MONITOR joins with his numerous friends in congratulating him upon so substantial a recognition of his services.

Boston Brown Bread.

The following appears in The Ladies' World as a recipe for "genuine Boston brown bread":

Four large cupsful of sifted Indian meal, 2 cupsful coarse flour, either wheat or rye, a tablespoonful salt, a teaspoonful molasses and enough boiling water to make as thick as griddle cake batter. Add half a teaspoonful of yeast when nearly cool and put in an iron baking dish, covering tightly. Set in a warm place until it cracks over the top, which will be wetted before it is set to rise. Bake 5 or 6 hours in a moderate oven which will not burn the crust to a cinder.

FREDERIC THOMAS GREENHALGE.

The demagogue and the bigot low,
Narrow soul and shallow of brain,
Hated and feared, but the manly foe,
Found him a knight without fear or stain.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Exceptional opportunities make exceptional men. The late Gov. Greenhalge lived and acted in a period when it called for uncommon and rare courage to face the people of Massachusetts in a public capacity. The ordinary duties of the governorship he met and performed as though they were trifles, and to the observant eye the performance gave an inkling of the latent force and courage, which, if called into action would become an irrefragable barrier against the assaults of those who would attack his motives in the hope that sinister ends might be attained. Gov. Greenhalge was denied the inestimable value of American birth, but he grew into the ideal American more rapidly and more substantially than many men born upon native soil. The fact of his foreign birth, though it may have been a disadvantage in some ways, in other ways prompted his candid, courageous nature to the performance of deeds that will not easily be forgotten. Every act in the life of the late Governor was praiseworthy and all deserving of eulogistic mention, but there is one role in particular that merits our hearty approval, and that is the stand he took upon the equality of citizenship. He was at heart and in deed an ardent but temperate patriot. He loved America and his own Massachusetts, and he recognized and appreciated the opportunities given the stranger, as exemplified in his own case, and his magnanimous nature would not tolerate the creation or maintenance of barriers that would not accord the same boon to others. It is in this particular that he rendered an inestimable service to his State and more particularly to a large body of her citizens. At opportune times he could be depended upon to overreach and supersede the efforts of even able men, and obeying the promptings of his generous heart to speak with a plainness that no one could misinterpret.

Gov. Greenhalge was a credit to Massachusetts by his wonderfully eloquent and erudite addresses on many occasions, notably at Chattanooga battlefield, at the Atlanta exposition, at the commencement exercises at Holy Cross college, Worcester, at the dedication on June 17, 1895, of the monument at Bunker Hill to that prince of patriots, noble Joseph Warren, or at the banquet in honor of Archbishop Williams on May 17, 1895. On each of these occasions he gave the weight of high official position and grand personality to the expression of patriotic sentiments that will ever awaken the best feeling of the future, but the crowning effect was the death-dealing blows given the rabid caste and creed line creators. Many public men were recluses while the lamented Governor, with the brilliant Senator Hoar and Lieut.-Gov. Wolcott were waging an unceasing war against the avowed enemies of public peace, but conscious of the righteousness of their cause there was no cessation of the onslaughts until success was within reach. In battling against the Know-nothing fanaticism he battled for human rights, and the magnificent result illumines his whole career. He was marked for greater honors, but it is a consolation and a joy to the people of Massachusetts that they never hesitated to give him the full measure of esteem and confidence that his labors merited. From all over the State and nation came tributes of respect and admiration for the man cut down in the ripeness of life, and the thousands of all classes that followed him to the grave furnished proof that not one superfluous word had been spoken for the intrepid, liberal, noble Greenhalge.

CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Mr. Henry Austin Adams, the well-known convert, delivered an interesting lecture on Cardinal Newman recently in the Catholic Union hall. Hon. Thomas J. Gargan presided.

Mr. Adams began by saying that he would introduce to his hearers a brilliant paradox, a man who stood for nothing that the world of his time regarded as important, and yet a man who wielded a tremendous influence in his country, an influence which has in no way ceased with the death of the man, but which has gone on and on, until it is a power wherever the English language is spoken, and has brought England half way back on her journey to the mother church.

"Think of it," said he, "a man who never made a dollar in his life, a man who cared not a fig for England's commercial grandeur, who had never invented anything that tended to the material benefit of the nation, who had never spoken in Parliament, who had never pulled a political wire, and yet a great force in his university."

"I think of him as a boy, quiet, studious, solitary, who had translated a

Greek play at 10 years of age, who was interested only in the great spiritual questions which the age had relegated to the rear, and as a youth, sickly and puny in body, who was of no earthly use as a half back, who could hardly lift an oar, let alone pull one, who could render no assistance to the cricket eleven, who at once reached that height despised and disliked by the coarser undergraduate, 'a grind'."

The lecturer went on to narrate the gradual steps which led the brilliant young ritualist into the fold of Rome, and the opposition, both from friends and enemies, to his great step, and said: "It is a terrible thing to see the path of duty leading one away from friends the closest and dearest, friends who have worked side by side and shoulder to shoulder in the same cause, to break with all the traditions of a lifetime and enter on a new and untrodden path, to feel hearts grow cold and loved ones pass by on the other side, with no consolation but the consciousness of being right, to go this way all alone, with those who should have supported in the ranks of one's opponents, yet this Newman did, bravely and boldly."

Mr. Adams continued with a brief study of Newman's life as a Catholic recluse, and wound up with a touching rendition of the three stanzas of "Lead Kindly Light."

FOUNDER'S DAY AT WOODWARD.

[FROM QUINCY PATRIOT.] Thursday of this week was the one hundred and fifty anniversary of the birth of Dr. Ebenezer Woodward. The day was fittingly observed at the Woodward Institute and honored in the carrying out of the following programme.

"Woodward Hymn" and "The Bird Carol," by the school.
Thoughts from Emerson, Georgiana Shea.
Double Trio, "Sweet and Low," Misses Curley, Rinn, Wilson, Thomas, Wright and O'Neil.

Selections from the "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales," Chaucer, Mabel G. McKenzie.
Swedish gymnastics, eight girls.

Violin solo, Clara L. Baxter.
"In Little Britain," Irving May Sullivan.
Song, "Sur le pont d'Airguon," eight girls.

Recitation, "Sir Patrick Spens," Mabel Drew.
Vocal duet, "Ich wollt' meine Lieb," Misses Flood and Bates.

A bit of nature from Hawthorne, Mary J. Dunn.
Violin solo, Edith Olney.
Scene from Domrooschen, "The Sleeping Beauty," Dorroschen, Ethel Babcock; Konigsgein, Edna Miller; Die Alte Frau, Mabel Pierce.

Quartette, "A Spring Song," Misses Flood, Bates, Drew and Walsh.
Ovid, "Metamorphoses, X," translated and read by Ruth Randall.

Ovid, "Metamorphoses X," recited by Clara L. Baxter.
Delsarte exercises, eight girls.
"Dear Woodward," school.

It is impossible to specify any one number as better than another. With no delay, and without special announcement, music, recitations and gymnastics were smoothly, and delightfully rendered.

After the exercises Rev. Mr. Butler and Father Roche paid well deserved and eloquent tribute to the thoroughness and efficiency of Miss Small and her corps of assistants. City Treasurer Walter Gray made some witty remarks, assuring the listeners, that when Miss Small's ambitions for the Woodward could be curbed, the much wished for new building would become a reality. In fact there was every reason to believe that Dr. Woodward's one hundred and sixth anniversary would be celebrated in more convenient quarters, the present building being inadequate for carrying out the terms of the will. Miss Small being really hampered by the present deficiencies.

Perhaps the remarks most warmly echoed by the listeners were those from Father Roche. Parents are growing more and more to feel how much they owe Dr. Woodward for the opportunities of the present, and this sentiment was warmly and eloquently expressed by Father Roche. It was also pleasant to hear him mention with gratitude the Rev. H. A. Philbrook, through whose suggestion the Institute's able principal was secured. Rev. J. H. Yeoman was also mentioned as one who spared neither time nor strength in the cause. And Rev. Edward Norton, whom force of circumstances made chairman of trustees through the exacting period of the Institute's forum, deserved thanks and praise. Father Roche expressed himself toward all his associates in the trusteeship with affection and told how gratifying to himself personally had been the kindly consideration, cordiality and harmony existing among his co-laborers.

When the reverend gentleman finished, all felt the truth and force of his words, and that by them his own reputation for Christian courtesy, charity and good sense was by no means diminished. Another name Fr. Roche mentioned with gratitude in connection with the Woodward Institute was that of George L. Gill, who so ably cared for its finances and to whom their prosperous condition is largely due.

The writer ventures to add another name to those already mentioned that of Rev. D. M. Wilson. Many will remember the controversy in regard to making the Woodward Institute a purely industrial school and the firm, gentle, and dignified manner in which Mr. Wilson contended for the present curriculum.

At that time it seemed as though there was no room for another high school in Quincy, and the task of forming one difficult and useless. Time, however, has proved that Quincy's school-days are by no

means over and its already excellent institutions must be increased in number to satisfy the demands of our flourishing and promising city.

Rev. Mr. Wilder in a few well chosen words endorsed what had already been said. If fact all present felt as the Rev. Mr. Butler ably expressed it, the Woodward Institute fills a large place among us, and under its present regime may well be called a model school.

F. C. B.

CARD PARTY.

The whist party held by the Young Ladies Auxiliary was a very enjoyable and successful affair. The young ladies in charge are to be congratulated upon their handling of the affair, and the success should warrant them in holding many other similar parties. Refreshments were served during the evening. The following were present:

Miss Parker
Miss Teresa Cahill
Miss Julia Duffey
Miss Josie Cavanaugh
Miss O. Connor
Miss L. Hernan
Miss Trepanier
Miss Welsh, Weymth
Miss Annie Walsh
Miss Lizzie Walsh
Miss Katie Walsh
Miss Maggie Walsh
Miss Mary Walsh
Miss Annie Roche
Miss Katie Meaney
Miss Alice King
Miss Annie King
Miss Annie Kelley
Miss Annie Cahill
Miss Mary Conway
Mrs. John Ford
Mrs. C. Nichols
Mrs. M. H. Garrity
Mrs. Donahue
Miss Mary Gavin
Mrs. Nellie Mundy
Miss Lizzie McAuliffe
Miss Eagan
Miss White
Miss McGowan
Miss Gertrude Boyd
Miss Nellie Boyd
Miss Lamb
Miss Margaret Mandy
Miss Kitty McGinty
Miss Margaret O'Hara
Miss Collins
Miss John Ford
Miss Jennie Welsh
Miss Josie Daly
Mrs. Elcock
Miss Flynn
Miss Costello
Mrs. Phalen
Miss McNally
Miss Fannie McNally
Miss Maggie McNally
Miss Lucy Fieley
Miss Nellie Cahill
Miss Hannah Cahill
Miss Kelliher
Miss Annie Kelliher
Miss Hurley
Miss Sheahan
Mrs. Welsh
Mrs. Hartney
Miss Donahue
Miss Connelly
Miss Preston
Miss Preston

INTERESTING NOTES.

London has 75,000 street lamps, Paris 50,000 and New York 38,000.

The distance to the nearest of the "fixed" stars, as computed by Astronomer Ball, is 20,000,000,000 miles.

China has a war god to whom they have burned incense from time immemorial and who has over 3000 names.

There is a noteworthy preponderance of females in Sweden. The latest statistics show 148,668 more females than males.

There are six tunnels in the world which have a length exceeding 21,000 feet—St. Gothard, Mt. Cenis, Hoosac, Severn, Nochtongs and Sutis.

Constantinople has fifty newspapers, nineteen of which are dailies. Eight of them are published in Greek, seven in Armenian, six in French, five in Turkish and two in English.

We have received a handsomely printed descriptive pamphlet of the amusement enterprises of Mr. B. F. Keith. This gentleman has certainly done more for the pleasure-loving people of Boston and environs than any other, and his success is likely to continue.

ST. JOHN'S C. L. A. A.

Young Men's Ball!

First Grand Opening Concert and Ball at

TOWN HALL, SOUTH BRAintree,
Easter Monday Evening,
APRIL 6, 1896.

Concert from 8 to 9. Grand March at 9.
Dancing from 9.30 P. M. to 5 A. M.

ORCHESTRA—First Regiment Band,

A. L. BATES, Leader.

Caterer, WM. J. TALBOT of Boston.

Special cars will leave Quincy Centre every half hour from 7 P. M. Return cars will leave the Hall every hour after 12 M. Ticket holders are entitled to fare to and from the ball by presenting coupons attached to ticket. Cars leave Atlantic at 7.30.

Ticket, admitting Gentleman and Ladies, \$1.00. Supper Ticket, 75 cents.
Tickets for sale by members of the St. John's C. L. A. A., and at McGovern Bros.' and Southern's periodical stores.
The Boston College order of dances will be used.

1896. SPRING HATS, 1896.

ALL THE LEADING SHAPES.

Our
Stock
Is
Large.



Our
Prices
Are
Low.

Spring Style, 1896.

LOOK AT OUR WINDOW DISPLAY.

GEO. W. JONES,
ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

EVERYTHING UNDER ONE ROOF.

The W. H. Doble Co.,

Boots and Shoes,

Dry Goods, Groceries, Meats and Provisions,

AND A BAKERY.

Cor. Franklin and Water Sts., South Quincy.

A Store noted for first-class quality of goods and extremely low prices.

We Lead, *
Others Follow.

We have a special contract with the Quincy Art School Co. to furnish our customers life-size portraits. These portraits are finished by talented artists while giving exhibitions with the Stenor Air Brush. We exhibit at our stores only portraits which have been made on our Cash Cards.

A good thing don't last forever.
Get one of our Cash Cards.

D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.,

Greenleaf Block,
QUINCY.

Ellsworth Building,
EAST MILTON.

Have You Money to Waste?
Are You Willing to Save It?

The honest pharmacist may, without flattery, be called a benefactor of humanity. He spends a number of years in the thorough mastery of his profession and is a man of broad views, liberal education, and wide experience. The honest pharmacist, although in a sense he is a merchant, does not sink his profession below the level of a trade.

It is impracticable for everyone to have an intimate knowledge of drugs and chemistry, just as it is impossible for every person to be an expert electrician or astronomer—it is all a matter of education and experience.

The honest pharmacist is not "stuck up," he does not "own the earth," and he is wise enough to know it.

You will find Leonard J. Pastor, Ph. C., at THE PHENIX PHARMACY, 27 School street, Quincy. He is always courteous and obliging. You will have no cause to regret the time and trouble; it is more than likely that you will be pleased at making the acquaintance of the model pharmacist, Leonard J. Pastor, Ph. C.

It is needless to enumerate every article that is sold at The Phenix Pharmacy; it is enough to state that the stock of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, and Herbs is the most complete in this vicinity, while the selling price may be judged from the few prices submitted herewith:

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.....	.75	Cream Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil pre-	
Ayer's Pills.....	.20	scribed and used by members of the	
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.....	.80	medical profession. Contains fully	
Beecham's Pills.....	.20	50 per cent. of Lofoten Cod Liver	
Carter's Pills.....	.20	Oil. Per pint.....	.60
Cuticura Resolvent.....	.80	Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.....	.28
Greene's Nervura.....	.80	Full Weight Sedlitz Powders. Per	
Boschee's German Syrup.....	.62	dozen in tin box.....	.25
		Lowney's Chocolates, per pound.....	.50

Send us a Postal requesting our Special Rates for 1896.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The two new Coptic bishops, suffragan of the patriarchal see of Alexandria, will soon visit Rome to receive episcopal consecration.

His Eminence Cardinal Mertel has just completed his 90th year and has been congratulated upon the fact in a letter from the Holy Father.

Archbishop Corrigan has returned from the Bahamas. He left New York February 5, and arrived at Nassau February 9. During his stay there he confirmed thirty-six adult converts. The archbishop is in excellent health, although he suffered during his stay on the island from a severe cold.

The Oregon City archdiocese ranks as the second metropolitan see erected in this country, Baltimore, of course, holding first place. It was not until the following year that St. Louis was made an archdiocese, and thus more than local interest attaches to the anniversary which the Catholics of the northwestern province will, doubtless, duly celebrate when the time comes. To Boston Catholics this celebration will have an additional interest from the fact that the present incumbent of Oregon City is Most Rev. William H. Gross, the Redemptorist, who was at one time connected with the Mission church, in the Highlands, and has been a frequent visitor to the city since he was promoted to the episcopal rank; and always a very welcome one.

In the letter issued by him on the Armenian situation, Monsignor Azarian tells how the Catholics of that unfortunate country, while suffering themselves from the brutality of the Mohammedans, did all in their power to save their separated brethren, the Gregorian Armenians, who were especially singled out for persecution. "The admirable charity of our people," writes the Armenian Catholic patriarch, "has saved the lives of thousands of Georgian Armenians devoted to the most cruel death, and though their devotion has often cost them dear, they do not repent of a line of conduct which gives evidence of the truly Christian spirit that animates them. Thus the Armenian Catholics have fully shared as regards material losses the fate of their Gregorian compatriots."

The date of the next consistory is now put in April, and yet we read that Monsignor Sotoli has agreed to officiate at a religious ceremony in this country in that month. He is also expected to be in Rome for the consistory, so there must be a mistake somewhere. Probably the truth is that the date of the consistory is not known to anybody yet, and that all predictions as to its being held on this or that date are merely guesses on the part of enterprising Roman correspondents.

It seems that when the late Cardinal Manning was named the successor of Cardinal Wiseman in the see of Westminster, he did not believe that he would live long to wear the purple. In fact, it is said that when he saw the preparations that were being made for his consecration, he exclaimed that it was a pity to go to all that trouble for three weeks, which was the limit he put to his days then. He lived, however, to rule his diocese for twenty-seven years, showing that his apprehensions of an early demise were badly founded. When Leo XIII was elected Pope, in 1879, many who saw his frail appearance expressed the opinion that another conclave would soon be necessary, yet here it is 1896, and the Holy Father is discharging the duties of his onerous office with apparently the same facility and ease as he exhibited when he first assumed them.

The indications at Washington, where the dominant party in Congress has surrendered to the A. P. A., point to the withdrawal of all government aid from the Indian contract schools. Such a course will be a palpable violation of the agreement entered into by the government when it invited the churches to take charge of these schools, and promised its assistance in maintaining them; but the most solemn agreements count for nothing with the A. P. A., especially when Catholics are one party to them. The withdrawal of government aid will, of course, be to the detriment of the schools, but the Catholic church will continue her educational work at the agencies, all the same.

The Organist.

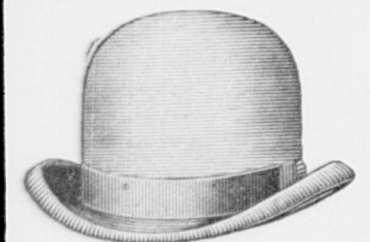
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TALKS WITH YOUNG MEN.

1.

There is a period in the lives of
young men when the struggle between
principles of honor and meanness be-
comes determined. It is generally
about the time when maturing youth
merges into manhood, a period that
lies somewhere between the ages of
eighteen and twenty-five. Then it is
that the consciousness of independence
from the restraints that have held
them in boyhood opens up new vistas
of life; new possibilities hitherto un-
dreamt of meet them at every step;
new lights of guidance in the path-
ways of the world beam out upon
them. It were well, indeed, should
those vistas not prove to be but idle
dreams, the fancies of romantic minds
that must eventually fade away like
mists before the sunlight of clear but
cruel reality; if those possibilities turn
not out to be gigantic endeavors in the
performance of which their weak
strength fails; if the lights prove not
to be as will-o'-the-wisps to lead them
into treacherous quagmires whence
they would wish to extricate them-
selves only when it is too late.

Who shall the guardian spirit be
that shall come forth into this twilight
of opening manhood to take the young
man by the hand and guide him into
ways that lead into regions of success,
of prosperity, of untarnished honor;
into a life whose earthly happiness
shall not be without the comforting
consolations of a conscience faithful to
its religion?

There is no lack of guides. They
crowd around the young man at that
point of life where the road divides,
and where the puzzling question
troubles his mind: "Which direction
shall I take?" Some there be whose
rough and swarthy countenances invite
to haunts of low roidism; and others,
some that with serious faces, as though
moved by nobility of spirit, would lead
the stranger into rebellion against all
good and lawful authority; still more
there be that meet him with a smile
and taking him by the hand would
guide his steps into the regions where
Sin sits upon a golden throne and dis-
penses prodigally those pleasures that
first delight, then poison and then
kill. Still other guides approach under
the garb of religion to entice the young
man; but their religion is false and
their only purpose is to rob his soul
away from protection of his God.

Who shall then save him from these
creatures that like vultures are hover-
ing about ready for the feast upon his
murdered carcass, like hyenas prowling
near with panting jaws and eyes full of
the greed of death? They have scented
him from afar off and they follow, if
perchance he is lured away into the
solitudes of the morass, where they
shall fall upon him and tear the too
confiding heart from out his bosom.

There is only one who can put forth
the hand that shall save. She stands
by with a smile upon her lips, but with
only one promise in her hands. She
demands implicit faith in her guidance;
and her promise will not be fulfilled
until the end of the journey. Her
promise is the open gateways of the
Kingdom of God; and she is the
daughter of God, the faith of his Holy
church. And I would like to show how
under her guidance the young man
may not only attain to the fruition of
that blessed end, but how he may do so
even unto the enjoyment of all earthly
pleasures, riches and honors; that he
may be not only a good Catholic, but
a success in business and a leader in
society.

THE IDEAL OF MANHOOD.

In all my experience with Catholic
young men I can safely affirm that I
have not yet met with one who was
radically and at heart wicked. I have
known many who have deflected from
the path of true morality, many who
have been guilty of grosser iniquities,
many whose misdemeanors landed
them eventually in the prison or peni-
tentiary. Yet I contend that even
these had within them an undercurrent
of goodness of heart and a real wish to
do right, and if they have failed in the
accomplishment of their primal intents,
their lack of success is to be attributed
only to the fact that they have never
known the art of enjoying themselves
within the limits of rectitude. There
has been no one to point out to them
the safe ways; they have struggled
blindly, and in their blindness have
fallen into the pit. They have been
imbued with false estimates of life;
they have learned from the mean sur-
roundings a wrong idea of the term,
"true manhood." Before, therefore,
I shall begin to point out those rules
which should guide our young men in
the struggle for social well being, I
would like to fix that principal upon
which all true manhood hinges. And
I do this all the more willingly as I
know that the chief idea of all our
young men lies in the attainment of
this very true manhood. They wish
to be men, and their very mistakes are
made in the striving after this ideal.

If they would but know wherein lies
the face and efficiency of this ideal we
would not have to complain of so many
ruined characters, so many blighted
hopes, so many homes made desolate.
But before I enter upon this subject
let me first call upon Nature herself to
show the position of man in her king-
dom, and the source whence he derives
his kingship over all other creatures
beside.

Have you ever, in the freshness of a
bright morning, walked upon the hills
that make the pride of our beloved
city? When you have enjoyed the
magnificent vistas, the great distances
of country and city that lie like pano-
ramas before your eyes; when you have
wondered at the results of years of
industry in diving down into the very
entrails of the mountains and hollow-
ing out great excavations for the pro-
duction of granite; when you have ad-
mired the progress of science in the
manufacture of monumental effigies;
when you grow tired of all this then I
would ask you to take into your hand
one little piece of our favorite stone.
Turn it over carefully; look at it; ex-
amine it. Then I would call your at-
tention to the fact that this stone is
but a mere lifeless mass. If you cast
it upon the ground, see how it lies
motionless where it fell. You say it
is dead, motionless, inert. Yet that
same stone is composed of the same
substance that composes all else around
it. It is composed of so many minute
grains of matter which, arranged in a
certain manner, gives to the whole mass
the substance of granite. Arrange the
atoms and molecules differently and
this piece of granite becomes iron, or
again silver or gold, or simple earth.
But in it all is dead, lifeless.

You stoop down to place the piece
of granite upon the ground and as you
do so your eye is attracted by a small
plant that grows at your feet. You say
to yourself: "this little plant differs
from that stone only in the different
arrangement of its atoms and mole-
cules." But a friend beside you dis-
pels your illusions. "No," he says:
"There is something in this plant
which is wanting in the stone, as in
fact, in all minerals. For if you throw
the stone here,—here it will lie for
hundreds of years unchanged save
where the raindrops shall have de-
stroyed some of its volume. But if
you let this plant, this young oak,
remain undisturbed you will in future
generations find that what will have in-
creased from a small shrub to a vast
forest." What makes the difference?
Simply, that this little plant, this blade
of grass, this weed has the first prin-
ciple of life, which is wanting in the
stone. Its life, it is true, is only the
lowest grade of life—still it is life
enough to raise it one degree above the
inert, dead existence of the mineral
creation. Its life is vegetable life—the
life of mere growth. And so, while
it is made up of the same matter as the
stone, iron, etc.,—differently arranged
as to atoms and molecules, yet it has,
over and above, the superadded ex-
cellence of vegetable life. You have
thus made the acquaintance of the
second degree in material creation.

But, as you turn to go away from the
scene you strike your shoulder against
the head of the horse that carried you
up the hills. You love your swift
trotter; you have boasted everywhere
of her prowess in turf and field. Now
the current of your thoughts leads
you to regard her in a new light. You
compare her with the stone and the
plant and you notice at once her im-
measurable superiority over both. You
say to yourself: "She too differs from
them merely in the arrangement of the
atoms and molecules of matter of which
she is composed." But your bitter
sense shows you something besides—
something that is not contained in the
stone, or the plant, while she contains
all that is contained in the stone and
the plant. She is composed of matter
like the stone; she has vegetable life
like the plant; but she has something
more. If you strike her with a whip,
she feels it; the plant does not, neither
does the stone; if you cry out, "whoa,"
she hears you; the plant does not, nei-
ther does the stone. What is the reason of
this? It is precisely because the horse,
like all other animals, possesses over
and above her material constitution
and vegetable life, the higher constitu-
ent of sensitive life, the life by which
she feels, hears, sees, smells and tastes.
You see that such a qualification raises
her, as all animals, immeasurable above
the mineral and vegetable creation.

But as you ascend into your carriage
and drive down the hills, the thought
will naturally come to your mind:
"What is my position in this wonder-
ful gradation of Nature? What is it
that makes me superior to this granite,
these forests, even to this magnificent
beast?" Like them you are composed
of matter—your forefathers who have
died before you are but a handful of
dust in their graves.—You have
vegetable life, for you are always grow-
ing or changing one way or another;
you have sensitive life like your horse,
for you feel all that effects these senses;
but you have something that none of

these others have. What is it that
makes you what you are? Your body?
No! If you had only a body you would
be no better than your horse, if even
as good. What is it then that makes
you a man? It is that inward principle
actuating all that you do and are—it
is that principle that makes you think
—that makes you distinguish between
right and wrong—and that principle is
your soul, and so what makes a person
a man is his soul—and so, true man-
hood is the appreciation and cultiva-
tion of all that goes to make up the
human soul.

This therefore is the principle which
I would set forth at the outset upon
which to build up all those rules which
will guide young men to the acquisition
of true manhood.

It is the soul which makes the man.
Would you have concrete examples of
this principle? Where would you find
one with better bodily conformation,
with more physical strength than John
L. Sullivan? Yet who would dare to call
him a man? A horse is better de-
veloped than he. A lion has greater
physical strength. J. L. Sullivan ac-
cording to every criterion of right rea-
son was but a brute, in human form.
So too are Fitzsimmons, Corbett,
Maher and the whole tribe. Men?
There is more manhood in the brute
that guards the barn than in all of them
taken together. Manhood means the
body actuated with intelligence. If
young men therefore would seek for
the first principle in the guidance of
their life work, let them know that it
lies in the cultivation of the powers of
the human soul.

The Peacemaker.

It was only a newsboys' fight, a
frequent occurrence on Park row;
cause unknown. This time it was
a three cornered affair. The big boy
and two small ones were punching,
biting and kicking each other to the
delight of a fast gathering crowd.
The big boy was getting a little the
best of it when the good Samaritan
with the long whiskers and eye-
glasses happened along and stepped in
to protect the weak against the
strong. Firmly he grasped the big
tyrant by the arms and pulled him
off; intention good; results disap-
pointing. In the brief moment that
followed both small boys got in two
swift blows each, successfully clos-
ing the big boy's eyes, and then ran
away. The crowd jeered in a threat-
ening manner. The Samaritan let go
his hold and disappeared in the pass-
ing throng. The spectators quickly
melted away. The big boy groined
blindly about for cold water.—New
York Tribune.

Do not fail to consult with William
Parsons & Co., the tailors, when you
are ready for your Spring raiment.

BORN.

McGOVERN—In Quincy, March 4, a
daughter to Mr. James P. and Mrs.
Mary E. McGovern, of South street.

MARRIED.

SHAY—BRANLEY—In Quincy, Feb. 18,
by Rev. John P. Cuffe, Mr. Edward Shay
to Miss Catherine Branley.

COLLINS—COLLINS—In Quincy, Feb.
11, by Rev. Ambrose F. Roche, Mr.
James T. Collins to Miss Margaret
Collins, both of Quincy.

WALSH—ORGAN—In Quincy, Feb. 12,
by Rev. Ambrose F. Roche, Mr. Edward
W. Walsh to Miss Margaret M. Organ,
both of Quincy.

STEADMAN—SHEA—In Quincy, Feb.
12, by Rev. John P. Cuffe, Mr. Richard
Steadman of Milford to Miss Annie T.
O'Connell of Quincy.

S'CONNELL—BLAKE—In Quincy, Feb.
18, by Rev. J. P. Cuffe, Mr. John
O'Connell to Miss Hannah M. Blake,
both of Quincy.

LEARY—MURPHY—In Quincy, Feb. 18,
by Rev. Ambrose F. Roche, Mr. Jerem-
iah Leary to Miss Ellen Murphy, both
of Quincy.

Misses FLYNN,

12 Hancock St.,

Have a large
assortment of

Fancy Articles

:: IN ::

Table Covers,
Bureau Scarfs,
Splashes,
Bibs, and
Tray Cloths.

Also a large line of

EMBROIDERY SILKS.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY.

This is the season when families are using
Canned Vegetables and Fruits. It is a well known
fact that we handle more goods in that line than any
concern south of Boston. Quality always guaranteed.

CAN.	DOZEN.
Jersey Tomatoes,	8c \$.90
Northern Tomatoes,	10c 1.15
Best Maine Corn,	11c 1.25
Good Corn,	8c .90
Marrow Peas,	8c .90
Early June Peas,	10c 1.10
Blueberries,	10c 1.10
Good Salmon,	10c 1.15
Extra Salmon,	13c 2 for 25c 1.40
Salmon Steak,	18c 2.00
Baked Beans,	11c 1.25
Baltimore Peaches,	12c 1.30
California Peaches,	18c 2.00
California Apricots,	15c 1.75

This is but a small part of our large stock and
variety which we are pleased to show our trade.

Boston Branch Grocery, Durgin & Merrill's Block

"Have You Heard"

of a man that goes around from
store to store trying on working shoes just for fun?"
"We'll cure him."

"How?"

"Why, put a pair of our Grain Shoes for
\$2.00 on him. He'll like 'em so well he won't let us
take 'em off."

GRANITE SHOE STORE, Quincy

H. A. FELTIS, Manager.

REGULATIONS
OF THE
BOARD OF HEALTH
Of the City of Quincy.

At a meeting held Feb. 20, 1896, the Board
of Health of the City of Quincy made and
adopted, and do hereby publish, the following
regulations:

REGULATION 1. No person shall collect,
remove or carry in or through any of the
streets, lanes, avenues, places or alleys with-
in the City of Quincy, the contents of any
cesspool, vault, privy or privy well, the
contents of any stable, dwelling house,
slaughter house, or other building in the city,
unless expressly licensed therefor by the
Board of Health, upon such terms and con-
ditions, and by such methods, as the Board
may deem that the public health requires,
and upon failure to comply therewith, the
license shall be forthwith revoked, and can-
celled. No privy vault or cesspool shall be
cleaned between 6 p. m. and sunrise.

REG. 2. No person shall deposit the con-
tents of any privy-vault or cesspool, or any
other filth upon any premises within the
limits of the city, without first having ob-
tained a permit to do so from the Board of
Health. Nor shall any cesspool for the re-
moval of waste water be within ten feet
of any house, unless the cesspool be
cemented water-tight. No privy-vault or
cesspool that is not water-tight shall be
maintained within the limits of any ward,
spring, or other source of water supply used
for drinking purposes.

REG. 3. No person, unless expressly
licensed therefor by the Board of Health,
shall collect, transport or convey, soil, fat,
grease, bones, or any decaying, putrifying or
offensive animal matter or vegetable sub-
stance through any of the public streets or
ways of this city, and then only in securely
covered vehicles or vessels, from which no
liquid matter or odors can escape.

REG. 4. All persons licensed by the Board
to remove the contents of privy-vaults and
cesspools, and all who collect and transport
soil, refuse and offensive animal or vege-
table substances, shall keep all carts, equip-
ments and implements used therefor, disinfected and free from all obnoxious or offen-
sive odors when not in immediate use,
and shall not allow the same to become obno-
xious or offensive to the public or to the
sanitary occupants of premises adjoining
those where the same are kept or stored.

REG. 5. No person shall place, or cause to
be placed, or empty, or cause to be emptied,
upon any street, way, lane, sidewalk, any
house dirt, filth or rubbish, any sewage, or
the drainage of any sink or stable, or the
contents of any cesspool, vault, privy or
privy well. No person shall cause any de-
cayed vegetable or dead animal substance
into any cesspool or privy vault, or any well,
cistern, reservoir, pond or waters within the
city, nor drown or cause to be drowned,
any animal in any of said waters. And the
carcasses of animals dead of disease or killed
for any cause, shall be buried at such dis-
tance from dwellings, or wells, or other
source of water supply that no danger or
nuisance can result; and no person shall es-
tablish or maintain any stable, swine pen,
privy, privy well, cesspool or sink drain
within six feet of any stream, watercourse or
pond in this city, without a permit from the
Board of Health.

REG. 6. The keeping of swine, goats,
cows or poultry in any part of the city where
such keeping shall be held by the Board of
Health detrimental to the public health or
offensive to the neighborhood, is hereby pro-
hibited, and after due notice by said Board
to the owner or person in charge he shall
forthwith remove the same or cause the
same to be removed, from any place at which
the keeping thereof shall be prohibited by
the Board.

REG. 7. No person shall burn, boil, try or
decompose any refuse substances, either animal
or vegetable, in such a manner that the
same shall evolve odors or substances offen-
sive to the public or to the owners or
occupants of adjoining premises.

REG. 8. Every occupant of any dwelling
house, tenement or other building in this
city shall keep such house or building, and
the yard belonging to the same, free from all
filth and from all substances having offen-
sive odors.

Whenever a vault, cesspool, barn or cellar,
or any building or premises of any descrip-
tion, becomes offensive, the same shall be
satisfactorily cleaned, ventilated and disin-
fected, by the occupant or owner within such
reasonable time as the Board of Health may
in a notice before prescribe.
Whenever the Board of Health is satisfied
on due examination that a cellar, tenement
or building within the city, occupied as a
dwelling house, has become by reason of the
number of occupants, want of cleanliness or
other cause, unfit for such purpose, the occu-
pants shall remove therefrom within forty-
eight hours after written notice has been
given them.

REG. 9. When a householder knows that
a person within his family is sick with small-
pox, diphtheria, membranous croup, scarlet
fever or any other disease dangerous to the
public health, he shall immediately give
notice thereof to the Board of Health, unless
he knows such cases have been duly reported
by the attending physician.

When a physician knows that a person
whom he is called to visit is infected with
small-pox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles
or typhoid fever, he shall immediately give
notice thereof to the Board of Health, unless
he knows such cases have been duly reported
by the attending physician.

REG. 10. No person from any dwelling
wherein a case of small-pox, diphtheria,
membranous croup or scarlet fever exists
shall attend any school, church, or public
gathering of any kind, or take any book or
magazine to or from the Public Library
without a permit from the Board of Health.
The Board will inform the librarian of all
cases of said diseases, and until a written
permit is given he shall allow neither books
nor magazines to be taken to or returned
from the dwellings where such cases exist.

REG. 11. In case of a death from small-
pox, scarlet fever, membranous croup or
diphtheria, burial must be made within
twenty-four hours, if practicable, and must be
strictly private; and the body must not be
exposed to view, or the coffin opened after
the body has been placed therein.

REG. 12. All cases of small-pox, mem-
branous croup, diphtheria and scarlet fever
must be isolated to the satisfaction of the
Board, and no visitors of any kind allowed.
After the sickness is over the rooms occupied
must be disinfected by the householder or
by the Board of Health, and any kind of fuel,
tightly closed and sulphur burned in the
at the rate of two pounds per one thousand
cubic feet of space. They must remain
closed from six to twelve hours, then opened
and aired thoroughly before further oc-
cupancy. The bedding must be well spread
out and exposed to the same sulphur fumes,
and all the furniture, walls, bedding, carpets,
etc., must be washed in a solution of carbolic
acid, chloride of lime or corrosive sublimate.

REG. 13. No child from a family, any one
of whose members is sick with small-pox,
membranous croup, diphtheria, scarlet
fever, measles or whooping cough, will be
permitted to attend school until six weeks
after the complete cessation of such sickness
in the family. If the child is further oc-
cupied immediately adjoining these in which
any of these diseases exist will likewise be pro-
hibited, unless by permission of the Board of
Health, and all children so prohibited, on
reason of sickness in their families, before
again attending school shall obtain a certifi-
cate from the attending physician and from
a member of the Board of Health, that all
danger of contagion is past.

REG. 14. Whoever has knowledge of, or
has reason to suspect the existence of a con-
tagious disease among any domestic animals
in this city shall forthwith give notice there-
of to the Board of Health.

REG. 15. Persons having the care or
custody of such suspected animals, and hav-
ing received a written or verbal order from
the Board of Health for their restriction,
shall neither sell, trade, nor in any way dis-
pose of them, nor move or allow them to be
moved from the place assigned, nor allow
other animals not already exposed to come
in contact with them till permitted so to do
by the State Cattle Commission.

NEW THEORY ABOUT HAIR.

Don't Cut It Often and You Save Yourself From Growing Bald.

"You are getting very bald," remarked the barber cheerfully and with exquisite tact.

The customer moved uneasily under his tormentor's clutch, and tried ineffectually to get a puff at his fast expiring cigar.

"Yes," mused the barber as he fondled the customer's few remaining locks and assumed the thoughtful and reposeful mien so often observed in tonsorial artists, "and you would hardly believe it, but I am largely responsible for your baldness."

At this the customer strove to rise, but could not, for he was lying on his back, one hand was locked under an apron, the other held a cigar, and he could secure no leverage.

"Yes, sir, I can tell you the whole truth now," resumed the barber, "because this thing has gone too far to do me any harm. I have been cutting your hair for 15 years, on an average of once a month. If I had cut it only once in six months, you would have twice as much hair as you have at the present time. And if I had cut it once a year, you would probably have a capillary adornment equal to that of Mr. Buffalo Bill."

"You see, the more hair is cut the weaker it becomes at the roots, and if the cutting is repeated often enough the roots will become so weak and degenerate that they will no longer be able to afford an anchorage for the hair. As a result, of course, the hair falls out, and you become bald."

"There are not many persons outside the medical profession who understand this. Some of the barbers do, but I have never heard of their saying anything about it to their customers. And I only tell you because I feel that you will not want your hair cut very often from now until you die, for the powerful reason that you have none to cut."

"Each little thread contains a slender tube, like the pith cylinder of a plant stem. It is by means of this tube that the hair derives its nourishment. Under natural conditions the hair is allowed to grow to its full length. Then the tubes do their work properly. But when the hair, with, of course, the tubes, too, is cut off, every few weeks, the roots are sure to become weak, and eventually they will lose their grip on the scalp."

"It is often said that cutting the hair will make it stronger, just like cutting grass. So it will for a time. Repeated cutting tends to make the hair coarse, but it is just this sort that falls out easiest and earliest. Women are seldom bald, for they let their hair grow. Did you ever hear of a bald Indian or a savage, unless he has been the victim of civilization? I guess not."

"Many a time I have urged customers to have their hair cut, so that it would grow out thick, I told them. I suppose that ought to weigh on my conscience, but we all have to live."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

English Officers, Past and Present.

The old fashioned captain was very often kindly and popular, and had excellent abstract intentions as regards his soldiers, but he never took the trouble to get really in rapport with them. Now the captain knows his company as a specially active curate knows his section of the parish. Of course, some officers are better than others in the work of getting a hold on their men, but, take the army as a whole, a very high standard is maintained in this respect. Between the intelligence and knowledge of the British officer of the present day and of purchase times there can, of course, be no sort of comparison. In old days many of the men who bought commissions for their sons did so purely for social reasons. Hence half the men who took to the army had no genuine vocation for soldiering as a profession, and could not be expected to work at it as it was the real business of their lives. Besides, men who had bought a commission as a sort of luxury had the feeling that they had a right to do what they would with their own. It is, indeed, not too much to say that the abolition of purchase did even more than its advocates dared to hope in the matter of improving the professional capacity of the British officer.—London Spectator.

Lemons For the Lungs.

Lemons are an excellent remedy in pulmonary diseases. When used for lung trouble from six to nine a day should be used. More juice is obtained from lemons by boiling them. Put the lemons in cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Boil slowly until they begin to soften; remove from the water, and when cold enough to handle squeeze until the juice is extracted, strain and add enough loaf or crushed sugar to make it palatable, being careful not to make it too sweet. Add about twice as much water as there is juice. This preparation may be made every morning, or enough may be prepared one day to last three or four days, but it must be kept in a cool place.

A DICTIONARY OF USAGE.

The Great Work of the French Academy Which Will Never Be Completed.

The principal occupation of the Academy, pursued without cessation, and having in its completion but a perpetual recommencement, has been the dictionary. I already hear the exclamation: "The dictionary! But that is surely a joke! The Academy will never finish it. After 250 years it has not yet completed the letter A!" I will therefore endeavor to dispel the confusion existing in many minds. The Academy has two dictionaries. One of these, which was begun in 1778, is the "Historical Dictionary," whose plan was suggested by Voltaire. It is a compilation of etymology and history, and of the variations in the significance of words set forth in numerous examples as attested by every French writer inclusively since the fifteenth century. Although this dictionary has in fact only reached the letter A, it has been published in an enormous quarto volume. It will never be completed. The Academy decided, some 12 years ago, to abandon the work.

There is, however, besides the "Historical Dictionary," a "Dictionary of Usage," wherein are given only the words with their different acceptations and short and decisive examples of ordinary use. From 1694 to 1878 seven editions of this work have been published, each radically differing from the others. Indeed, a language is constantly subjected to modification. The sense of one word is altered; another word is no longer employed; still another is created to meet a new requirement, as "telegram" or "bicycle," or a modern thought must find expression, as "decentralization" or "pessimism." It is the same with orthography, in which the constant tendency is toward simplification. In the seventeenth century one wrote, "il devoit;" in the eighteenth century, "il devait;" today we write, "il devait." The dictionary is framed as a standard, and hence, like a veritable labor of Penelope, must be begun again as soon as it is finished. In the matter of orthography the dictionary of the Academy is an authority in all institutions of learning, and it would be almost an impossibility for a printing office to diverge therefrom in spelling.

The office of the Academy is not to create but to register words of pure language and such as are usually employed, and while it acknowledges the privilege of all to create new words it retains the right to exclude neologisms from the dictionary wherever it may judge them to be barbarian or of very restricted usage. The work of this department is carried on by six members, named for life, who, assisted by the perpetual secretary, prepare the work. Each word is next submitted by the chairman to the approval of the assembled Academy. The discussions are occasionally exceedingly protracted, particular words occupying an entire session.—Forum.

How the Great Penguin Hatches.

It may interest you to know that the great penguin of the southern circle, standing with its head as high as a man's waist, hatches its eggs in a peculiar manner. These are not laid upon the ground and brooded on after the manner of most birds' eggs. The female lays two large eggs. The first she hands over to the male bird, the other she keeps. The egg is held on the upper surface of the large flat feet, and is pushed up under the waistcoat of thick feathers. It is there held close to the body, whose warmth gradually vitalizes the young bird. So tenacious are the parent birds of this grip that if you knock one of them over, it will fall on its back with its feet stuck stiffly out, still clutching the egg to its body.—Saturday Review.

Length of the Law.

Some faint idea of the bulk of the English records may be obtained by advertising to the fact that a single statute, the land tax commissioners' act, passed in the first year of the reign of George IV, measures, when unrolled, upward of 900 feet.

If ever it should become necessary to consult the fearful volume, an able-bodied man must be employed during three hours in coiling and unrolling its folds!—London Answers.

Just the Other Way.

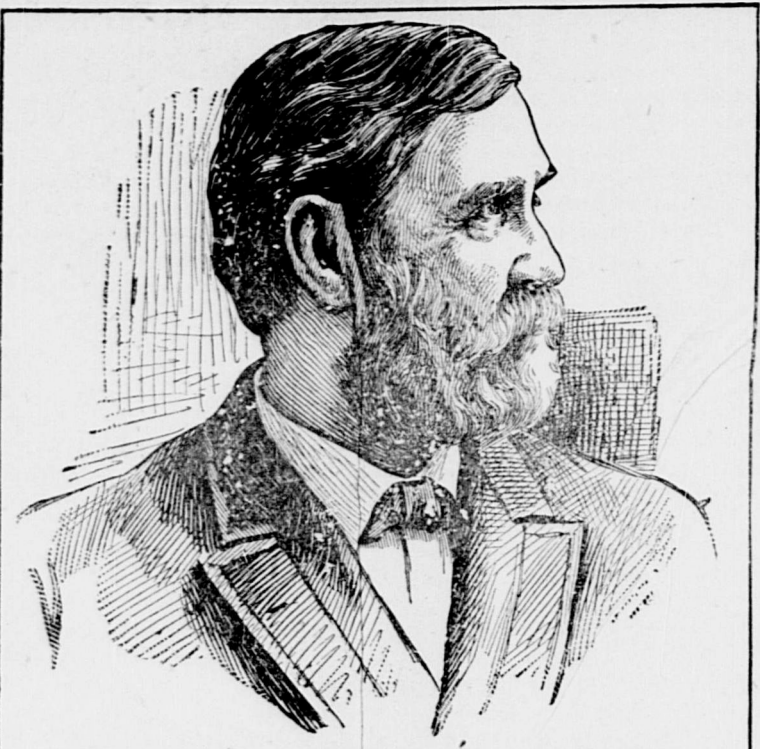
"What are all those knots tied in your neckerchief, Stimson?"

"Oh, they represent various errands my wife commissioned me to do."

"And you made them on purpose to remember?"

"No. On purpose to forget."—Detroit Free Press.

The weapon of the swordfish probably served as the model for one of the earliest forms of the sword. Many early swords, particularly among the marine nations, were edged with the teeth of sharks.



PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES—W. R. MORRISON.
William Ralls Morrison is a native of Illinois and is 70 years of age. He is a veteran of the Mexican war and the civil war and was wounded at Fort Donelson. In 1875 he was chairman of the house ways and means committee.

THE BISKRAN OASIS.

A Small but Beautiful and Busy Spot In the Sahara Desert.

The Biskran oasis, with its 150,000 trees, is only about two miles long, and extends in half a dozen little villages by the Oued stream. The Arabs, in their poetic phraseology, style it variously the Desert Queen, the Queen of the Oases and the Pearl of the Desert. Seen after two days' journey through barren, treeless wastes, with its waving palms and brilliant verdure, it is a sight difficult to rival. Biskra has several fine buildings, of which the town hall, built in the oriental style, with gleaming cupola and a forest of dainty pillars, is the gem. It cost \$26,000, and is cheap at that figure but, of course, labor here is had for a song.

The Oued Biskra flows through the oasis, and causes much of its prosperity. The chief industry is date raising, and nearly all the inhabitants own a little plot of ground devoted to this purpose, and generally their only source of revenue. Biskra owes much to the Compagnie de l'Oued el R'irh, who bored artesian wells and laid out vast date plantations.

They also erected a fine casino, and constructed a tramway to the celebrated Hammam Salahine, about six miles distant—springs well known to the Romans, whence Biskra was called Ad Piscinam. In consideration of all these benefits the company was granted various privileges. They are to enjoy for 99 years the profits arising from the springs and from 300 acres of land, besides a large town plot.

Biskra is practically the "key to the Sahara," and hence ever since the French entered, in 1844, has been an important military station. The lover of orientalism will find it here in a much purer form than in semi-Europeanized Algiers, and can also enjoy an almost perfect climate. The district, however, is not rainless, as is often supposed; on the contrary, in winter there is a fair share of rain, though not so much as in Algiers, where this is the weak point in the climate. Like Algiers, it is beautifully mild, there is no snow, and for the majority of the winter there is brilliant sunshine and a very even temperature. In the summer, however, it is almost uninhabitable. No one dreams of staying there unless military or other duty compels them. The heat is intense, the water noxious, and snakes and scorpions abound, whose bite often proves deadly in an hour. The country at this period is subject to plagues of grasshoppers, the ruin of all verdure and produce. A very annoying malady called "clon de Biskra," Biskra pimple, prevails, which is said to resist most treatment except change of air.—Westminster Review.

EPIGRAMS BY LINCOLN.

Lincoln was fond of illustrating his points, when speaking or writing, with homely metaphor or simile. These figures of speech were sometimes uncouth, but always strong.

When General Grant was accused of intemperance, the president answered, "If I knew what brand of whiskey he drinks, I would send a barrel or so to some other generals."

On one occasion, exasperated at the discrepancy between the aggregate of troops forwarded to McClellan and the number the same general reported as having received, Lincoln exclaimed, "Sending men to that army is like shoveling fleas across a barnyard—half of them never get there."

To a politician who had criticized his course he wrote, "Would you have me drop the war where it is, or would you prosecute it in future with elder stalk squirts charged with rosewater?"

When, on his first arrival in Washington as president, he found himself besieged by office seekers, while the war was breaking out, he said, "I feel like a man letting lodgings at one end of the house while the other end is on fire."

The Dancing Chancellor.

In Queen Bess' time Sir Christopher Hatton won his way to the lord chancellorship by his ability or agility in terpsichorean lines. He first attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth by his graceful dancing in a masque at court. He henceforth became a reigning favorite, and his promotion was rapid.

He was successively made a gentleman of the queen's privy chamber, captain of the board of gentlemen pensioners (the bodyguard), vice chamberlain and a member of the privy council. This delight of the queen to honor him caused much envy. Complaints were uttered that, under the existing government, nothing could be obtained by any others than "dancers and carpet knights, such as the Earl of Lincoln and Master Hatton." On the death of Lord Chancellor Bromley, the queen offered Hatton the great seal. Even while chancellor, Sir Christopher exhibited his skill in dancing. Attending the marriage of his nephew and heir with a judge's daughter, he was decked, according to the custom of the age, in his official robes, and when the music struck up he doffed them, threw them down on the floor, and saying, "Lie there, Mr. Chancellor!" danced the measures of the nuptial festivity.—Buffalo Times.

The English "Homers."

Bardley's "English Surnames," edition of 1875, has the following statement at page 223:

"Our classical looking 'Homers' are the naturally corrupted form of the once familiar 'le Heaume,' he who fashioned the warrior's helmet."

A note adds:

"The old Norman word was either 'healme' or 'heuma.' The more ordinary term for the former now is 'helmet.' Hall, writing of the battle of Bosworth Field, after mentioning the fact of the armies' coming in sight the one of the other, says, 'Lord, how hasty the soldiers buckled their helmets.'"

"Manekyn le Heaume" occurs in the rolls of parliament. The other day I saw "Homer Herring" above a shop door in Brighton. Perhaps the former is a surname; let us hope so.

Surely Omer & Joram, the drapers in "David Copperfield," are not forgotten. Dickens never coined names.—Notes and Queries.

The Reward of Giving Advice.

"You," said the careworn individual, "are the man who told me that the right way to succeed politically was to trust the people."

"I am," admitted the theoretical philosopher.

"Well, I done it. And not one of 'em will pay up. And the sheriff's got my saloon. And I'm going to lick you."

And brute force once more triumphed over philosophy.—Indianapolis Journal.

Too Often True.

Miss Northside (to her brother)—Do you know, Fred, that no fewer than four men want to marry me?

Fred—All right, sis; may the best man win.

Miss Northside—You don't know much about such things. A bride does not marry the best man.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Nice Drink.

A.—Come and take supper with me.

B.—I can't, old man. I'm just married, and my wife expects me home to coffee.

A.—What, you drink coffee? Why, I always thought you drank tea at night.

B.—Oh, my wife cooks it so that no one can tell the difference.—Fliegende Blätter.

The orthodox Hebrews date from the creation, which event they place in the year B. C. 3760.

FOUNDATION OF GOOD SOUPS.

The General Stock Pot Represents the Best System—To Clarify Stock.

Stock is the foundation of all good soups. The most economical system is to adopt the general stock pot. Into this any odd scraps of meat, bristled, broken bones, the shank of a ham, trimmings and bones of game and poultry of all kinds may be thrown. In this way nothing is wasted. Salt meat alone is not good for the purpose. To the general stock pot add onions, sliced carrots, turnips and herbs, and seasoning such as spice, salt and pepper. Stew all together for hours until of a rich consistency; then remove from the stove and let the stock cool. When cold, the fat will have settled on the top and can be easily scraped off and set aside for future use. Bones will cause more fat to rise than will meat.

Replenish the stock pot constantly. Never allow it to be neglected, for even if the contents grow beyond your present needs you can boil them down to a glaze, which is always useful in the kitchen. In making stock you may average the rates of quantity at, say, two pounds of meat without bone to two quarts of water. The less water the richer the stock. Vegetables should not be thrown into the general stock pot until the ingredients are to be boiled, or they are apt to turn the liquor sour.

The water in which mutton has been boiled is very useful in making stock, and a hint worth remembering is never throw away the water in which either rice, macaroni or barley is boiled. It is thick and good and makes an excellent foundation for soup. In making stock, as the water boils away you can add more, and when the liquor is poured off by adding yet more water you will make a second stock.

To clarify stock take the whites of a couple of eggs to four quarts of stock and half a pint of cold water. Break 2 fresh eggs, separate the whites from the yolks, and whisk the former in a basin with half a pint of cold water for 10 or 12 minutes. Pour the mixture into a stewpan and add the boiling stock gradually, whisking all the while. Set the pan over the fire, and when the contents are near boiling point whisk again, draw the stewpan aside, and let all settle till the whites of the eggs are separated. Strain through a cloth. With good stock as a foundation a variety of soups may be made.

Spring Millinery.

Fancy and rough straws in a great variety of colors are to be worn. It is quite remarkable to see the variety with which the simple straw hat is invested. There are dozens of shapes. Here you will find the trim straight, there curved; while, again, this crown will be indented, another will be round, and a third will be straight.

A novel idea for cycling wear is expressed in a hard felt riding hat, with



FOR CYCLING AND OUTDOOR SPORTS.

A simple brim and two speckled quills at the side. For all weathers, the club straw sailor hat is worthy of attention with its waterproof ribbon and gray wings. A third shape, in felt, very becoming and soft to a degree, is appropriately trimmed with shaded yellow quills tied with a black bow. But the same style can, of course, be bought in any color, looking exceedingly well in white felt or in a light biscuit tone.

The fashion which has prevailed for some time of wearing the hat well forward on the head still continues. The new hats are tilted over the eyes and the hair is worn fluffy to give the desired breadth below. Flowers are to be worn in profusion, roses especially. Rhinestones and pearl buckles, and steel ornaments of all sorts will be used, and some of the untrimmed straw hats have coronets of sequins. Glace chine ribbons of different widths will be a specialty of summer millinery, and both hats and bonnets will be trimmed with bows of black lace which has a white design on it.

In Cold Weather.

If susceptible to the cold, make a point of wearing loose clothing in cold weather. Loose garments are always warmer than tight fitting ones, not only because they allow room for circulation, but also because they permit a layer of air between the skin and the outside cold.

Silverware For Housekeepers.

Designed especially for woman's convenience are the silver teapots, with compartments for two kinds of tea.

In silverware anything that is old or has a semblance of being old has great value at present.

"Reading candlesticks" are in silver plate, and their special feature is a reflector.

That old fashioned industry of knitting is now practiced with modern needles of gold.

From lamps to candelabra and candlesticks is a natural transition, and of these there is a splendid variety in Empire, Sheffield and other designs.

The gallery tray of highly polished wood and surrounded by a silver lattice rail will remain in fashion as long as the colonial craze prevails.

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If they do and you desire first-class work at reasonable prices take them to
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19 Franklin St., South Quincy.
Hand-Sewed Work a Specialty.
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CHARLES H. JOHNSON,
Houses to let in all parts of Quincy.
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Wheels! Wheels!
Sterling,
Relay,
WE HAVE THE
The highest grade wheel on the market (Price \$100), and the
City Bicycle Agency,
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THE STAR OF EMPIRE.

HAS IT GOT AS FAR WEST AS COLORADO?

Census Figures and the Center of Intellectual-Interview With Two Wide Awake Congressmen-Some Political Forecasts. The Prospects of a Combine.

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, March 10.—The Populists have been mightily tickled of late by some census figures as illuminated by the latest school reports, and I must own that they have reason to be so, for said figures go far to prove that the mind center of the United States is the center of greatest Populist strength, and that as one goes down the list that party's vote decreases until, in the regions of greatest ignorance—New Mexico, the black belt and the great cities—there is



virtually no Populist party. Radical silver men may be counted with the Populists, as the two classes are getting together so fast here that a common man cannot discern the difference. Everybody knows, of course, that in its white population Colorado is the most intelligent commonwealth in the world, the B. L. B. (Busted Lung brigade), as they call it, containing many thousand scholars but south of the great divide are the Mexican counties, which lower the average frightfully.

New Mining Theories.
Hon. John F. Shafroth, who defeated Lafe Pence and represents in all probability more well educated people than any other member of congress, is a very young looking man for 42, a sanguine, blond and exceedingly pleasant gentleman, and in the course of a long talk with me he said: "You old fellows just ought to come out now and study some of our new camps, for they falsify all your prophecies and knock the bottom out of your old science. Cripple Creek is the great camp at present, and it's a curiosity from every point of view. Formation? Ah, there you are on the old theories of 20 years ago! Why, there is no formation. The gold is where you find it, as Job said, or as the miners now translate Job. If you want to understand that camp, take a big mud puddle and see how it dries up and how the mud cracks irregularly under a hot sun. Well, that's about the way the seams run in Cripple Creek district winding about and breaking off suddenly to right or left without order or regard to science. I have seen ore from there that looked just like mud. A great deal of it looks like silver ore, and some like iron rust, and so on. Much is said there about a new ore called sylvanite, but I am not versed in the science of it."

"It is one of the oldest camps in the country, too, and has been abandoned three times, I believe. You must know at the start that it is right in the old Pike's peak district, and, among the many theories, one is that this gold is merely what is left in deposit of an original and big lode. As the veins have no order, and the dip varies a good deal from the perpendicular, the miners prospect at random and strike ore below in such unexpected places that they feel justified in boring through barren rock most anywhere in the field. In 1888 there was some flurry about it, but scientific men were so unanimous and emphatic that there could be no gold there that people wouldn't believe said it. Long after the last opening, and when the case was clearly proved, it was generally thought in Denver to be the trick of a mortgage company which had foreclosed on a big lot of land there. So many other goldfields present equally novel features that all the old scientific theories are upset, and you may elaborate Job's poem on wisdom a little and make it read this way: Surely silver is found in veins and is therefore of regular supply and of stable value, and in places there is gold where they find it."

No Gold Inflation.
"And is the world entering on a great gold inflation, as so many promise us?" "Surely not! It is nonsense on its face. You know how such things run by temporary excitements. So long as the world is on hundreds of companies spend millions of dollars in getting out \$5 rock a cost of \$10, hoping that the lode will soon develop into paying rock. The company loses money, but it adds to the gold yield while it lasts, but by and by the fever abates, and they all quit, and only a few mines are permanent. Again, while the fever is on all interests combine to assist it, and the reports are all favorable. Just read the mining news which appears in the summaries of the New York Sun and see how long you must look to find a statement that is not favorable. And this South African foolishness, the Kaffir circus—it's as bad as John Law business. And, oh, my, what a smash there will be when it breaks down! But suppose that Laveleye is right, and that South Africa will soon yield \$200,000,000 per year and all the rest of the world \$100,000,000 more. That would not be an inflation. The money part of it would not keep even with the increase of population and production, for at least two thirds of it goes in the arts. Indeed Mr. Giffen went far to prove in London that

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CONGRESSMAN SHAFROTH.

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other day that all the present yield goes in the arts, and that only old gold is re-coined.

"It is nonsense to compare it with the inflation of 1850-5, when the world's greatest yield in one year was \$155,000,000. Not one man in 500 then carried a gold watch, and a gold breastpin attracted notice in a church and in some churches criticism and admonition. Besides, the international trade of the world is four times what it was in 1850 and increasing at the rate of over \$1,000,000,000 a year in spite of low prices. Why, it would take at least \$600,000,000 a year for ten years to catch up with the deficit and outrun the growth of trade. When the goldbugs talk that way, they destroy their own case, for if, as they say, the quantity of primary money does not affect trade and prices, what good would the increase of gold do? Take that argument of Mr. Patterson (of Tennessee), the other day, that we used nothing but gold in 1850-60 because it was cheaper, and that it was our most prosperous era. He admits by that that we have a moral and legal right to use the cheaper metal; that we did then use it, and that the use of it made us prosperous. That's all any silver man claims."

Mr. Shafroth politely declined to prophesy on the immediate political future and the union of silverites and Populists. "I am," said he, "all at sea and considerably discouraged. The silver men have all the argument, but the other fellows hold the fort, and it will be hard to oust them."

Hon. John C. Bell, the Populist Colorado member, more than made up for Mr. Shafroth's reticence as to politics, for I found him in the highest glow of anticipation and beaming with hope for the future. He is confident the straight Democrats will be the third party in the next house; that a combination is already an assured success, and that all the silver elements west of Ohio will come together at the great St. Louis amalgamation in July and organize a party that will sweep the west and south. He gave figures galore to prove this and many other good things too tedious to mention.

"As to Colorado," said he, "it is really wonderful how many good things there are in it which we never suspected until recently. Except seaports and navigable rivers, it has in itself every element for a great nation. It seems to eastern people that our valleys are small, but that is only because of their contrast with the mountains and the general size of the state. Why, we have one valley as big as Massachusetts, and every foot of it fertile land, as much good land as three New England states. Some of our little parks that we don't mention are bigger than Rhode Island. And as to intelligence, of course some kinds of ignorance are not shown in the census, like that of New York city, for instance, where there are 1,000,000 people as ignorant of the rest of the country as the Chinese are of us. As to the political combine, it is just as much a fixed fact as that of the old abolitionists



CONGRESSMAN BELL.

and anti-slavery Whigs was in forming the Republican party. A good many Populist papers stood against it for awhile, but they are fast coming in, and we shall give the goldbugs a mighty lively tussle next fall."

Hon. William Baker of Kansas is not quite so enthusiastic as some Populists, for, as he says, he remembers many times when the people have been swayed this way or that regardless of their interests, and if there is but a little gleam of prosperity this year thousands will, as usual, think their troubles all over, and that gold is the only money for a great nation. Hon. O. M. Kern of Nebraska is quite positive the time has come for a complete realignment, even if the Populist party has to surrender its organization and become an element of a bigger one. As to Senators Allen and Kyle, the public is familiar with their views, as they were the original organizers and promoters of the combine. As to the attendant Populists not congressmen, they are the most enthusiastic set of fellows I ever saw, and none of them thinks of having less than 100 members in the next house. Good judges in the old parties concede them about 40.

Now, I do not apprehend that any old party man, especially any Republican, will be badly scared by this Populist array, but I thought it well to set it forth, as the possible birth of a new party is always interesting, and even for a skeptical old party man the figures these men rely on are well worth studying. To begin with, there are in the states west of Ohio 38 districts now represented by Republicans in which the combined vote of Democrats and Populists, even in the bad year of 1894, exceeded that of the Republicans. In most of them the disparity is remarkable, as in the Second Washington district, for instance, where there were five candidates and the successful Mr. Hyde received considerably less than a third of the votes. It also appears that the Republican majority in this house was chosen by but a little over one-third of the possible voters, and of course the combine expects to get all the stay at homes of 1894 and nearly all the kickers as the action of the present congress besides.

J. H. BEADLE.



MISS VIRGINIA FAIR.
Miss Virginia Fair, the California heiress, started for Europe recently. On the same ship was H. Maitland Kersey, and rumor has it that the couple will return to this country as husband and wife. Miss Fair is one of the richest women in America. Mr. Kersey is New York agent of a big steamship line.

PROTECTING THE HORSE.

The Method in Vogue in Kansas in the Early Days.

"If one will stop to consider," said Henry J. Crocker, "it will be recalled that the horse has always been accorded more protection than any other animal known in the history of America. A person who stole a horse in early days was hanged for it, as his value to civilization was above price.

"I think the funniest story I ever heard touching on the horse was told me by an old minister who went out on the plains of Nebraska to establish a few missions among the Indians and settlers. It appears that after he had been in the state a few weeks he was waited upon by a long, gaunt fellow who wanted to know if the gospel leader wanted to join the Brownsville Horse Thief club. He was a little surprised at the suggestion at first, but upon being informed that the objects of the club were not exactly what the title suggested and that it was an organization for the purpose of protecting members' horses from thieves concluded to join and put up his \$5 admission fee. In a few days he received a notification that there would be a meeting of the club at a place named and that his presence was wanted.

"He was on hand, and as he was the last one to enter the door was closed behind him and locked. The president of the club banged his fist on the desk and rising said: 'Members of the Horse Thief club, St. Barton's brown mare has been stolen. I hereby appoint Jack Thomas and Jim Bowers to go on the trail and report next Saturday. The meeting is hereby adjourned.'

"With as little ceremony as it was opened the meeting broke up and the members departed without further comment. The minister was prone to make inquiries regarding the method of dealing with the issue before the house, but received no satisfactory information. On the morning of the following Saturday he was notified to be present again and complied. Arriving at the meeting place he found the same men there again. Jack Thomas and Jim Bowers were there also, having come back the night before. Again the president put his fist on the table with a bang and called the meeting to order with 'We are now ready to hear the report of the committee of two.' Bowers got up, threw a end of tobacco behind him and answered, 'We met the horse thieves two miles this side of the Kansas line, all of which is respectively submitted.' The meeting is adjourned,' howled the president with another smash at the desk, and the members filed out perfectly contented.

"The minister this time was thunderstruck. 'Did Mr. Barton get his horse back?' he asked.

"Certainly," responded a big fellow.

"Well, what did they do with the thieves?"

"Nothin'."

"Can it be possible that they will not be brought to justice?"

"Oh, that'll be all right, parson."

"Well, what did the committee of two do after they came up with the offenders?"

"Left 'em where they fell, for the coyotes."

"This, gentlemen," concluded Mr. Crocker, "shows how the horse used to stand in early days."—New York Tribune.

He Thought.

Business Man (to his new clerk)—

What became of the letter that was on my desk?

Clerk—I posted it, sir.

Business Man—Posted it? You idiot! Why, there was no address on it.

Clerk—I know, sir, but I thought you did not want me to know who you were writing to.—Pearson's Weekly.

TURKEY'S TREASURY.

A Peep Into the Rooms Filled With Precious Jewels and Gold.

The poverty of Turkey is notorious. The debt of the country runs high into the hundreds of millions. All things are taxed. The customs duties never get into the hands of the sultan, however. They are paid to the foreign bondholders, and the tribute of Egypt goes almost directly to England. His majesty is supposed to be poor, but his private expenditures have amounted always to many millions a year, and there is a vast amount of money tied up in the jewels of his treasury. It was through the private secretary of the sultan that I got access to this treasury.

Guarded by Turkish soldiers, and accompanied by officers whose swords clanked over the marble floors, I wandered about room after room filled with jewels and precious stones. I feasted my eyes on cases loaded with enough gold plate to have broken the backs of half a dozen government mules, and I broke the tenth commandment many times as I examined the jewels, which, by the way, are kept behind glass. There is at least a peck of big diamonds in this treasury. There are quartets of pearls of all shapes and sizes, from the little seed as big as the head of a pin to the great iridescent beauties the size of a hickory nut.

There is one famous emerald which is as big as your fist, and there are enough watches which are set with pearls and diamonds to fill a two bushel basket. There is a golden cradle, covered with precious stones, in which the children of seven different sultans are said to have slept, and I counted a dozen hand mirrors, with frames of gold and setting of emeralds, rubies and diamonds.

There is an armchair of solid gold, set with precious stones, upholstered with a satin cushion embroidered with pearls. This chair is kept under a glass case, and it has a little gold footstool in front of it. There is a toilet table the top of which is made of lapis lazuli, and the feet of which are claw shaped, the claws being made of diamonds, emeralds, rubies and caruncles. Big diamonds hang down from the top of the table, and along the edge of it there is a deep fringe of diamonds.

Another wonderful thing is the collection of bed quilts, which are embroidered with pearls. Take the quilt of a wide bed and cover it with pearls of all sizes, from those as big as a pin's head to some as large as the fattest chestnut; string thousands of such pearls into all shapes, so that they cover the quilt with embroidery, and you have some idea of the kind of bedclothes under which the most famous of the sultans of the past have slept.

And then the collection of armor! Upon one sword hilt I counted 15 diamonds, each of them as big as the top of a man's thumb, and there were other swords set with all kinds of jewels. There were saddles embroidered with pearls, with stirrups of silver. There were pipes set with diamonds. One case contained the costumes of the sultans of the past, each of which blazed with precious stones. Of the gold plate there were dishes of solid gold big enough for a baby's bathtub, and there were plates, cups and saucers, tureens and pitchers, massive and heavy, made of this same precious metal.—New York Journal.

Trustful Nature.

To know that there are some souls, hearts and minds, here and there, who trust and whom we trust, some who know us and whom we know, some on whom we can always rely and who will always rely on us, makes a paradise of this great world. This makes our life really life.—James Freeman Clarke.

ABOUT BOOKCASES.

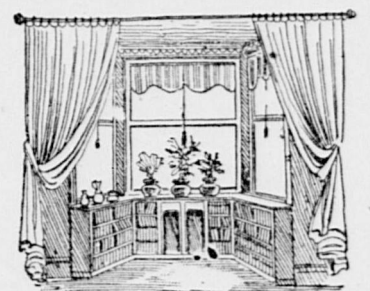
WHAT TO DO WHEN SPACE FORBIDS A REAL LIBRARY.

An Arrangement With Silk Panels For Artistic Drawing Rooms—The Lazy Man's Bookcase—Converting a Dresser Into a Bookcase—For the Boudoir—Oddities.

In some artistic homes the difficulty about having bookcases in the drawing room has been solved by making them of oak stained green, with broche silk panels and green velvet top pieces, instead of leather and reed blinds in place of glass. Many protest strongly against glass and claim that it does not keep out dust—it keeps it in. Moreover, glass doors are not easily opened.

To the indolent man is commended the conversion of the bow window into a dwarf bookcase. A few shelves fixed to the wall will contain many books, and on the upper shelf, prettily covered with a strip of good embroidery, a collection of pipes, tobacco jars, pens and ink can be kept. A flap attached to the top shelf, and easily raised or lowered, could be used as a writing desk and with the addition of a luxurious reading chair the cheerless bow window would become a delightful "cozy corner."

Medium sized sideboards—when selected with a view to the accommodation of books instead of china—afford, with few alterations, admirable book-

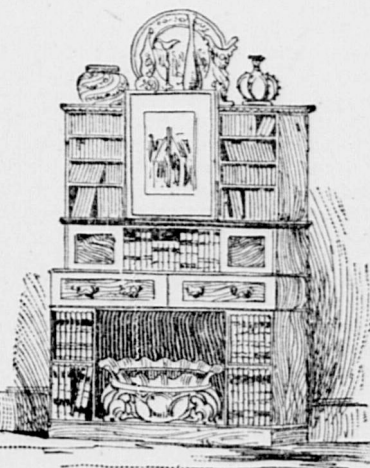


A BOW WINDOW BOOKCASE.

cases for the family or sitting room. In the large deep drawers weekly papers and account books—dear to the heart of the ideal housewife—can be neatly kept, while the quaint shape of most of the dressers tempts one to mingle pictures and plates with the books. In the space underneath the placing of an old copper jar for waste paper is suggested.

In the recess that one so often finds near the fireplace a corner bookcase may be fitted, and it is very decorative. Almost every cultured woman has an ideal room thrust away in the background of her aspirations to which she approaches as near as fortune and opportunity will permit her. Some women delight to have new furniture designed for their particular apartment and exclusive use. Others, again, go forth into the lanes and byways in search of antique treasures that have already lived many lives in many homes. To these the Chippendale bookcase, with its dark triangular shelves, appeals with peculiar force.

Numbered among oddities in bookcases are those made to match the books. A remarkable instance is that of an Englishman who had a strange fond for books. He had them bound in colors, which, according to his theories, suited their characters. For instance, he had all theological books bound in red, because of the blood shedding they had caused; science in gold, since most of it is based on the discoveries of seekers for the aurum potabile; poetry in green, to hint that it is man's spring offering. In order to carry out these fancies, he had bookcases to match—mahogany for



OAK DRESSER BOOKCASE.

the theology, gilded walnut for the science, oak stained green for the poetry, etc. One bookcase was a hodgepodge of colors, and the bindings were rainbowlike—the books, he told, were of the class called "curious" in catalogues.

Important Points About Coffee.

If you desire the best possible cup of coffee, brew the coffee in the berry and brown and grind it at home. As a rule, coffee is overroasted. The moment the berries acquire a golden brown tint and the top of a man's thumb, and there were other swords set with all kinds of jewels. There were saddles embroidered with pearls, with stirrups of silver. There were pipes set with diamonds. One case contained the costumes of the sultans of the past, each of which blazed with precious stones. Of the gold plate there were dishes of solid gold big enough for a baby's bathtub, and there were plates, cups and saucers, tureens and pitchers, massive and heavy, made of this same precious metal.—New York Journal.

One Recipe For Cream Candy.

Half a cupful of cream and 2 cupfuls of powdered sugar; boil 5 minutes in a granite kettle counting from the time it boils all over. Place the kettle in cold water and beat it until stiff enough to hold candied fruit. Add quarter of a pound of candied fruit, cut fine, and pour the cream into a narrow bread pan, buttered or lined with paraffin paper. The second layer is the same, using in place of the fruit a teaspoonful of vanilla, and one small square of chocolate melted. The third layer is colored pink with cochineal and flavored with chopped almonds. The fourth layer is like the first.

THE KEROSENE LAMP.

Directions For Taking Care of Bowl, Burner, Wick and Chimney.

To be perfectly satisfactory and fulfill its mission of adding to the comfort and pleasure of home, a lamp requires a great deal of systematic and scientific consideration, which it does not always receive.

Taking care of the lamp is for many an unpleasant duty, which is slighted whenever opportunity permits, in consequence of which the lamps often gain a reputation for smokiness and dimness which they do not deserve. According to The Household, authority for the following, the secret of satisfactory light is cleanliness. The bowl of the lamp should be completely emptied from time to time and thoroughly washed out with hot water and soda. Care must be taken to have it thoroughly dried before pouring in the oil, otherwise there will probably be a most startling succession of splutterings when the lamp is lighted.

The burner of a lamp requires attention. It should be rubbed daily with a chamois, and soda should be applied to the burned looking spots. Boiling in water and soda every fortnight will keep them in good condition. All the charred part of the wick should be removed daily. Some housewives claim to have better luck when they rub the charred part off with a cloth. The annoying flicker of the flame is usually caused by bits of the burned wick which adhere to the burner. Boiling the wicks in vinegar and allowing them to dry thoroughly before using will improve the flame and help to prevent smoking.

The chimneys may be toughened by placing them in a basin of cold water and allowing them to remain until the water boils. After this treatment the chimneys should not be wet. They may be cleaned by breathing on them and then rubbing with soft paper. Dry soda will remove discolorations. The smoky appearance of some glass may be improved by rubbing with dry salt. Many chimneys come to grief through being screwed on too tightly. No room is left for the expansion of the glass by the heat.

If the wick be turned low when the flame is extinguished, it will help to keep the lamp in good condition. A lamp should never be lighted if it is less than three-quarters full of oil. When there is only a small quantity of oil in the lamp, an explosive gas is generated, and if unable to escape it only awaits the lighted match or the carelessly turned down wick to explode, scattering the oil and burning everything within reach.

Unique Kitchen Table.

A kitchen table that can be constructed in the home workshop resembles in form an office table. The desk. The open space in front allows the housewife to sit down to her work as occasion permits. The drawers are spacious enough to hold a large variety of groceries, the spicebox, the eggs, the sugar, the salt, the flavoring extracts and the dozens of other things, including the mixing spoons and measuring dishes that come into use when cooking is being done. Cooking is robbed of half its labor when everything is right at hand. When more space is needed upon the top of the table, a "leaf" can be inserted, made and fitted after the fashion indicated in the cut, from the Philadelphia Farm Journal, which tells that clear pine, oiled and thoroughly shellacked, is the best material for the construction of kitchen furniture.

Egg Soup For Colds.

A German cure for colds known as egg soup is made as follows: Beat up the yolk of an egg in a pint of water; put in a little butter, with 2 or 3 lumps of sugar and a tablespoonful of good whisky or rum; set the dish on the stove and stir all the time it is over the fire. When it begins to boil, pour it backward and forward between a saucepan and a pitcher until it is smooth and has gained a froth.

How to Mend Gloves.

If you wish to mend your gloves neatly, turn them inside out and sew them over and over with fine cotton thread. Silk seems to cut the kid. If there is a tear, set a piece of kid under it and secure it with a few stitches; if you have not the kid of the right color, use a bit of ribbon or silk. Save the best part of the old pair to mend the new. Court plaster will mend a break nicely, but always stiffens the kid.

An Item In Salad Making.

It is not necessary to have fresh and green things for all salads. The cold cooked vegetables may be utilized—asparagus tops, peas, beans, cold potatoes and beets, cut in cubes, or any of them, mixed together with a few capers and sliced olives. The dish for any salad should be rubbed inside with a raw onion.

Odd Mention.

Choice lamps; this season, are in bronze and reflect Japanese designs. Jam pots and biscuit boxes of ivory were please with their rich gold decorations.

There is no suggestion, either for comfort or elegance, that has not been expressed in table silver.

Dainty little cut glass dishes now come for Camembert cheese. The glass dish fits into a little silver standard and the openwork silver cover allows the proper ventilation.

If a few drops of oil of lavender are scattered through a bookcase in a closed room, it will save a library from mold in damp weather.

Sets of china are no longer necessary; each course has its own individual style. Belleek porcelain, made in this country, attracts deserved attention with its artistic designs in relief gold and enamel.

HIS TEMPTATION.

HOW ST. PATRICK REWARDING PATSEY FOR RESISTING IT.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.]
 "Och, whiskey, y'are th' devil!
 Y'are ladin me astray,
 Over hills an' mountains,
 Tin thousand miles away."

It was a rollicking voice that caroled out the words as the singer strode over the turf toward Miles Flanagan's little cottage in the early dawn. The very larks listened and seemed to warble the louder to drown the music of that rich voice. And it was a rollicking lad that sang as he hurried along toward his sweetheart's house. His tone, his bright smile, his very step seemed all to tell of a light heart if not of an altogether clear conscience.

Then, as he came nearer the cottage and marked the thin blue smoke that curled up from the peat fire inside, he changed his song:

"Kathleen, Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill."

Inside the cottage Miles was just pushing back from the table, after his early breakfast, while pretty Kathleen was bustling about, helping her mother with the household work.

His eyes twinkled when he heard the singing outside, and he said roguishly,



HE WATCHED THE LASSIE OF HIS CHOICE COMING TOWARD HIM.

"Ye'd better let th' old woman finish the housework, an' get on with your milkin', hadn't ye, Kathleen?"

"Sure, there's no haste," said the girl, tossing her head, but blushing prettily. "The kine may wait while I help my mother."

Miles laughed good naturedly, but said no more. Presently he went out. By the stile, down toward the cowshed, stood a well-shaven, sturdy young fellow looking anxiously at the house. Thereupon he waved his hand, and called out, "The top o' the mornin' to ye, Patsey."

The young man touched his cap. "The same to you, Mister Flanagan," he said cheerily, and the farmer turned in the other direction.

"It isn't me he wants," he chuckled to himself.

And the song went on:

"Och, hast thou forgotten this day we must sever?
 Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
 It may be for years, and it may be for ever;
 Oh, why art thou?"

But at this moment the cottage door opened and Kathleen came out with her milk pail. Good Mrs. Flanagan inside had seen the tears that came to the girl's eyes as she listened to the song, and there were tears in her own as well as she looked fondly after Kathleen.

"Sure, it's a sore heart she has the day. God love the childer, they have their own trials."

Patsey's heart was swelling with emotion as he watched the lassie of his choice coming over the turf toward him, but his were the feelings of the man. The girl's heart seemed almost breaking for she had the woman's part to play. It was for her to sit at home and wait while he should cross the seas to find somewhere in that great new world a home for them both. And this was the day he was to start.

It was the old, old story told again. He was full of pride, hope, courage and devotion. She had all his hope, all his devotion and more pride in her lover than he had in himself, which was not necessary, for Patsey thought extremely well of himself, as perhaps he had a right to. But she knew the weary waiting in store, and she knew, too, something of his weaknesses. And there was the pain of parting. It was hard for both, but hardest for her.

Their talk was too sacred to repeat here, and the milking was slow work that morning. At length it was done, and the two went back to the cottage where Patsey had to say goodby to his staunch friends, Kathleen's father and mother.

That was no quick work, either, and it was well along in the morning when Miles, gripping his hand very hard, said: "When ye have a home for her, Patsey, she'll come to ye, an' not altogether empty handed. An' may God deal wi' you as you deal wi' her."

And Patsey said "Amen," and meant it.

Then the very last words were to be said, and the maid and the man stood by the stile together.

And Kathleen whispered: "Patsey, dear, I heard you singing half a mile away this mornin'. Don't sing that other song again."

His face flushed, for he understood her, but he answered gently: "A wee drop o' the crathur'll hurt no man, mavourneen. Why, I was drinkin' wi' the boys half the night, when they gave me a goodby, an' I'm fresh enough the mornin'."

"That's it, Patsey," she answered quickly. "A wee drop hurts no man, but don't sing that song."

Again he understood, and so did she when he said solemnly, "I never will."

And he never did, but one day, long after, he heard another man sing it, and the sound of it was very good.

The writing of many letters is not a habit that peasants are much given to.



By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells,



but once a month or so after Patsey went away young Larry Rooney, the old postmaster's son, in the little Irish village, used to grit his teeth and go out by himself somewhere, so that he could be alone, and curse bitterly for awhile. For about so often Kathleen used to send a letter to Patsey Cassidy or else get one from him. And her frank happiness was gall and wormwood to Larry, who wanted her himself, but who could never have won her love in any case, for, although his father was well to do and Larry was his heir, he was a ne'er do well, and Kathleen knew it.

It was not so much that Larry stole a letter or two now and again and tore them up and danced on them in impatient rage. Treachery and disappointed love have made many a scoundrel do that before and will again, as long as letters are sent by mail. But he did a meaner thing by far.

It was something he could not have done if he had not found another man as black of heart as he, and willing to sell himself to almost anything for money. Michael Dennis, he was, a young man from the same village, who had shipped as a stoker on some tramp steamer. Larry met him one night in Dublin, and this was the pretty plot they hatched up together over a bottle of whisky. Michael was to do the work, and Larry was to pay.

"The ship'll be in New York this summer," said Mike, "an' I'll hunt up Patsey an' tell him I danced at your wedding. All you have to do is to sip the letters."

Patsey had been in the new country a year. It was not very easy at first. He did not pick up money in the streets, nor did he even get steady work from the very beginning. But his bright, happy nature and quick wit made him friends, and it was not very many weeks before he got a job with a building contractor and being a clever carpenter was soon earning good wages.

Then came the modest deposit in the savings bank and the weekly additions to it, and presently a snug balance that made the home for two seem near at hand. And Patsey was steady and industrious and hopeful and happy.

They never knew whose fault it was that the scaffolding gave way, and Patsey was not one to sue his boss for damages, especially when the boss seemed sorry and helped him some with his expenses. So, after two months in the hospital, he found himself cured indeed, but still weak, and the little hard in the bank dwindled down to almost nothing.

That was hard enough, but he could have borne it bravely if Kathleen's letters had not stopped. No answers came to any of his, and even a letter he wrote to Miles and another to Larry, his old playmate and companion, remained unanswered. Never for a moment doubting his sweetheart's good faith nor suspecting treachery, he was sorely puzzled and anxious.



SOME ONE BEGAN SINGING.

The good natured clerk in the big postoffice had just told him for the twentieth time at least that there positively were no letters for him, and Patsey was walking away heart sick and almost despondent for the first time in his life, when somebody clapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Cassidy, me boy, how are you?"

It was Dennis, and though Patsey had no love for him the sight of his face was like a vision from heaven. Grasping his outstretched hand, he returned the greeting and breathlessly asked, "Have ye any news from home?"

"I have that," said the other, "but ye'll not like the hearin' o' it."

"What is it?" demanded Patsey fiercely.

"Is Kathleen sick?"

"It's worse nor that."

"She is not dead?"

"No, but she's married."

"Ye lie in yer throat!" And Patsey reached for him to strangle him.

"Aisy, aisy!" said Dennis, dodging him. "I tell ye she married Larry Rooney two months gone. I danced at her wedding."

"Ye are a liar," said Patsey again, but he ground as he spoke. If it was a lie, why had not Kathleen written?

And, then, why should Dennis tell such a thing if it were not so?

"Come in an' have a drink," said Dennis, "an' ye'll feel better. Sure, a girl that jilts a man's not worth grievin' over."

And he led the way toward a bar-room near by. Almost mechanically Patsey followed. He felt stunned and unable to frame questions at the moment, but there were things he must ask, and why shouldn't he drink if Kathleen had proved false?

So he poured out his whisky and was lifting the glass to drink when some one in a back room began singing:

"Oh, whiskey, y'are a devil
 Y'are leadin' me astray,
 Over hills an' mountains,
 Tin thousand miles away."

Patsey listened with his glass uplifted. As the song went on he felt Kathleen's arms around his neck, and her warm breath on his cheek. The parting was too real. Anything and anybody else in the world might be false, but not Kathleen.

Down went the glass. "I'll not drink," said Patsey. "An' I'll not believe a word ye say. An' when I can prove ye the liar I'll break every bone in yer body." And he walked away, utterly indifferent to the other's blustering protestations.

The next day was the 17th of March, and poor Patsey groaned as he thought of it. "St. Patrick is my patron saint," he said to himself, "but what can he do for a poor devil like me? Sure I'd better go 'list for a sojer."

But he didn't enlist. People can't always do all the mischief they try to, and the mail had come out of a little Irish village one day when Larry Rooney was too drunk to watch it, so that St. Patrick's day the postman brought a letter from Kathleen that cleared things up considerably.

And the next St. Patrick's day was even happier. No letter came, but Kathleen came herself. And the little home was ready. And they are living in it yet.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

Unpopular With Friends and Foes.

A lieutenant colonel in the Irish brigade was dispatched by the Duke of Berwick to Louis XIV with an account of some irregularities among his troops at Fort Kiel. His majesty, considerably annoyed, exclaimed:

"These Irishmen give me more trouble than all the rest of my soldiers."

"Your majesty's enemies make the same complaint," rejoined the officer.

Difficult Instructions to Follow.

The grand jury of the county of Tipperary once passed the following resolutions:

1. That a new courthouse shall be built. 2. That the materials of the old courthouse be used in building the new courthouse. 3. That the old courthouse shall not be taken down until the new courthouse is finished.

AT THE GATE.

In the warm, health giving weather
 My poor pale wife and I
 Drive up and down the little town
 And the pleasant roads thereby.
 Out in the wholesome country
 We wind from the main highway
 In through the wood's green solitudes—
 Fair as the Lord's own day.

We have lived so long together
 And joyed and mourned as one,
 That each with each, with a look or speech,
 Or a touch, may talk as none.
 But love's elect may comprehend—
 Why, the touch of her hand on mine
 Speaks volume wise, and the smile of her eyes,
 To me, is a song divine.

There are many places that lure us:
 "The old wood bridge" just west
 Of town we know—and the creek below,
 And the banks the boys love best.
 "Beech Grove," too, on the hill top,
 And "The Haunted House" beyond,
 With its roof half off, and its old pump
 Adrift in the roadside pond.

We find our way to "The Marshes"—
 At least where they used to be—
 And "The Old Camp Grounds," and "The Indian Mounds."
 And the trunk of "The Council Tree."
 We have crunched and splashed through
 "Flint Bed Ford."
 And at "Old Big Bee Gum Spring"
 We have staid the cup, half lifted up,
 Hearing the redbird sing.

Then there is "Wesley Chapel,"
 With its little graveyard lone
 At the crossroads there, though the sun
 Sets fair
 On wild rose, mound and stone . . .
 A wee bed under the willow—
 My wife's hand on my own—
 And our horse stops, too, . . . and we hear
 Of a dove in undertone.

The duck, the dew and the silence!
 Old Charley turns his head
 Homeward then by the pike again,
 Though never a word is said—
 One more stop, and a lingering one—
 After the fields and farms—
 At the old tollgate, with the woman I wait
 With a little girl in her arms.
 —James Whitcomb Riley in Ladies' Home Journal.

Whiskers From the Sea.

There is a marvelous marine growth called sertularia, which has the appearance of a delicate bush, although its slender stalks or fibers are built up by thousands of minute animals, something as the coral polyp builds up coral. It is found in clumps and bunches on wrecks and stones and elsewhere, and sometimes it is torn loose in storms and driven ashore. The many thousands of tiny creatures which have built it up and inhabit it die, and the dead bush is called a skeleton. Its fibers shrink some now, and so they are even finer than they were. They may be a foot in length, sometimes nearly two feet. They are brown, some bunches being dark and some of a lighter shade.

As the children of the carpenter adorn themselves with shavings from their father's work bench, so do the children of the fishermen with the sertularia cast up from the sea. Its fibers are pretty nearly straight, so they cannot be made to serve as ringlets, as curly shavings do, but the girls take the longer, finer bunches, which are usually the lighter in shade, and make of them long brown tresses. The boys make great mustaches of the sertularia, and flowing Dundreary whiskers and sober beards. In wandering along the shore one might come upon a stranded boat hauled high above the tide and with her side stove in, perhaps, so that she would not float, but occupied by a dreaming youth in sertularia beard and mustaches, who imagined her a gallant ship and himself her bearded commander.—New York Sun.

Jupiter's Double Moon.

The most wonderful of all the remarkable things which nightly come within range of the powerful modern telescopes is the double moon which continually circles around and around Jupiter, the "giant of the skies." This astronomical oddity was not known until after the great Lick telescope was put in position on Mount Hamilton, the discovery of the tiny satellite only dating back to 1891. The first hint of the presence of this "moon of a moon" was given when one of the Lick observatory men reported that one of Jupiter's satellites appeared to be casting a double shadow on the giant planet's surface. From that time forward for some weeks a sharp lookout was kept, and at last the observers were rewarded in getting a glimpse of the curiosity—a tiny dot of a moon revolving around another moon, both held in position by the great Jupiter.—St. Louis Republic.

Entirely Superfluous.

"Papa," said Mr. Kajones' youngest, leaning over his chair and stroking his iron gray hair, "you've bought bicycles for the others, and I ought to have one. I'm big enough to ride it now."

"H'm!" exclaimed her father, "how many machines have we in the family?"

"Only four."

"Only four, hey?" replied Mr. Kajones. "Only four! Do you know, my dear, there is nothing in the world quite as useless as a fifth wheel?"—Chicago Tribune.

The child taught to believe any occurrence a good or evil omen, or any day of the week lucky, hath a wide inroad made upon the soundness of his understanding.—Watts.

Some flowers, like those of the yeast plant or of the common mold, produce seeds in a few hours after blossoming.

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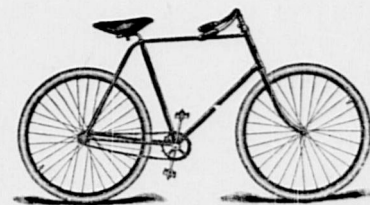
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Quincy Monitor.

VOLUME X. NUMBER 4.

QUINCY, MASS., APRIL, 1896.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

QUEENLY ISLE OF THE SEA.

Eloquent Tribute to the Past and Present
Ireland by John W. McAnarney, Esq.,
at the Banquet of the Irish Charitable
Society on Tuesday Evening, March 17,
1896—The Struggles of the Past Portend
Success in the Effort to Gain the Right
of Self-Government—Religion the Bul-
wark and Strength of the People—
Illustrious Names in Irish History
Given Their Just Meed.

At the banquet of the Irish Charitable Society at the Parker House, Boston, on St. Patrick's night, Mr. John W. McAnarney was one of the speakers, delivering the following eloquent speech, which received the hearty plaudits of his auditors and the encomiums of the press:

MR. PRESIDENT, MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN:—Every nation has its mission from the God of infinite wisdom. Upon each is stamped a character which finds expression in the life of its people, and for unwavering fidelity to lofty ideals of religion and patriotism, pre-eminent among all stands the "Queenly Isle of the Sea," whose name we greet and honor to-night.

And as the toast calls only for a response to the undying spirit of Irish Nationalism, I shall with much regret forebear to speak at length of the magnificent fidelity of Ireland to religion, which is the keystone in the arch of any nation's permanence or greatness.

I shall not detain you by even an epitome of the devotion and heroism exhibited by her many martyrs, or by her ruined shrines, cathedrals and cloisters. I shall not delay you by the slightest attempt to narrate the God-like charity, the Christ-like love for humanity manifest to the remotest parts of the world by her thousands of noble priests and bishops, those apostles of true liberty whose lives are the radiance of that divine light of Faith which "illuminates every man that cometh into the world," and which gives to all who receive it aright "peace which the world cannot give," that peace "which surpasseth the understanding" of the votaries of Mammon.

Neither is it my privilege tonight to dwell with most reverent homage upon the angelic sweetness, the heroic beauty of the life which the sacred virgins consecrated to God have ever devoted to the sanctification of our race. 'T would be superfluous, absolutely unnecessary to remind any man here of the debt of gratitude due from the whole world for the inestimable treasure of their labors and sacrifices in schools, in asylums, in hospitals and upon the battlefield. The Sisters of Charity, of Mercy, and of Notre Dame require no eulogy from mortal lips. All men, all nations, recognize them as God's angels upon earth.

So to come without delay to the subject of Ireland's nationality. Let us consider that it is a fact, undeniably proven, that Erin has been a nation nearly three thousand years.

A thousand years before the incarnation of Our Lord, a race of men inhabited Ireland and formed a nation skilled in all that makes a people prosperous and happy. Ireland had a government, king and parliament three hundred years before Romulus, the founder of Rome, was suckled by the she-wolf in the marshes adjacent to the Tiber.

She was centuries old before Plato was born; Pericles, Aristotle, Alexander the Great, the long list of Roman kings and emperors, are of but yesterday when compared with the antiquity of Irish nationality, and co-equal with their magnificent devotion to religion is their sublime determination to "bear all things, to hope all things, to suffer all things," rather than to yield in the slightest degree one iota of their love for freedom and independence.

What wonder, then, that self-government for 2,300 years was hardly a fitting preparation for a supine submission of Erin's fair limbs to the manacles of slavery?

Against the fierce and warlike Danes and Norwegians did she wage incessant war during 300 years. We, who have but recently emerged from the agony of civil war, which endured scarcely one-hundredth part of Ireland's struggle for life, can but faintly realize what prodigious vitality, what sublime heroism must have been Erin's, before she cast the enslavers back into the sea.

Then dawned the darkest day in Ireland's history. Scarcely was she free

from Danish oppression than bitter gloom of English invasion settled upon Ireland and for 700 years, in the language of a recent writer, her people have been "robbed of the right to make their own laws, despoiled of their lands upon every frivolous pretext or upon none at all, transformed from a simple military and farming people, whose island has been the University of Europe when learning languished in the continent, transformed into a nation of stubborn, wretched and intrepid rebels, whose career for 700 years has been an alternation of secret conspiracy and open insurrection, trampled under the cavalry of penal laws, the iniquity of which the genius of Burke confessed itself unable adequately to characterize and prostrated by a long succession of raids, of famines, of subsidies, of confiscation. Its virtues punished as crimes, its weaknesses, follies and crimes rewarded as virtues—its brave spirit strangled a thousand times. Its vitality reduced by hunger, and wasted by compulsory immigration. Its churches forfeited to a foreign crown, its schools abolished and exterminated, its leaders banished or sent to the scaffold, buried in poverty and illiteracy under a pyramid of statutes. Why should a people thus pursued know anything of its past except its horrors, or cherish anything so much as a bitter and imperishable resentment?

The sentiment of this toast is "Erin's cry for centuries has been a protest against that supreme act of injustice by which she was deprived of her existence as an independent nation."

A protest? In the name of God, why not? Enjoying for more than 2000 years, the blessing of self-government, endowed by Almighty God with numerous and magnificent sea-ports, her territory washed by a multitude of beautiful and copious rivers, with agricultural opportunities unexcelled, with immense mines of coal and the finest iron in the world, her mines of gold and silver, her vast treasures of lead and copper, her splendid quarries of slate, granite and marble, with every natural gift for the production, manufacture, use and exportation of all materials necessary for a nation of enormous wealth, why should she not protest when crushed and ruined by accursed foreign oppression.

Why should she not protest? Her bravest and brightest sons torn from her loving embrace and scattered broadest throughout a cold and heartless world. A world permeated and impregnated with all the malevolence that British hatred and British gold could induce.

Bereft of her manhood, Erin beholds her children supreme in the armies of both hemispheres, sublime in their courage and compelling by the grandeur of their heroism the amazement and admiration of the universe—manifesting in other countries and under other laws all the military, moral and intellectual virtues requisite to make their motherland a magnificent nation.

The Queen of the Western Ocean beholds in the coronet of the stranger, the priceless gems which ought to gleam resplendent in her own diadem.

And proud as I am of my birth in the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, still do I envy those who can repeat in very truth these lines of the immortal Davis:

"She is a rich and rare land
O, she's a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land,
This native land of mine.

"No men than hers are braver,
Her women's hearts ne'er waver,
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

"Could beauty ever guard her
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border
No friend within it pine.

"O, she's a fresh and fair land
O, she's a true and rare land
Yes, she's a rare and fair land,
This native land of mine."

Erin is yet in bondage, notwithstanding her prodigious wealth of native resources, despite the valor of her noblest warriors, despite the military genius and mighty valor of Hugh and Owen Roe O'Neill; of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, or of Ireland's greatest soldier, the ever admirable Patrick Sarsfield.

All in vain the immortal genius of Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Grattan, Curran, Daniel O'Connell and Charles

Stewart Parnell, each in his time endeavored, like Moses of God's chosen people, to lead the Irish race out from the yoke of the modern Pharaoh and out of the house of bondage. But the mighty Joshua, the great captain chosen to crown their work and to establish the Republic of Ireland has not yet appeared upon the horizon to herald the radiant sunburst of Freedom's day.

"Her exiled sons have enlisted in her behalf the aid and sympathy of all true lovers of liberty and justice." Inhaling with every breath the glorious air of Freedom's own land—with every thought permeated by the spirit of the American Constitution, with lives growing grander and broader by contact and association with Columbia's noble sons, endowed with the majesty of American citizenship. We cry out for Liberty for Erin. We demand justice. We ask undaunted for her, laws worthy of manhood, worthy of this century, worthy of the best sentiment in the civilized world, worthy of a Christian nation.

True, indeed, it is that the sympathy of the world is a blessed thing.

Its influence has been marvellous and has effected much amelioration of Ireland's countless woes. But from the limited scope of my poor knowledge of the past, I am convinced that Ireland can never obtain her independence until England changes her present form of government and erects the glorious structure of liberty for her own subjects and for Ireland, upon the ruins of the House of Lords. This aggregation of infamy mentally and financially incapable of justice to the masses, will contemptuously spurn and defeat Erin's aspirations for freedom just so long as the vile organism has strength to strike with its deadly fangs. Would to God that it may be Ireland's privilege, to be the means of crushing the head of this serpent beneath her heel clad with the armor and vengeance of liberty, so long denied. Would to God that to Erin may be granted the eternal glory of annihilating the monster of iniquity that has all too long sucked the life blood from the manhood of England and Ireland.

Between these two nations no conflict need exist. England should no longer consider Ireland a dreaded competitor for the world's trade or a rival to be destroyed. America, Germany and France might better exorcise her fears. If every stream and brooklet in Ireland were to murmur with delight in the gladness of turning the wheel of a hundred mills or factories. If every splendid harbor contained a hundred steamships and white-winged sailing vessels laden with the richest products of which Erin's fertile bosom is capable, protected and ennobled by the flag of the Irish Republic waving in loving joy and triumph. If the millions of English capital now greedily for hazardous Egyptian, Turkish or African schemes could be directed and applied to the development of the magnificent agricultural, mineral and commercial resources of Ireland, what a superb era of prosperity would dawn for both countries. May God speed that day.

And it must dawn! Moore's prophecy must soon be fulfilled:

"The nations have fallen and thou art still young,
Thy sin is just rising when others are set,
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet."

And in so more fitting words can I close than in the language of our own King of Irish poets, the ever-loved and venerated John Boyle O'Reilly:

"Ah! We call thee Mother Erin,
Maker thou in right of years,
Mother is the large fruition, mother in the joys and tears,
All thy life has been a symbol, we can only read a part
God will flood thee yet with sunshine for the woes that drench thy heart.
All thy life has been symbolic of a human mother's life
Youth's sweet hopes and dreams have vanished and the travail and the strife
Are upon thee in the present, but thy work until today
Still has been for truth and manhood, and it shall never pass away.
"Justice lives though judgment lingers, Angels' feet are heavy shoes,
But a planet's years are moments in the eternal day of God."

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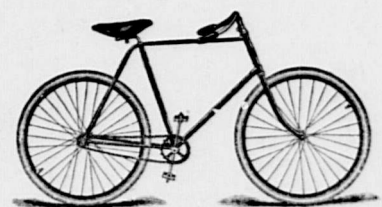
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Seasonable Thought Fresh From the Pens of Famous Men and Women—The Ring of Verse, the Pearl of Sentiment From Poets, Novelists, Playwrights—The Text of an Archdeacon and the Motto of a Great Surgeon.

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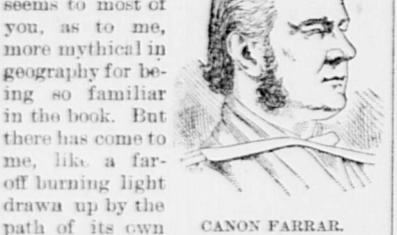
But this is cheerful—the promise of sun and summer is in the blood. We begin to long for the outer air. The birds



and the four-footed ones, all nature, and the gypsies are up and on the road again. Spring does her new bonnet, so tender in color, so capricious in creation that no Paris dame may eclipse her. "This Easter. How will you have it? On the blithehood or the serious side? What thought does it ring in your hearts? The birds in yours, buds and primroses in yours, but in yours there is no forgetting the dead and gone winter. So this and that and the other, and never a one alike—thoughts of the great story, souvenirs of the cross, remembrances and expectations which in this season of crosses are no crosses but joys.

Yes, but confess. The east—the far-off Bible country, the land of romance and fairy tales, the scene of the life of Christ—seems to most of you, as to me, more mythical in geography for being so familiar in the book. But there has come to me, like a far-off burning light drawn up by the path of its own reflection, like a distant dream become embodied, a souvenir from Christ's grave—flowers from the way of dolor, found about the holy tomb, so the inscription says. It is a crucifix—a sign of the cross done in pressed flowers, the many colored flowers and leaves of the country—and it came to me even through the medium of the prosaic poet from a modern pilgrim in the Holy Land. And the hero of the divine story never seemed so akin to any other martyr to human joys and sorrows as at this time of Christian-ity turned inside out.

The telling of this has drawn me unconsciously near another subject, one bearing most directly on this offering of Easter sentiment. That religious drama, "The Sign of the Cross," has become the fashion. By it even the pulpit has been seized as an advertisement for the stage. Sun-



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, day texts bear on it. Its greatest admirers and defenders—alas, that the best we have to give needs defending!—are learned divines. I was reading all this in the English press when it occurred to me that a man who had put so much of his riper experience and thought on a play of this character could give an Easter thought to the public world reading. How apt a response Mr. Barrett made to my suggestion may here be seen:

"What is this world? A little tarrying place, a tiny bridge between two great eternities—that we have traveled from that toward which we go."

"The Sign of the Cross."

A fitting link to this Easter chain, or so it seems to me, is that added by one of the great English divines. Venerable Frederick Farrar, D. D., F. R. S., a canon of Westminster and rector of St. Margaret's, is widely known as a writer on Bible subjects. Canon Farrar dates from Canterbury the following simple text:

I say with Robert Browning, "God, thou art love—I build my faith on that."

F. W. FARRAR.

Following this most happily are these

musical lines from the popular pen of Mrs. Wilcox. The verses discover their own beauty. For young people fond of clipping they make a charming autographical souvenir of the season:

A truth that has long lain buried At superstition's door I see in the dawn uprising In all its strength once more.

It stands in the light transfigured: It speaks from the heights above. Each soul is its own redeemer; There is no law but love.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Admirers of that happily edited collection, "Songs of This Century," lovers of dead and gone poets and those who have breathed more deeply over the freshness and originality of "Earth's Voices" will be glad to listen to the following song from the same pen. Of it EDGAR FAWCETT, Mr. Sharp says in explanation:

The only Easter lines I have ever written. They are from an unpublished and probably never to be finished drama—of a priest self slain through doubt in his faith:

THE BELLS OF EASTER. [Song of Father Ambrose in "The Priest's Tragedy."] I hear the bells of Easter Across the windy sands, And the sea waves are the whippers Of the rejoicing lands.

But in my heart is silence, Although the heart commands— Oh, sounding bells of Easter, Would ye were saving hands!

WILLIAM SHARP.

Perhaps because Mrs. Moulton and the English editor William Sharp seemed by their tributes to the memorable work of poor Marston, I follow with this chanting Easter quatrain fresh from the author's pen. Surely it rings its own message of solace even to the heart of the doubting priest in the foregoing song:

Shall blossoms greet the spring? Shall birds come home and sing? And shall the longing soul Not find its heavenly goal?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Easter could not be expected to arouse religious enthusiasm in Mr. Fawcett. But as no side of a question is thoroughly aired unless all sides be, and because a sense of the happiness expected of the season at least pervades this writer in common with the rest of us, I avail myself of permission to quote him just here:

Alas, I have no Easter sentiment! All religion is to me superstition, and Easter would scarcely be the proper time at which to say so. Very truly yours, EDGAR FAWCETT.

And in contrast come these lines from the author of "Helen's Babies":

All men, whether good or bad, are so sure that they could be better and happier in some other state of existence that the doctrine of the resurrection, the central idea of the Easter celebration, is the most comforting promise that modern humanity can cherish.

JOHN HARBERTON.

This religious strain on the sounding harp of the season winds up with a remembrance—a quiet scene in the English midlands; copes in perspective and great splashes of yellow primroses sitting on cushions of brown moss. It is Easter Monday. I am abroad betimes to see the children march. At this time every year these white-robed pedestrians parade the town at early morn, and as the day wears on find eventual freedom, lunch and joy in seeing

S. MINTURN PECK, the promise of May or gamboling on the velvet lawns of some rich nabob, who, be he ever so exclusive, must abandon his fine demesne to the children on this day at least.

Thus Mr. Peck, in the following, struck a familiar chord. And yet in a great country so lavish of both it is not strange that Easter should provoke memories of flowers and children. From the author of "Cap and Bells" you are expecting rhyme, perhaps in the style of those charming "Rings and Love Knots" of his, or that rhythmical "Knot of Blue," the first college song

of famous men and women—The Ring of Verse, the Pearl of Sentiment From Poets, Novelists, Playwrights—The Text of an Archdeacon and the Motto of a Great Surgeon.

LOUISE C. MOULTON.

I say with Robert Browning, "God, thou art love—I build my faith on that."

F. W. FARRAR.

Following this most happily are these

A MANX SAINT ALSO.

WHY ST. PATRICK IS REVERED IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

He Converted the Manxmen to the Christian Faith and Built a Church There. Many Relics of the Saint Are Still Found There—Some Interesting Legends.

Ireland is not the only island of which St. Patrick is the patron saint, nor the only one from which he banished snakes and frogs. The ancient isle of Man has a stronger if not a prior claim on the memory of the saint.

As the story runs, St. Patrick, while but a bishop, was sent in A. D. 444 by the pope on a special mission to Ireland, which had already been the scene of his early labors, and to which he had first of all been taken as a slave from his Scottish home near the Solway firth. The saint was accompanied by 12 other missionaries, one of whom was St. Germanicus of Auxerre, in France, who had come to Britain at the request of the holy father as one of the harbingers of the Christian faith to the Celtic tribes, then under Roman rule.

While crossing the Irish sea, which is noted for its strong tides and sudden tempests, a fierce storm overtook the party, and the vessel was cast away, a total wreck, on a little islet then called "The Peel," a short distance from the mainland, near the present town of Peel. But not a soul on board perished. So remarkable was the escape that it was regarded as miraculous, the islet consisting of jagged rocks and precipitous cliffs where it faces the sea, and presenting such a scene of awful grandeur during a nor'wester as could neither be described nor imagined. So overcome were the rude inhabitants by the manifestation of divine power in the deliverance of the missionaries that they gladly welcomed the latter as messengers from heaven, and forthwith accepted the Christian faith. It is averred that the entire population of the island cast aside their ancient druidical religion on the selfsame day. Thereupon St. Patrick and his band were kept busy for a few months baptizing the converts and organizing the church of the new faith on a firm basis. And from that hour to this the history of the Christian church in the little "kingdom of Man" has been the most unique in Christendom.

The place upon which the saint was shipwrecked has ever since been called St. Patrick's isle, and is now occupied with the ruins of Peel castle. There, St. Patrick erected a Christian church, the walls of which are still standing, showing the peculiar "herringbone" arrangement of the old time masonry. Near by the saint and his collaborators also built the famous round tower, which still continues to defy the elements and is in a good state of preservation.

Having divided the island into parishes for the better instruction of the people, St. Patrick went on his way to Ireland, leaving St. Germanicus behind him as the first bishop of Man. This great prelate marked the commencement of his episcopate in A. D. 445 by laying the foundation on St. Patrick's isle of the cathedral which bears his name and which was rebuilt in 1245, exactly 800 years afterward, by Bishop Simon. This noble fane is now in ruins, but steps

have been taken to effectually preserve it from further decay, many portions having been restored to keep its walls and its Gothic arches entire. Its eastern gable, the chancel end, overlooks Peel harbor, near the gates of the castle, whose battlements were so enlarged in the middle ages as to inclose the whole of the fortifications and ecclesiastical buildings.

The castle itself covers five out of the seven acres comprising St. Patrick's isle. This island is now connected with the opposite hill by a substantial causeway, forming a bridge between the castle and the hill on the one hand and on the other sheltering the harbor from the westerly storms.

The parishes of the island are respectively named after the church of "Kirk," in each and the ancient saint to whom it was dedicated. Thus there are Kirk Patrick, Kirk German, Kirk Michael, Kirk Andreas, Kirk Bride, Kirk Bradan, Kirk Malew, Kirk Loman, Kirk Marown and others—17 in all. Peel is situated in Kirk German. Adjoining this, on the south, is Kirk Patrick, where, until quite recently, stood a venerable cruciform church, which was supposed to occupy the site of one still more ancient, built by St. Patrick himself. But a new church has been erected a short distance from the place of the old one, whose dilapidated and insanitary condition necessitated its destruction.

St. Patrick's name is associated with a spring of crystal water situated about a mile from the castle, on the western or seaward side of Peel hill. The hill here rises to the height of 600 feet, and from its summit is spread out a panorama of natural scenery unrivaled for its beauty, the view on a clear day extending to the mountains of Scotland and Ireland, 50 or 60 miles away. This is a locality to which artists swarm in summer to catch inspiration from the book of nature. The spring, known as the Silver well, is said to have been brought forth from the rock by the saint, who blessed it, thereby imparting to it healing properties. In former days many stories were current of miraculous cures having resulted from drinking the water, and

the well was guarded with religious care. But a few years ago strangers contaminated and injured it in cutting a road to the slate quarries in the immediate neighborhood, and the fountain has since fallen into neglect, the common belief being that its virtue has gone out of it.

The island also possesses a souvenir of the saint, called "St. Patrick's Chair." This consists of five upright stones on a stone platform forming a seat, and is preserved in a collection of ancient and sacred insular relics.

The traditions of the island comprise many fabulous stories of giants and wizards which have been handed down from the earliest Celtic times. Of these wondrous myths there is one in which St. Patrick figures prominently, and which may be taken as a sample of Celtic mythology in its most awe inspiring form.

Contemporary with the saint there lived in Man a giant of monstrous size, strength and ferocity, who was the terror of the islanders, and who, like all his kind, was addicted to human flesh. This monster was blessed with three

legs, and so agile was he that he could leap at one bound from St. Patrick's isle to Peel hill, a distance of more than 300 yards. Such was his fearful strength that five large boulders of white quartz, weighing altogether many tons, were severely hurled by him, from the same side to the side of another hill nearly three miles away, above a place called Sherrydhoo, and there they are to this day, bearing the finger marks of the giant where he grasped them. Visitors to Peel castle are always told the legend, the white stones being visible on the side of the hill in the distance.

For attempting to kill St. Patrick the monster was cursed by the holy man in the Virgin's name, and fled the island. So overcome was he by fear and in such a hurry was he to get away that from the presence of the angered saint that, with one awful leap, he cleared the space between St. Patrick's isle and Contrary head, about a mile southward from the castle, and forever disappeared. Tradition fails to tell the fate that subsequently befell him, but it is assumed that he perished in the waters of the Irish sea, and that his body was cast up by the waves. At any rate, outside the castle walls, on the northwestern side, is "The Giant's Grave," where the three legged monster is said to have been buried, the mound that marks his resting place being more than 60 feet in length.

This story is interesting in another way, because it is commonly believed among the Manx that the idea of "The Three Legs of Man" was originally suggested by it. This strange device was first adopted as the Manx coat of arms by Alexander III, king of Scotland, about A. D. 1270, after he had purchased the sovereignty of "the kingdom of Man and of the isles" from his last Scandinavian sovereign, Magnus VI of Norway.

JAMES KERMODE.

GOOD FATHER MATHEW.

How He Made Things Pleasant For an Amateur Band.

Justin McCarthy tells an anecdote of Father Mathew which well illustrates the kindly character of that good man:

"I can remember well how in the far-off days of Father Mathew's temperance movement every temperance association prided itself upon its band. Father Mathew encouraged this artistic feeling, and was very patient with the defects of execution which occasionally followed even the most musical intentions."

"He was entertained once at a tea meeting in a small country town. There was a band, and the band struck up for his gratification an air from one of Moore's melodies. Father Mathew made every expression of delight."

"There was a pause, and then the band began again—the same air. Another pause, and still the same familiar tune. One of the guests, to whom no particular reflection had occurred, suggested in an ill starred moment that Father Mathew should be allowed to select his own favorite air for the next performance."

"The good father had, however, long since grasped the whole meaning of the situation. He rose and smiled his sweet, winning smile, and declared that he listened to that for his part he would prefer to hear that and nothing but that for the whole evening."

"Dear Father Mathew! How he won the hearts of that orchestra! How he softened away all difficulties and relieved all distressed minds! The band was made up of very young men; it had been practicing but a short time, and rose to the performance of only one single air. Father Mathew had guessed this almost from the first, and made things pleasant for every one."

Paddy and His Prisoner.

Of Paddy Malony, private in the Seventeenth Massachusetts, it is told that he once held the following conversation across a barrier of brushwood and during a retreat:

"Come on, Paddy."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Sure, I have a prisoner."

"Bring him along then."

"But he won't come."

"Then come away without him."

"Faith, he'll not let me."

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In June, 1780, 93 Philadelphia merchants subscribed \$1,500,000 to save Washington's army from famine and disaster. Of these 93 there were 27 members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick who subscribe \$517,500, or more than one-third of the whole amount of the money. Washington was made an honorary member of the organization on Dec. 17, 1781. Notice was sent him of his election, accompanied by a gold medal made in the form of the ensign of the society. To this Washington replied as follows:

SIR—I accept with singular pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick in this city, a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked. Give me leave to assure you, sir, that I shall never cast my eyes upon the badge with which I am honored but with a grateful remembrance of the polite and affectionate manner in which it was presented.

I am, with respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient servant.

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The society gave a dinner in Washington's honor at the City Tavern in January, 1782, at which there were 20 other guests, including the most distinguished officers of his own and the French troops and 35 members of the society itself. The first president attended another brilliant meeting of the society on March 28, 1782.

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Now, this mule had never before been allowed to wander in this locality, for fear that it would stray and become lost; nor had it ever before been over the route by which they had reached the point where the engineer was at fault. It was after dark; there was no one at the camp to make any noise that its sharp ears might detect, and the way was entirely unknown to it. How had it at once taken the route that would lead to camp?

A case allied to this happened to me in the Blue mountains of Jamaica, where a pony that had never before been in the parish, where I was lost in a tropical storm, took me back to the point from which we had started in the morning, and that by a much nearer route, entirely new to both of us. While I was aware by the growth of the trees that we were headed in the right general direction, it was at any time impossible for me to see more than 100 yards ahead. At the time when I left the main trail and got on what afterward proved to be a much shorter cut, it was impossible for me to see anything in the blinding fury of the cloudburst. How the pony found its way with so much satisfaction to itself—it never for one instant appeared to falter on its course—I was unable to determine. It was more than once my experience after that, when we had any difference of opinion as to the ramified ways in those Jamaica hills, that it was the judgment best to depend upon to find the place where it last had its fodder, although it was at times annoying, when that place was not where I wanted to go.—Popular Science Monthly.

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HE WAVES A GOLDEN WAND.

How Young Mr. Hearst Resuscitated a Newspaper.

AND STARTLED JOSEPH PULITZER.

Now There Is a Merry War Between Two Great Metropolitan Dailies—A Prodigality of Expenditure and of Several Kinds of Talent.

[Special Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, March 10.—The war between The Journal and The World goes merrily on. It was officially declared when Mr. Pulitzer reduced the price of The World to 1 cent to city readers. The cause belli was due to the coup d'état by Mr. Hearst of The Journal, who laid siege to sundry journalistic lieutenants under Mr. Pulitzer and bore them away in triumph to The Journal citadel.

The Gold Cure.
But to go back a bit and repeat rumors and facts. After Mr. Hearst had the first \$20 goldpiece of profits of the San Francisco Examiner made into a scarfpin he sighed for a new world to conquer and purchased the New York Morning Journal. This paper had pro-



W. R. HEARST.

viciously tired out the enterprising Albert Pulitzer and knocked out the resourceful John R. McLean of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Young Mr. Hearst knew he had an invalid on his hands; that a condition, and not a theory, confronted him, and he immediately indicated the gold cure, as it were.

In applying this treatment he first tapped The Sun and Harper's Weekly and took out Julian Ralph, the well known descriptive writer, who rumor says had been drawing a salary of \$100 per week under an "easy boss." He staggered The Recorder by mesmerizing Julius Chambers, a man whose journalistic reputation had been established by the fair fruits of genuine achievements. He lured Alan Dale away from The World. And, by the way, this man Dale, whose real name is Cohen, is the witriest dramatic critic in New York. With his golden wand he tapped the springs of art that rest in various recesses of his esteemed contemporaries, and, lo! traditionally uncontrolled and erratic genius gushed out to do his bidding. He took H. Pruetie Share, The World's art manager, and secured Artists Phillips, Kerr and Trowbridge from other sources—and there were others. Again he smote the rock with that golden wand, and immediately it brought forth the leading—being void of offense I do not say best—advertising men from The World, Herald and Sun.

The Effect of It.

He spent money like a prince—like a level headed prince—for specials from the uttermost ends of the earth as well as from its intermediate centers. His reports of the recent South African troubles may possibly have cost the price of a good sized farm, but he beat all his esteemed contemporaries. He sent the veteran Murat Halstead to Cuba simply because he could not find a better equipped man for that important place. All this had its effect, albeit it takes a good deal to do so in New York in these few doleful days. Soon people who would not have touched The Journal with the kitchen tongs began to buy it.

But Mr. Hearst was not satisfied. Although he had complimented The World by drawing most generously from its corps of talent he reached out once more and took Merrill Goddard, the Sunday editor, and practically its complete Sunday staff. This was a trifle more than Mr. Pulitzer could bear, for, although he is quoted as an adherent to the very sound idea that when a valuable man becomes imbued with the conviction that he cannot be spared it is time to get rid of him, yet its application several times is not so satisfactory. So Uncle Joseph had a talk with Goddard and his staff and as a result they all returned—but for a day or two only. Possibly Editor Hearst saw "the raise" or "the ante" or whatever the correct term may be. At all events Mr. Goddard and his colleagues meandered back to The Journal office, the former with a contract for a term of years in his waistcoat pocket at a salary of \$15,000 per annum. It is said that Mr. Pulitzer had so high an opinion of his former Sunday editor that he would have paid him \$25,000 per year rather than have lost him, for The Sunday World steadily increased in circulation from the time Goddard was placed in charge of it. Whether this was due to Goddard's penchant for the horrifying in sensational journalism or to something else deponent saith not, but if it were, so much the more for journalism. It may be remarked in passing that The Sunday Journal under Mr. Goddard, has more substantial flesh creeping and sicken features than ever The Sunday World has had. This is saying a good deal.

Mr. Pulitzer Aroused.

But the loss of Mr. Goddard and his staff roused Mr. Pulitzer to a declara-

tion of war. In fact, the withdrawal of so many men from The Sunday World editorial corps suddenly and at the latter part of the week looked very much to outsiders as if that paper would be materially crippled in its next issue. But such was not the case. There are from 125 to 140 columns of live reading matter in type in The World office at all times and superficially the effect was no more than it would be upon the ocean to suddenly withdraw the submerged index finger. Such are the possibilities of the great journal today. However, in a few days down came an order from Chief Pulitzer calling for a reduction of the price of the morning World to 1 cent to city patrons. Uncle Joseph's explanation to the public was forcibly guileless. He said The World had been soaring upward at the rate of 60,000 copies' increase since Jan. 1; that its average circulation, to be exact, was 618,496 per day, but he yearned for 1,000,000 a day; hence this change.

This, in fact, is the situation at present. But the war goes gayly on, and the stories of the prodigality of young Samson Hearst, who came across the continent in his seven league boots to shake the pillars of New York journalism, are thick as the celebrated leaves of fabled Vallombrosa. Although the young proprietor of The Journal is a millionaire several times over and no doubt is spending money lavishly, as the result shows, most of the stories of fabulous salaries paid should be taken with a pinch of salt. As for the position of managing editor on either The Journal or The World, no one who holds it ever suffers from ennui. In fact, just now I imagine it may be something like dancing a hornpipe, reel or fandango on a wide awake volcano.

Sharp Competition.

If The Journal succeeds in what it has undertaken, it will outdo The World at its own game, for it was The World that revolutionized journalism in New York some 12 years ago by its audacity, its enterprise, its pertinacity and its bombastic methods. As an instance of the competition between these two great journals, one of the latest specimens of frenzied fever was the exploiting of the story of an alleged wonderful gorilla. The Sunday World represented him paddling in a canoe and seemingly happy, though decorated with the napkin of civilization, instead of the fig leaf of barbarism, about his loins. The Journal gorilla man was clothed in whiskers, but the artist had forgotten to give him the feet of a monkey and had drawn a very good pair of ordinary human feet. Science will doubtless be interested.

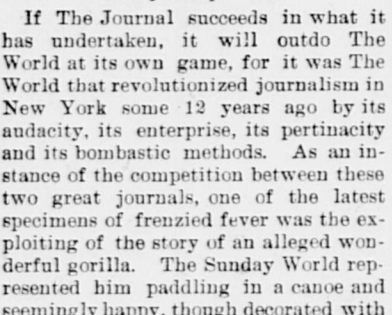
But The World has many qualities to admire, and so has its chief. Its success in raising money for the statue of Liberty pedestal in New York harbor is a matter of history. So are a half dozen other instances of prodigious enterprise in the service of the public. It recently took the unpopular side of the Venezuelan matter, but its influence was in the direction of what will prove a happy solution of a menacing situation. Possibly its most conspicuous and patriotic recent public service was in insisting with all the force at its command that the late bond issue be made a popular loan for the masses. It thus saved at least \$8,000,000 to the people. Mr. Pulitzer has taken \$1,000,000 net profits from The World per year for some time. Two or three years ago it did fall to \$900,000, and Mr. Pulitzer is said to have raised Cain about it.

Personally the editor of The World is

generous and not lacking in gratitude to those who loyally serve him. By way of illustration I may mention a case where a reporter of The World was transferred to the advertising department much against his will. He could not afford to resign, however, for he was in debt for a suburban house lot which he was trying to pay for. So he continued faithfully as best he could at uncongenial work, and without complaint. The fact came to the attention of Mr. Pulitzer one day, and the next week the salary envelope of the employee contained a check of sufficient size to cancel his obligation for the house lot.

Possible Effect Elsewhere.

None of the other New York papers has evinced any outward interest or alarm in the World-Journal combat. But it is probably being watched closely, and in some cases it may create a convulsive chill when the possibilities arising out of a first class 18 page paper for a cent, backed by ample capital, are considered. If reports be true, six New York dailies which I could name are already in the doldrums. The swell from Mr. Hearst's Journal and Uncle Joseph's World may capsize some of the other 1 cent papers, which are sailing close to the wind already. It will also have its



JOSEPH PULITZER.

effect upon the 3 cent morning dailies, although the first consideration of a newspaper buyer is always to get what he wants, and he will pay 3 cents for it sooner than accept something he does not want as a gift. Once upon a time The Herald came down in price, and Mr. Bennett has not forgotten the little incident. His fight with the newsdealers ended by his return to the old figure

Indeed there is no reason why The Herald should reduce its price even if its circulation does fall off, so long as its advertisers stick. By the way, the advertisers are always the last to recognize a rising circulation or a falling one. It is doubtful if any paper ever achieved success by reducing its price from 2 cents to 1, although it has often been done by liberal expenditure in the purchase of news and brains. Value, not price, is the first consideration of the public.

In a popular play now running in this city a chorus of "Gaiety girls" sing a song, the refrain of which is, "The beautiful, bountiful Bertie," Bertie being an Englishman of great wealth who spends his money freely on the dear girls and is consequently greatly admired. Somehow this refrain rings in my ears in connection with Mr. Hearst's policy in running The Journal—"the beautiful, bountiful Hearst." One of Mr. Hearst's orders to the foreman of the composing room is: "Put on a man wherever there is room. Don't let the copy wait. Let the men do the waiting." If an artist or a reporter does a particularly brilliant piece of work, he is rewarded with a liberal money gratuity, and the gift of bicycles is so common as rewards of merit that they have ceased to be a novelty. Kindly take another pinch of salt.

Newspaper Atmosphere.

There is a vast difference in the atmosphere surrounding the great New York dailies. The Sun quarters are extremely plain and modest. To reach the editorial rooms one must climb a narrow and well worn stairway in an old time building. Its proprietor and managing editor are both approachable and kindly men. They are not surrounded by that divinity which doth hedge a king, as is the case with many others holding similar positions.

The atmosphere of The Herald office is ceremonious to a degree and in direct contrast to the democratic Sun office. The Herald pays large salaries. It is said that the managing editor has the most lucrative journalistic position in New York, and that it is not less than \$20,000 a year. Here take another pinch of salt.

It is quite possible to get an audience

with the powers that be of The World office without spending time enough to learn Hindostanee. The World is always ready to hear suggestions and to pay liberally for them in case of use.

The Tribune editorial staff is some-

what sequestered from the rude and noisome public. Possibly a little too much so. The Times also has a peck-a-boo entrance to its editorial rooms, or did the last time I was there. Its editorial chiefs are "proud and haughty."

The atmosphere of The Recorder is delightfully "homey." It is even more democratic than The Sun. There are no modern partitions, no peepholes, no airs of mystery, no tedious waiting. Any citizen is welcome, and if you have an errand in The Recorder office you can go in with the agreeable conviction that you will not be regarded with suspicion.

JEROME WOOD.

Mixed.

In Rochester the other evening,

says the Rochester Union, a woman

got on a street car, carrying an apple

and her purse in her hand. She

sat down next to a young man, and

as she supposed, put her purse and

the apple in the side pocket of her

sack. The young man got out at

Union street and the car went on.

A passenger happening to look out

of the rear window saw him rushing

after the car, wildly calling for it to

stop. Finally the bell was rung, and

the young man caught up and got

on. Going to the woman who had

sat beside him, he said: "Madam,

here are your apple and purse. You

put them in my pocket by mistake."

Everybody in the car laughed but

the woman. She looked angry and

did not even thank the young man

who had gone to so much trouble to

return her property. If he had not

returned the articles, she would have

been certain that he had picked her

pocket.

She Wore Crown Jewels.

Several years ago some of the

crown jewels of France were sold,

when a wealthy American purchased

a tiara and other ornaments for his

wife. The lady put them on one

evening in Paris and went to the

opera, where they were quickly re-

cognized. The excitement of the ner-

vous French audience was intense,

and long before the end of the per-

formance the wearer of the jewels

found it the part of wisdom to with-

draw.—New York Journal.

His First View of It.

Stranger (from Nebraska)—What?

That the Chicago river?

Chicago Man—Yes.

Stranger—Great snakes! Why

don't you plow it up?—Chicago

Tribune.

The rose of Jericho is also called

the resurrection plant from the fact

that, after being apparently dead

and dried, it may be revived and

made to bloom by placing it in a

bowl of water.

The moral law is written on the

tablets of eternity. For every false

word or unrighteous deed, for cruel-

ty and oppression, for lust or vanity,

the price has to be paid at last.—

Froude.

The earthworm propels himself

along the ground or through the

earth by means of bristles project-

ing from each ring of his body.

The papal bulls of the eighth and

ninth centuries were written on cot-

ton paper of a fair quality.

NO FRILLS ON THEM.

CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN SHOULD BE SIMPLE.

Frocks For Outdoor Spring Wear—Dress For a Little Girl—New Devices For Giving Strength to Clothing For the Boys. Useful Facts For Mothers.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, March 10.—There is now

an art in dressing little and big girls.

This is shown by the fact that one or

two of the largest houses in this city

make nothing but children's clothes.

And this art consists in reducing the

garments to the simplicity suited to

childhood, and where any are used

they sadly interfere with the comfort

and freedom of the wearer. I passed all

yesterday afternoon in one of these

places to try to learn all I could about

what things are provided for the daugh-

ters of our land.

The frocks for outdoor spring wear

are dark wools in light weights and are

of durable quality. The chevrons and

serges lead. The plaids come next, and

the dotted foulards and mohairs are very



ULSTER AND FLOCK FOR SPRING.

pretty when made for what we call

growing girls—that is to say, girls from

12 to 16. The foulards are rather harsh

to the feel, but they are most excellent

value. The ground is usually dark, with

large or small polka dots upon it. Some

are in light color, with dark dots.

White shows red, blue or brown dots

and is very effective. There was a rich

chestnut brown foulard with orange

dots on it.

The skirt was gored a little and gath-

ered a little. The belt was made of

brown moire in folds around the front

and with a little bow in the back. There

was a draped plastron upon the front

edged with narrow quilted black lace.

The stock was of the brown moire ribbon,

with a bow in the back and an up-

standing frill of black lace around part

of it. The sleeves were puffed and draped

to the elbows, and there finished with a

band and bow of the same ribbon. The

fore parts of the sleeves were tight to

the wrists—altogether a girlish and

graceful dress. I should have said the

back of the waist was gathered in the

middle. A blue serge was another pretty

gown for a young girl of 15 or 16. The

skirt was plain. The waist was a very

full blouse shirred closely to a darker

shade of blue plush in form of a square

yoke. It was gathered to the belt, which

was made of closely shirred serge—quite

a novel effect. The sleeves were puffed,

the upper part being shirred down three

rows. The lower portions were of blue

plush, with two rows of black lace inser-

tion. Another row went around the

yoke. The collar was of the blue plush

and turned over half the way down.

There was a velvet ribbon bow at the

collar in the back.

I saw a pretty dress for a little girl.

It was of olive green reps goods, the

skirt plain and gathered to the belt,

which was overlaid with cheney inser-

tion. The waist was blouse shape and

had a plastron yoke of white cheney.

The sleeves were elbow puffs. The whole

was pretty and comfortable.

The new cotton goods were made up

in almost identical style. Yoke effects

were seen everywhere. I noticed a can-

The Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Yearly Subscription.....50 Cents
Single Copies.....5 Cents

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Advertising Agent, Quincy Monitor,
Quincy, Mass.
Lock Box, 161.

Rates Made Known Upon Application.

All articles and correspondence intended for THE MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to Quincy readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions, which will be inserted gratuitously.

APRIL, 1896.

SOCIETY EPITOME.

St. John's Ladies' Auxiliary—Miss Eliza C. Sheahan, president; Miss Alice G. Gavin, secretary. Meetings held on the first and third Mondays at 7:45 o'clock, P. M., in St. John's hall, School street.

St. John's C. L. and A. A.—George A. Cahill, president; Michael J. O'Hara, secretary. Meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in St. John's hall, School street.

Knights of Columbus—M. T. Sullivan, grand knight; Thomas J. McGrath, secretary. Meets the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 8 o'clock in Dobbie's hall.

Irish National League—James Collins, president; George D. Cahill, secretary. Meets in Cahill's hall, Water street, on Sunday evening.

Division 5, A. O. H.—Edward J. Powers, president; Patrick Crimmins, secretary. Meets the first and third Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock in French's hall, Hancock street.

Quincy Court, M. C. O. F.—John A. Avery, chief ranger; Patrick Ward, secretary. Meets in French's hall.

St. Mary's C. T. A. and M. R. Society, West Quincy—Patrick Keilher, president; W. F. V. Cole, corresponding secretary; John Galvin, recording secretary. Meetings held the first and third Tuesdays in the month.

Every advertisement in THE MONITOR represents a first-class reliable firm, and our readers can rest assured that they will receive the best results by leaving their money with these firms. By trading with them you demonstrate your confidence in them, and encourage them in the effort to give their customers the best service.

It is not the schoolhouses that should be red, but the cheek of one of our obstreperous councilmen.

So the Independents have seen little to commend in the acts of Mayor Adams. This complaint more properly belongs to the Democrats.

Alfonso, the boy-king of Spain, can at least pride himself on the fact that he can restrain himself. That is more than some people that are not boys can do.

Hon. Thomas B. Reed for President of the United States. We only wish it might be so. He represents the same temper in his party as does Senator Hoar.

The postmastership of Wollaston is still in abeyance. That will likewise be the state of the party responsible for this state of affairs at no distant day.

Mr. Faxon says that the Tenth district is cursed with more cheap politicians than any district in the State. The gentleman speaks with commendable candor.

The Republicans of Quincy have got a very vindictive master just now. It behooves some people to get together and devise some means of stopping the onward march of the intruder.

The late lamented Butler is not to have a statue. The general was of a vacillating nature, but that will not excuse his enemies in life for their cowardice in attacking his character and motives now.

THE MONITOR would respectfully ask Mayor Adams why he permits, in defiance of his public declaration against the practice, one person to hold two positions under the city. Is it possible that there is a dearth of competent men in Quincy?

No one is more responsible for the peculiar condition of Quincy politics than Mayor Adams. If His Honor had acquiesced in the better judgment of his friends some hopes would not now appear so bright.

What is the matter with the Sewerage Commission, and why is it that preliminary work is not now under way. It cannot be that the failure of the City Council to provide a salary has anything to do with this inactivity. Banish the thought!

The anonymous letter writer, or scribbler, is at large again. The man or woman who has not the courage to sign their scurrilous effusions is the meanest and most contemptible of enemies. The cowards are more to be feared than the courageous.

Patronize Monitor Advertisers!

Idle people are always mischievous. Henry H. Faxon is responsible for the truth of this statement.

We hope the gentlemen of the Board of Trade will be successful in inducing manufacturers to settle here. We have plenty of room and unexcelled advantages, and should have the courage to make necessary concessions in order to gain the favor of those contemplating a location here.

The petition of the City of Quincy for authority to erect and maintain a municipal lighting plant has been denied by the Legislature. The proceedings on the part of the city were wrong from the start. Better begin negotiations looking toward the purchase of the plant of the present company.

It is remarked that there are no politics in the present crusade against the County Commissioners, since the Commissioners and most of the crusaders are of one political faith—Republican. We rather think that's the rub. There has been altogether too much unanimity in the management of county affairs heretofore and too little supervision.

THE CITY HOSPITAL.

We do not see how anyone can reasonably object to the granting of the increased appropriation asked by the trustees of the hospital of the City Council. The hospital is an admirable institution, and while we believe that the interests of the hospital would be best conserved by placing the control entirely in the hands of the city, still until that is attained the only graceful action on the part of the authorities would be to grant the request.

THE BALL.

The grand concert and ball of the St. John's C. L. and A. A. will be held at the Town Hall, South Braintree, on Easter Monday night. Every effort is being made to make this ball a grand success, and it is hoped that the public will reciprocate with a large attendance. Special cars will be run to and from the ball by arrangement with the Quincy and Boston street railway.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Edward White of Mt. Pleasant died Friday morning, March 27. Mr. White had been sick for a long time. The funeral was held from St. John's church, Monday, March 30, at 9 o'clock, and was attended by Division 5, A. O. H., in a body. The deceased was a past president of the Hibernians.

Mr. Patrick Gallagher of the "Hollow," one of the most widely known of Quincy's residents, died on Wednesday, March 25, from a stroke of paralysis. Mr. Gallagher was about 57 years of age, and came to America many years ago. He was a blacksmith, being employed for a number of years by Tirrell & Sons. Two sons survive him. The funeral was held from his late home on Cottage avenue Saturday morning and the interment was at West Quincy.

Robert E. McAuliffe, son of the late Mr. Robert McAuliffe and Mrs. Mary McAuliffe, died at his mother's home on Bennington street, Saturday, March 21, of Bright's disease, at the age of 17 years, 1 month and 3 days. The funeral was held from St. John's church, Monday, March 23, the requiem Mass being celebrated by Rev. John P. Cuffe. The floral remembrances from the friends of the young lad were many and beautiful, and completely hid the white casket. Seventeen white lilies reminded all of the seventeen short years of life. The pall bearers were the following friends of Robert in life: Michael Toomey, Thomas Little, William McCarthy, Thomas Toomey, James Walsh and Eugene McCarthy. The interment was at St. Mary's cemetery, West Quincy. THE MONITOR extends its sympathy to the bereaved mother and brothers and sisters.

With the advent of spring and open weather comes better times. The prospect of a good fruitful summer, with plenty of employment is a pleasurable anticipation. Prosperity should be the common, not the individual lot.

DIED.

SHEA—In West Quincy, March 19, Mr. Luke S. Shea, aged 29 years, 8 months and 23 days.

CAHILL—At the Quincy Home, Mar. 13, John Cahill, aged 44 years.

SHEA—March 11, Mrs. Katherine Shea, widow of Dennis Shea.

MCKINNON—In Quincy, March 18, John A., son of Mr. Daniel A. and Mrs. Catherine McKinnon, aged 10 months.

MCGOWAN—In West Quincy, March 13, Mrs. Bridget McGowan, aged 60 years and 5 months.

NEVILLE—In Quincy, March 24, Mrs. Mary Neville, aged 65 years, 11 months.

GALLAGHER—In Quincy, March 25, Mr. Patrick Gallagher, aged about 57 years.

TALKS WITH YOUNG MEN.

II.

THE SENSE OF HONOR.

Wherein lies the sense of true honor? When a young man has imbued himself with the principles of materialism his highest notion of honor will consist in the good opinion of his friends. That is the honor which leads the irreligious to resent an insult by a challenge to a duel; it is such honor which impels the hopeless to commit the awful crime of suicide; it is the honor which teaches the passionate to resent injury by the principle of revenge.

But materialism, as you know, consists in the denial of the soul, or of its dominance over the body. If we had no soul, or if it were not true that the soul makes the man, then their code of honor would be the true and the only true one. But we have established as the fundamental truth of Christian courtesy and well-being that the soul is really the dominant factor in the whole make up of manhood, so that in seeking the source and meaning of true honor we are compelled to look first and foremost to the human soul and its influences.

In other words, honor is something within us. The evidence of honor which we display to others is but the mere reflection of the light that burns within. With this principle in view we can easily understand that the man of honor may be happy in the knowledge of his sense of honor even though all men besides should regard him as the very essence of meanness.

We will content ourselves in this "talk" with a one practical illustration to show the influence which true honor exerts upon the conduct of a young man as contrasted with that exerted by a false sense of honor.

You have a position of emicance in the community to which you belong. Naturally this emicance will cause opposition from those who desire to possess or who envy you your position. In a moment a word is uttered against you, an insinuation of dishonesty or incapacity. Your soul becomes fired with indignation and your first thought is, to defend your honor. You demand explanations and receive only further insult. Argument is useless. What will you do?

If your sense of honor consists merely in the good opinion of others; if you are purely material in your instincts and beliefs, you will seek redress in the summary punishment of your traducer. In France or Italy you would summon him to a duel and expose your honor to the accident of winning or losing. In America the materialist would use cunning and endeavor to overcome his adversary by countercharges upon him. He accuses you of incapacity; you strive to prove him a fool; he insinuates dishonesty in you; you endeavor to place charges of a like nature upon him. If you are successful you congratulate yourself that your honor is saved.

That is the way of the materialist. But the question of honor is by no means solved in such a manner. Revenge cannot make a wrong right, nor right wrong. If you are a villain you may puncture your adversary on a thousand duels, and remain a villain still. If your good name has been wrongly traduced, it will not make you feel more honorable because you have injured your traducer. Your honor is within you and it will remain there intact and untarnished till you yourself have driven it forth.

And so, if you are a Christian gentleman, if you feel the importance of the soul power that actuates you, your conduct upon accusation or insinuation would be influenced by the interior sense of the inviolable possession of honor. You will say to yourself, "I am accused; but I know that I am innocent." "They have cast insinuations upon me; but there is nothing in my character to warrant them." "Therefore instead of taking up cudgels to revenge myself, I will remember that the best weapon against an attack on honor is honor itself." You will preserve a quiet, dignified demeanor. Your accusations will go on; but those of your friends who have known and loved you for your undiminished integrity will take up your defence unsolicited, and right will ultimately triumph. The best safeguard against enmity is to ignore or refuse to acknowledge that you have an enemy. Such conduct will be honest, because an honest man has no real enemies; enmity strikes not against his personality, but rather against something which he possesses, so that in reality having no enemies he can ignore all enemies.

This view of the sense of honor will give one an insight into the falseness of that "honor" espoused by the enemies of Religion. Dumas' heroes thus become hypocrites; Zola's favorites are monsters of iniquity battling against the peace of good society; the

DRAFTS on IRELAND.

Passage Tickets

to and from the

OLD COUNTRY

for sale by

JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

virtue of life without a religious foundation becomes a mockery; pugilism becomes rowdism; the companionship of the evil-doers a shame. The young man whose sense of honor corresponds with his conscience will reflect his honor outwardly, commanding respect even against unwillingness; he will thus open up to himself paths to success in life socially and financially and more than all, he will feel within him a sense of happiness that will be inviolable, and being solid will communicate itself to all with whom he comes into contact. The man of honor, in its true sense, is a savior in the world.

AMERICAN FLAG FOR THE POPE.

Preparations are now being made for the third American national pilgrimage to Rome, Lourdes and the continental shrines. The expedition will be under the spiritual direction of the Fathers of Mercy of West Twenty-fourth street.

The Pope last year, when he welcomed the pilgrims, urged them to return this year, and a letter has recently been received from Cardinal Satolli, announcing that the holy father has been pleased to impart to the undertaking his apostolic benediction.

The party will leave New York July 8. They will go to Heidelberg, and thence through Switzerland and to Italy, where they will stay nearly three weeks, one week of the time being spent in Rome.

On the return through France a stop of four days will be made at Lourdes, and the party will spend the last week in August in Paris, leaving Antwerp for New York Sept. 5.

In compliance with a request from the Pope made last year, the party will carry and present to him an American flag. It will be made of silk, and will be of the design used in the United States army since the admission of Utah.

Saturday, the eighteenth of April, will be observed this year by holding memorial exercises in Boston in memory of the late Gov. Greenhalge. Gov. Wolcott will preside, and Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge will deliver the eulogy.

Amusements.

GRAND

Costume Party

given by

THE SEROF RET TELBA CLUB,

St. Mary's Hall, - West Quincy,

Friday Evening, April 10,

Dancing from 8 till 2.

Music, Hanson's Orchestra.

Ticket, admitting Lady and Gentleman, 75 cents. Extra lady, 25 cents.

Two valuable prizes for most unique costumes.

ST. JOHN'S C. L. A. A.

Young Men's

Ball!

First Grand Opening Concert and Ball at

TOWN HALL, SOUTH BRAINTREE,

Easter Monday Evening,

APRIL 6, 1896.

Concert from 8 to 9. Grand March at 9. Dancing from 9:30 P. M. to 5 A. M.

ORCHESTRA—First Regiment Band, A. L. BATES, Leader.

Caterer, WM. J. TALBOT of Boston. Special cars will leave Quincy Centre every half hour from 7 P. M. Return cars will leave the Hall every hour after 12 M. Ticket holders are entitled to fare to and from the hall by presenting coupons attached to ticket. Cars leave Atlantic at 7:30.

Ticket, admitting Gentleman and Ladies, \$1.00. Supper Ticket, 75 cents.

Tickets for sale by members of the St. John's C. L. A. A., and at McGovern Bros., The Boston College Order of Dances will be used.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

SAMUEL ANDERSON

* Custom
* Tailor,

100 Water Street, South Quincy,

Where a full line of Foreign and Domestic Woollens can be found for inspection. My expenses are low and I propose to give my patrons the benefit.

Ladies' and Gents' Clothing Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired at short notice. Suits made to order from \$13.62 upwards.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Before going elsewhere call and see our goods.

EASTER GOODS.

All the latest novelties in Gloves, Hosiery, Laces and Ribbons:

A call at our store will convince you that we have the finest line ever offered in this city, and that our prices are as low as is consistent with first-class goods.

D. E. Wadsworth & Co.,

GREENLEAF BLOCK,
QUINCY.The pleasant spring has come again;
Its voice is in the trees,
It smiles from every sunny glen,
It whispers in the breeze.

And We Are Right in Line

With as fine an assortment of
COLORED SHIRTS as can be
found anywhere.

The Prices are as Attractive as the Shirts.

GRANITE CLOTHING CO.

Durgin & Merrill's Block.

QUINCY, : : : MASS.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY.

This is the season when families are using Canned Vegetables and Fruits. It is a well known fact that we handle more goods in that line than any concern south of Boston. Quality always guaranteed.

	CAN.	DOZEN.
Jersey Tomatoes,	8c	\$.90
Northern Tomatoes,	10c	1.15
Best Maine Corn,	11c	1.25
Good Corn,	8c	.90
Marrow Peas,	8c	.90
Early June Peas,	10c	1.10
Blueberries,	10c	1.10
Good Salmon,	10c	1.15
Extra Salmon,	13c 2 for 25c.	1.40
Salmon Steak,	18c	2.00
Baked Beans,	11c	1.25
Baltimore Peaches,	12c	1.30
California Peaches,	18c	2.00
California Apricots,	15c	1.75

This is but a small part of our large stock and variety which we are pleased to show our trade.

Boston Branch Grocery, Durgin & Merrill's Block

Send us a Postal requesting our Special Rates for 1896.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

In closing the divorce work of the month Judge Pryor of the New York supreme court has noted an interesting fact. "It is a singular thing," said he, "that of more than 45 divorce cases I have tried this term in not a single instance was one of the parties concerned Irish. I would not have taken note of this fact were it not that almost every nationality except the Irish has been represented on one side or the other in these cases. There must be some controlling influence.

Word was recently received at Boston college that Jeremiah J. Harty, a member of the Jesuit society, and a graduate of the college, who had been stationed at Georgetown university, had departed this life. He was formerly well known in Boston and Randolph, where his parents reside. He was born in Randolph in September, 1836 and entered the American college at Rome in 1857, but left before the completion of the course to enter the Jesuit novitiate at Frederick, Md., entering on March 12, 1860. His death is deeply deplored, as he was one of the brightest members of the Society of Jesus.

The Laetare medal which has been awarded to General Rosecrans, has an interesting history. John Gilmary Shea, the historian, was the first to receive the medal. This was in 1883. Patrick Keely, the famous architect, received the medal in 1884; Eliza Allen Starr, the poet and artist, was awarded it in 1885, and in 1886 it fell to General John Newton, the engineer in charge of the removal of the obstructions at Hell Gate in New York harbor. The medalist of the year 1887 was a distinguished convert, who had vowed never to accept any ecclesiastical distinction from the church of his choice; consequently there was no award that year. Since then it has been given in succession to Commandatore P. V. Hickey, editor of the Catholic Review of New York; Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, the novelist; Hon. William J. Onahan the Chicago layman; Daniel Dougherty, the silver-tongued orator; Henry F. Brownson, a distinguished son of a still more distinguished father; Patrick Donahoe, the aged journalist; Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager; and Mrs. Anna T. Sadlier, the veteran writer. These names form a distinguished galaxy of Catholic workers.

Mr. Laurier, says the Boston Herald, "is a good Roman Catholic." Has our contemporary any proofs to offer of that statement, or is it simply praising the Canadian politician because he spoke against the Church in his late Ottawa address? Those who have better opportunities than the Herald of judging of Mr. Laurier's religious character hold a different opinion than it does. Here is what the Charlotte-town (P. E. I.) Herald says of the liberal leader: "A really good Catholic is satisfied to be judged by his acts rather than by anything he himself, or any one else may say concerning his religion. We prefer judging Mr. Laurier's Catholicity by his acts. We understand Mr. Laurier is married to a non-Catholic. When he was in this city a few years ago, he attended the services in the Catholic church on Sunday morning and the services of one of the Protestant churches in the evening. He did the same thing on the occasion of his last visit to Winnipeg. These are a few small matters; but they are not the actions of a devout Catholic."—Sacred Heart Review.

The extent of the horrible massacres in Armenia may be approximately measured by the statements of the missionaries and resident clergymen and laymen in the several sections. The Catholic archbishop of Melytene writes as follows: "As for our share of the persecutions in Melytene, 5,000 Catholics and 112 of our fellow-countrymen have been massacred. The church which I was just finishing was burned, as were also the episcopal residence, the home of the missionaries, the sisters' house, the school for boys and that for girls. Moreover, the pictures and statues have been destroyed, the sacred vessels melted and the vestments made away with. In a word, all that we had gathered together in the course of thirty-six years was destroyed in a single day. Woe is me, who am only a poor old man, without strength or resources, and who expects nothing now but death!"

These people have been murdered and plundered simply because they were Christians. And the Christian nations of Europe, under the lead of England, protect the Turk from the punishment due him for his atrocious barbarism!

The ceremonies of Holy Week, are among the most beautifully impressive in the ritual of the church. The object of the church during this season is to commemorate the passion and death of the Savior. The ceremonies of Palm Sunday include the blessing and distribution of palms, the pro-

ABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

ANDERSON

Custom Tailor,

Water Street, South Quincy,

of Foreign and Domestic Woollens
for inspection. My expenses are low
to give my patrons the benefit.

Gents' Clothing Cleansed, Dyed and
dressed to order. Suits made to order from
patterns. Guaranteed. Before going elsewhere
compare goods.

EASTER GOODS.

All the latest novelties
in Gloves, Hosiery,
Laces and Ribbons.
I call at our store will
convince you that we
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E CLOTHING CO.

in & Merrill's Block.

MASS.

BRANCH GROCERY.

season when families are using
Fruits. It is a well known
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	CAN.	DOZEN.
atoes,	8c	\$.90
atoes,	10c	1.15
Corn,	11c	1.25
	8c	.90
	8c	.90
Peas,	10c	1.10
	10c	1.10
n,	10c	1.15
n,	13c 2 for 25c.	1.40
k,	18c	2.00
	11c	1.25
aches,	12c	1.30
aches,	18c	2.00
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In closing the divorce work of the month Judge Pryor of the New York supreme court has noted an interesting fact. "It is a singular thing," said he, "that of more than 45 divorce cases I have tried this term in not a single instance was one of the parties concerned Irish. I would not have taken note of this fact were it not that almost every nationality except the Irish has been represented on one side or the other in these cases. There must be some controlling influence.

Word was recently received at Boston college that Jeremiah J. Hart, a member of the Jesuit society, and a graduate of the college, who had been stationed at Georgetown university, had departed this life. He was formerly well known in Boston and Randolph, where his parents reside. He was born in Randolph in September, 1866 and entered the American college at Rome in 1887, but left before the completion of the course to enter the Jesuit novitiate at Frederick, Md., entering on March 12, 1890. His death is deeply deplored, as he was one of the brightest members of the Society of Jesus.

The Laetare medal which has been awarded to General Rosecrans, has an interesting history. John Gilmary Shea, the historian, was the first to receive the medal. This was in 1883. Patrick Keeley, the famous architect, received the medal in 1884; Eliza Allen Starr, the poet and artist, was awarded it in 1885, and in 1886 it fell to General John Newton, the engineer in charge of the removal of the obstructions at Hell Gate in New York harbor. The medalist of the year 1887 was a distinguished convert, who had vowed never to accept any ecclesiastical distinction from the church of his choice; consequently there was no award that year. Since then it has been given in succession to Commendatore P. V. Hickey, editor of the Catholic Review of New York; Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, the novelist; Hon. William J. Onahan the Chicago layman; Daniel Dougherty, the silver-tongued orator; Henry F. Brownson, a distinguished son of a still more distinguished father; Patrick Donahoe, the aged journalist; Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager, and Mrs. Anna T. Sadlier, the veteran writer. These names form a distinguished galaxy of Catholic workers.

Mr. Laurier, says the Boston Herald, "is a good Roman Catholic." Has our contemporary any proofs to offer of that statement, or is it simply praising the Canadian politician because he spoke against the Church in his late Ottawa address? Those who have better opportunities than the Herald of judging of Mr. Laurier's religious character hold a different opinion than it does. Here is what the Charlotte-town (P. E. I.) Herald says of the liberal leader: "A really good Catholic is satisfied to be judged by his acts rather than by any thing he himself, or any one else may say concerning his religion. We prefer judging Mr. Laurier's Catholicity by his acts. We understand Mr. Laurier is married to a non-Catholic. When he was in this city a few years ago, he attended the services in the Catholic church on Sunday morning and the services of one of the Protestant churches in the evening. He did the same thing on the occasion of his last visit to Winnipeg. These are a few small matters; but they are not the actions of a devout Catholic."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

The extent of the horrible massacres in Armenia may be approximately measured by the statements of the missionaries and resident clergymen and laymen in the several sections. The Catholic archbishop of Melytene writes as follows: "As for our share of the persecutions in Melytene, 5,000 Catholics and 112 of our fellow-countrymen have been massacred. The church which I was just finishing was burned, as were also the episcopal residence, the home of the missionaries, the sisters' house, the school for boys and that for girls. Moreover, the pictures and statues have been destroyed, the sacred vessels melted and the vestments made away with. In a word, all that we had gathered together in the course of thirty-six years was destroyed in a single day. Woe is me, who am only a poor old man, without strength or resources, and who expects nothing now but death!"

These people have been murdered and plundered simply because they were Christians. And the Christian nations of Europe, under the lead of England, protect the Turk from the punishment due him for his atrocious barbarism!

The ceremonies of Holy Week, are among the most beautifully impressive in the ritual of the church. The object of the church during this season is to commemorate the passion and death of the Savior. The ceremonies of Palm Sunday include the blessing and distribution of palms, the pro-

cession and the celebration of holy mass. The solemn office of the Tenebrae is chanted on the eve of Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday. On Maundy Thursday the church commemorates the last supper and the institution of the blessed sacrament of the altar. The mass the procession to the altar of repose and the stripping of the altars are the principal ceremonies. On Good Friday, of course, everything is commemorative of the crucifixion. The services which are now held on the morning of Holy Saturday used formerly to begin on Saturday night, continuing till dawn on Easter Sunday. This must be borne in mind if one would enter into the spirit of the service. In former days it was the practice of the church to have no mass on Holy Saturday. It was the custom to spend the day in prayer and fasting, in watching in the spirit with the holy women at the sepulchre until the morning of the resurrection.

The Guardian notes with gratification the increase of Catholic feeling in Italy. The church, it says, has triumphed after triumph to register in the past year. There are now two Capuchin chaplains attached to each brigade in Africa, while General Baratieri and the heroic Galliano are not ashamed to confess themselves her sons. The priests are again entering the schools everywhere as authorized teachers of religion. In Milan thousands of families demanded religious instruction, and in Genoa of all the scholars only seventy-six refused it. In many places the Corpus Domini procession has been restored after an interval of twenty years. The advent of the priests into the schools is especially gratifying to all who have the best interests of Italy at heart. For Signor Bonghi, although no friend of the church, published just before his death some statistics of crime in regard to education to show that it had increased in alarming proportions in the last six years.

This revival of attachment to the church the Guardian deems very remarkable. Whether it is only on the surface or not, says our contemporary, there is much to be thankful for if to be anticlerical is no longer a work of superior intelligence and patriotism. "At any rate," adds the Guardian, "the church is walking in the spirit of the Pope's encyclical on the social question, and cities as well as villages have shown their confidence in the Catholic programme by giving themselves into clerical hands for a time. The present ministry, in leaving unhappy Sicily and Sardinia to their fate, has shown that no help is to be expected from it. The church has stepped into the place of the state, and is reaping the benefits that may accrue from the mildest form of Christian socialism, shown in a sincere desire to lighten the lot of the poor and protect the interests of all classes."

GRAND EASTER OPENING OF FINE MILLINERY, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, APRIL 2, 3, 4, 1896.

All are cordially invited to call and see the new goods and latest styles in Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

Miss Belle J. Patterson's
MILLINERY PARLORS,
112 Hancock Street, - Quincy.
Next to Wilson's Central Market.

That listless feeling,
Those tired eyes,
That dreadful headache

are often indications
of some defect in the
eyes. Glasses properly
fitted by a competent
Optician, will restore
you to a normal con-
dition.
Shun glasses sold by
peddlers; they may
utterly ruin your
sight.

Consult Williams,

Member of the New
England Association
of Opticians. EYES
TESTED FREE.

104 Hancock Street, - Quincy.

"TRUTH."

BY LEONARD J. PASTOR, PH. G.

The love of truth is one of the main elements in all honorable characters. To preserve a keen and delicate edge of feeling in the moral sense, in this respect, is to conserve the happiness, as well as, the excellency of character. Where there is little self-respect, there also is found but little real blessedness; and the consciousness of habitual untruthfulness cannot coexist with any moral satisfaction in ourselves. To be true, as it ranks us with the noblest, so it ranks us with the happiest of men. To be false, is not only to be despised, but to despise ourselves.

Scarcely any psychologist will doubt the existence in all men, of the moral sense which is able to discern the true when presented to it; nor will his investigations have been carried on without the discerning of another faculty closely allied to it, and that is, a sensation of pleasure in the perception of it.

Truth is meant to meet not only the eye which perceives, but the instinct which admires and approves. In other words, truth meets not only a mental perceptivity in us, but has a moral affinity for us. In all human relationships we see how valuable is the possession of a love of truth, and how difficult it is to preserve at all times a strict adherence to its behests. Unquestionably it is our duty always to be obedient to truth without dread of consequences; inasmuch as likes and dislikes may meet us in the way, we shall often have to conquer ourselves. *Passion and prejudice* may stand on one side and *truth* on the other, and the solicitations of the former may be so strong as to make it very hard work to comply with the commands of the latter. Moreover, to act according to truth brings with it sometimes disadvantage, loss for instance, of pecuniary profit, or of flattering reputation; but in the end these gains if secured, would be counterbalanced by the after-loss of our character, and we should have risked and ruined that upon which our ultimate success, as well as, our real happiness alike depend.

Lying is of many kinds and degrees, but all lies are hateful and injurious. There is the hiding of truth, the keeping back that which, if the jury knew it, or if our neighbor knew it, would completely alter the value of the bargain and the complexion of the whole matter; consequently, though in such cases we remain silent, we may yet be denying the truth by our reservation which keeps back that which is essential to its claims. There is also the speaking falsely for the sake of supposed good ends, a doctrine, which, though of old defended by some casuists, has not one word to be said in its favor, inasmuch as it leaves open to every man's judgment the decision of what in the end will be best; a decision which, apart from all other considerations, is but too likely to fall in with his own selfish desires and inclinations. There is, there can be no more immoral doctrine than this, for it cuts at the very root of immutable morality. There is also one more form of falsehood which demands exposure, and that is the acted untruth where the lips indeed are silent, but where the look and the manner give assent to the falsehood. We must ever remember that there is a speech of the glance and the gesture, as well as, of the lips, and voice; and it is as base to deceive with the one as it is with the other.

It is proper however to draw a distinction which seems to exist between the two English words, "truth" and "veracity." *Truth* is always truth, whether we know it to be so or not; whereas *veracity* seems to relate to the connection between what a person says and what he honestly believes to be true. Thus a veracious person may sometimes diverge from truth. He may have been misinformed or mistaken; he is veracious, in respect to his own consciousness of what was done, whilst in regard to the *actual* truth of things he is wrong. For instance, it is not true that "The sun moves around the earth;" but astronomers of the Ptolemaic school, who declared it did so move, were still veracious men—they spoke that which they believed to be true.

Fidelity to truth has much to do with the stability and prosperity of nations. The just payment of bonds, the righteous adjustment of claims, and the earnest adherence to a course of conduct marked by persistent rectitude, constitutes one of the surest guarantees of progress. Governments suffer most severely from all fraudulent breaches of trust towards others in the community of nations.

That which is true of peoples is true of individuals. Whatever material gains may be obtained by fraud and falsehoods, the dishonor which is an inseparable part of the harvest, is more than a counterbalance for all the success. Falsehood brings with it in many ways its own punishments. It has been well said that "Liars should

have good memories"—so sure are they in after days to speak the truth, and thus not only to reveal the true facts, but also to uncover themselves to the shame and derision of mankind.

Fidelity to truth is one of those virtues which cannot suddenly be learned or practised. Savage and uncivilized nations, who have been habituated to falsehood, take many long years of moral education before they lose the lying habits of their nature. It must therefore commend itself to us as one of the first duties of life to inculcate the love and admiration of truth upon the young, so that they may be early drilled in its exercise, and accustomed to its yoke.

In the end it is easy, but in the beginning it is hard enough to fulfil the injunction, "Lie not at all."

All pretences and shams are actual untruths; but as my space is limited, it is quite impossible for me to follow in detail all the ramifications of falsehood. Enough has been said to show that there are many forms of falsehood, but none of them is even allowable or excusable. Truth is as beautiful as it is powerful, and constitutes one of the richest adornments, and it is in short, one of the strongest bulwarks of character.

PERSONAL—IMPERSONAL.

Do you see that hat in Derby's advertisement?

Mr. Joseph F. Costello will open his bowling alley on Hancock street soon.

Mr. John R. Graham intends moving into his new factory on Sumner street soon.

McManus & Co. is one of the best clothing firms in Boston and carry a complete line at the most reasonable prices.

Now is the time to join the St. John's Catholic Literary and Athletic Association. All young men are desired as members.

Rev. Ambrose F. Roche was a guest at the annual banquet of the Irish Charitable society in Boston on Tuesday, March 17.

Mr. John C. McGowan of Franklin street, desires that you should give him a call when your shoes need repairing. He does only first-class work.

The St. John's society will attend Holy Communion in a body the second Sunday after Easter, April 19, at the eight o'clock Mass at St. John's church.

Mr. George Gavin has been fortunate in securing a position on the night desk of the Boston Globe. We wish him success in one of the best professions of the age.

An anniversary requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Louis Capiferri was celebrated on Thursday morning, March 27, at St. John's church.

One hundred men are now employed at the works of the Quincy Cycle company's works in the Graham building, Washington street, the works running night and day.

Mr. T. L. Williams, an old Monitor advertiser, has moved to the Centre. In order to lubricate the wheels of business he has sought the columns of THE MONITOR. A good lubricant.

The annual entertainment of Division 5, A. O. H., held at Hancock hall on St. Patrick's night, was a grand success. The entertainment was by local talent under the direction of Mr. Edward O'Donovan.

Invitations have been sent to many prominent Quincy gentlemen to the ball of the society and it is hoped that all will attend. The reverend clergy in Quincy and those stationed elsewhere have also been invited.

The Young Ladies' Charitable society of West Quincy are to give a costume party Friday evening, April 10, in St. Mary's hall. The object of every entertainment given by this indefatigable society of young ladies is most worthy and this party should be patronized liberally.

Eight candidates were initiated at a recent meeting of Quincy council, No. 96, Knights of Columbus. The council will attend, by special invitation of Vera Cruz council of Randolph, through Hugh J. Malloy, grand knight, the exemplification of the third degree on Easter Monday night. A special train will be run for the convenience of the knights.

A mission will be held in Quincy parish by the Redemptorist fathers, commencing in Atlantic and South Braintree the Sunday after Easter, and continuing for one week. It will be held in St. Mary's, West Quincy, for two weeks commencing Sunday, April 19. The fathers will open at St. John's church, May 3, for two weeks.

Read the Easter Announcements.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

PANTS! PANTS! PANTS!

Our new lines of Spring Pants have arrived and are ready for inspection. We have the largest line and best value for the prices named ever placed on our counters.

We have Pants
For \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50.

UNDERWEAR,

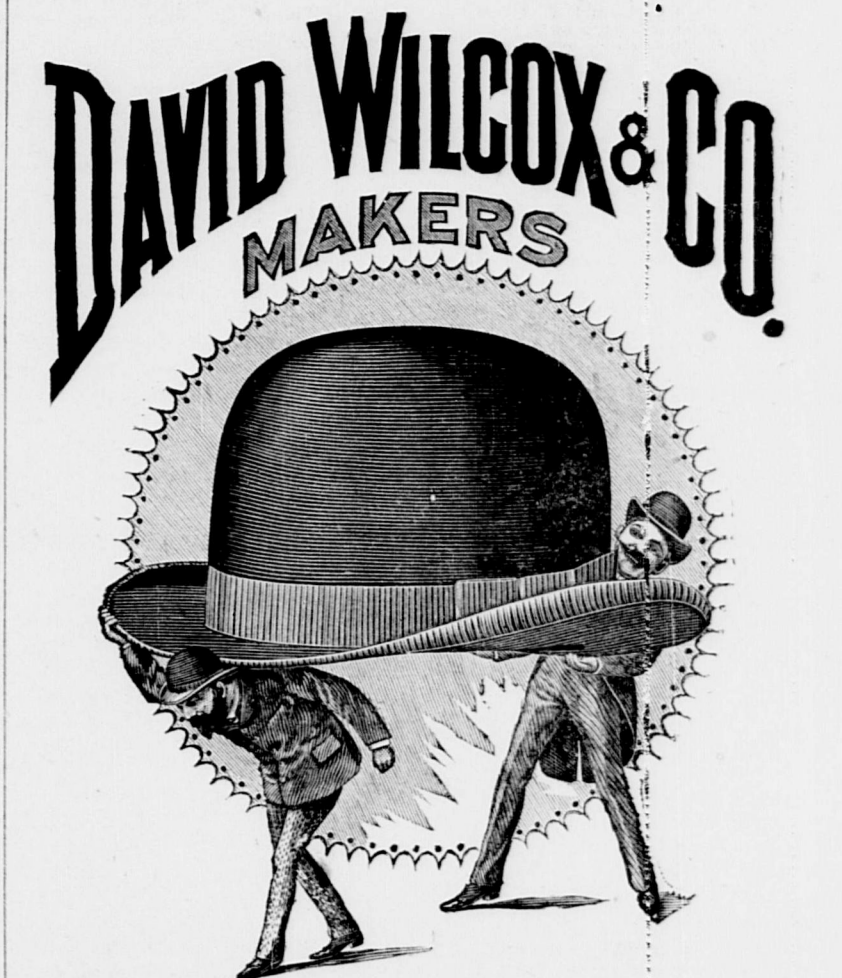
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR at 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25.

Working Shirts. Our spring stock of Shirts is large and as usual made to order, 36 inches long.

Don't forget that we claim to be the Leading Shoe Store. An inspection of our new Spring lines will be the best proof of our claim.

GEORGE W. JONES,

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.



Easter Opening of Spring Clothing.

MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS.

HATS, CAPS AND FURNISHINGS.

Buy the Celebrated WILCOX HAT.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

C. F. DERBY,

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

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MONEY TO LOAN on first mortgages of Real Estate.

Insurance of every description promptly effected.

GEORGE H. BROWN, Conveyancer and Notary Public.

EVERYTHING UNDER ONE ROOF.

The W. H. Doble Co., Boots and Shoes,

Dry Goods, Groceries, Meats and Provisions,
AND A BAKERY.

Cor. Franklin and Water Sts., South Quincy.

A Store noted for first-class quality of goods and extremely low prices.

"Have You Heard

of a man that goes around from store to store trying on working shoes just for fun?"

"We'll cure him."

"How?"

"Why, put a pair of our Grain Shoes for \$2.00 on him. He'll like 'em so well he won't let us take 'em off."

GRANITE SHOE STORE, Quincy

H. A. FELTIS, Manager.

HOW TO DRESS GIRLS.

A Pretty Style For a Girl Twelve or Fourteen Years of Age.

A dress which may be made in a variety of material for a girl of 12 years consists of bodice and skirt, the former fastening at the back. The model seen was a combination of serge and velvet and required of velvet 1½ yards and of double width serge 5 yards. The color was navy blue. The bodice is fitted on a lining and the front is cut sufficiently large to allow its falling in those places which slightly overhang the narrow waistband. This latter accessory does



SEERGE AND VELVET FROCK.

not take on and off, but with its beaded edging covers the material hand which joins bodice and skirt together.

In order to give the skirt that appearance of fullness round the waist, it is cut with a slightly gored front, which, like the back piece, must have no seam down the center. There are two side gores. By side gores is meant that they are just shaped to fit the front gores, but are not attached as so many of the little tweed gored skirts are. It will hardly be necessary to line the skirt, so that the hem need only be turned up and hemmed. If you wish it lined, use the same pattern for cutting out your lining as for the material.

A coat shape lining is the foundation for the leg o' mutton sleeves, a little head edged velvet cuff giving them a pleasing finish. The cachet of this frock lies in the velvet braids, which are entirely novel in design; they extend from front to back and are trimmed with fancy metal buttons and a jet edging. Each braid is cut out of a length of velvet, and there must be no join on the shoulders.

If new material is to be purchased for this dress, you cannot do better than to select a diagonal coating, as this is a cloth which has been selected to make a number of the new spring models.

Overdressing in Music.

Overdressing is as censurable as underdressing. To practice 12 or 15 hours a day is fully as fatal as to practice only 1 hour. To play fortissimo or pianissimo where only forte or piano is required will spoil the effect. To substitute large for moderate, or presto for allegro, will often cause a failure. A concert programme one hour and a half in length, containing a due proportion of popular music, will give more satisfaction to the average audience than one three hours long made up exclusively of "the good old classics." "Let your moderation be known to all men," is the advice of a writer in *L'Etude*.

A Word About Sheets.

Make sheets 2½ yards long, when hemmed. With a sheet of that length securely tucked in at top, bottom and sides a bed may be always comfortable, for if it become full of wrinkles it is as bad as if full of crumbs. Lift each end and side of the mattress and fold the sheet smoothly and tightly under it. Fold the upper sheet and coverings well under at the foot and make sure there is enough of the upper sheet to cover the blankets at the top and prevent their touching the face.

Orange Sponge.

Take a pint of orange juice, sugar to taste, half an ounce of gelatin, and the whites of 2 eggs. Melt the gelatin in a little water, and add the juice and sugar with which 2 oranges have been rasped. Place it over the fire and stir until melted, then cool, beat in the whites of the eggs, and mold. Turn out and garnish with a fresh orange in sections, or a preserved one in slices.

Homemade Calendar.

Calendars are convenient affairs which find a place in every room in some homes. There are countless ways of making them. A unique design illustrated and described in *The Householder*



is easily executed. It has four leaf clovers scattered irregularly over a small water-color panel. The calendar is secured somewhere among them, and fancy lettering displays the greeting, "Good Luck to You."

THREE GREAT GENERALS.

They Were Born in Ohio and Held the Full Rank of Service.

It is not generally known that our army has had at its head but three men who have held the real rank of general. It has been commanded by officers holding rank from lieutenant colonel to major general, but only three have held the full rank of general, and to Ohio belongs the honor of having had these three men born upon her soil. These three men were Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.

The following is a complete list of the successive commanders:

Major General George Washington, June 15, 1775, to Dec. 23, 1783.
Major General Henry Knox, Dec. 23, 1783, to June 20, 1784.
Lieutenant Colonel Josiah Har-mar, general in chief, by brevet, September, 1788, to March, 1791.
Major General Arthur St. Clair, March 4, 1791, to March, 1792.
Major General Anthony Wayne, April 11, 1792, to Dec. 15, 1796.
Major General James Wilkinson, Dec. 15, 1796, to July, 1798.
Lieutenant General George Washington, July 3, 1798, to his death, Dec. 14, 1799.

Major General James Wilkinson, June, 1800, to January, 1812.

Major General Henry Dearborn, Jan. 27, 1812, to June, 1815.

Major General Alexander Macomb, May 24, 1818, to June, 1841.

Major General Winfield Scott (brevet lieutenant general) June, 1841, to Nov. 1, 1861.

Major General George B. McClellan, Nov. 1, 1861, to March 11, 1862.

Major General Henry W. Halleck, March 11, 1862, to March 12, 1864.

Lieutenant General Ulysses S. Grant, March 12, 1864, to July 25, 1866, and as general until March 4, 1869.

General William T. Sherman, March 4, 1869, to Nov. 1, 1883.

Lieutenant General Philip H. Sheridan, Nov. 1, 1883, to June 1, 1888, and as general from June 1 to date of his death, Aug. 5, 1888.

Major General John M. Schofield, from Aug. 14, 1888, till February, 1895, when he was made lieutenant general, which rank he held when retired from active service, in September, 1895.

Major General Nelson A. Miles succeeded General Schofield as commander of the army, and he does not retire from active service until Aug. 8, 1903. In all probability the rank of lieutenant general will be given to Major General Miles, as the matter is talked of already, in spite of the fact that he has been at the head of the army but a few months.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Glad to Get His Hat Back.

A number of prominent literary men were at one time gathered together in a well known chophouse in New York. The conversation was of course brilliant, and the repartee sparkled with mirth and wit. During a lull in the talk the door slowly opened, and an old southern darky, grizzled with age, poked his head in, and then slowly drew his body in after him. A waiter immediately started to eject him, when one of the gentlemen cried out: "Wait a moment! Let's see what he wants?" The old darky hobbled up to the table where the gentlemen sat and held out his hat. Throwing a wink to his neighbors, the gentleman took the hat, and making a show of placing something into it, he bravely passed it on to the next gentleman, who did likewise. The hat made a tour of the entire room, to the puzzled wonder of the darky. The last man to receive it solemnly handed it back, with a very polite bow, saying, "There, sir, don't you think you have something to be thankful for?" The old darky looked slowly round the company, and, mechanically taking the hat, said, "Gen'men, I've thank'd dat I've eben got de hat back!" The reply was so thoroughly enjoyed by the company that the old darky left the place a much richer man than he had entered it.—New York Journal.

A Chinaman's Pun.

Dr. MacMillan, secretary of the Presbyterian board of home missions, told me the other day of a Chinaman who actually perpetrated an American pun. It happened at the University of Montana, at Deer Lodge. The punning fever was raging among the students and penetrated even to the kitchen, where Ching Lee, or whatever his name was—presided as cook. The house-keeper of the Students' Boarding club went into the kitchen one day. "Ching Lee," said she, "you may cook some hominy for supper." And the Chinaman, without a moment's hesitation, returned, "For hominy?"—Washington Post.

The Better Way.

She—If it was necessary, and I were your wife, would you go through fire and water for me?
He—Do you think it would be necessary?
She—It might.
He—Then I think you had better marry a fireman. Good evening!—London Tit-Bits.



MINISTER HANNIS TAYLOR.

Hannis Taylor, United States Minister to Spain, finds himself prominently before the public just now. He was born in Newbern, N. C., September 12, 1851, and is one of Alabama's foremost lawyers. He is a legal author of note and a man of scholarly attainments.

FOUR GREAT IRISHMEN.

Burke, O'Connell, Parnell and McCarthy and What They Have Done.

Ireland has produced a number of the greatest orators, the keenest parliamentarians, the most sagacious statesmen, the best scholars, the most sympathetic poets and the warmest patriots. She has had her name emblazoned upon the temple of fame, through the efforts of those who have been nursed in the cradles of the houses which deck her land. In the political arena there are four names associated with the work of this century and its predecessor, which stand out in prominence—namely, Edmund Burke, Daniel O'Connell, Charles Stewart Parnell and Justin McCarthy.

Edmund Burke, one of the greatest names in the history of political literature, was born in Dublin, on Jan. 12, 1731. He took a seat in the house of commons in 1766. He first astonished the commons at St. Stephen's with his electric eloquence, command of language, power of argument and extent of information, while debating the declaratory act. His early efforts in favor of Roman Catholic emancipation, his patriotic designs for the amelioration of Ireland, the circumstances attending his first session in parliament, his rapid rise to eminence as an orator and a statesman, his enunciation of the doctrine of free trade, the obliquity and the difficulties of every kind against which he had to contend, the beginning of his emigration to Chatham, his struggle against the court in 1769, his exertions for the freedom of the press, his ideas on Indian reform in 1773 and his speeches upon the American Revolution are all subjects occurring during his parliamentary career which do not yield in interest and magnitude to the events of the present generation.

O'Connell's striking greatness was achieved in the field of Irish politics. From early manhood he had turned his attention to the condition of Ireland and the masses of her people. Having a firm faith in the influence of his church, he perceived that it might be made an instrument of immense political power in Ireland. As a result of his labors Catholic Ireland was arrayed to a man in an organization of enormous power, that demanded its rights in no uncertain voice.

The history of the life and work of Charles Stewart Parnell is of recent date and the property of every living Irishman. A man of transcendent genius, his elevation to the brightest place in the affections of the people of his adopted country is not to be wondered at, although history affords no parallel of such a rapid rise among her statesmen. Parnell was the "uncrowned king," and future generations will forget the faults and shortcomings of the man in remembering the assiduous efforts he made for the welfare of Ireland.

Justin McCarthy, his successor in the leadership of the National party, is a man of letters and of vast attainments. At present he is trying to conciliate the different factions of the Irish party and is actively engaged in forcing the claims of Ireland upon the attention of the imperial parliament.

Baked Rice.

Over a pint of boiled rice pour an equal quantity of very hot milk and allow the mixture to cool. Then stir in half a tablespoonful of melted butter, 3 eggs well beaten separately and a scant teaspoonful of salt. Beat intimately together and then add gradually flour enough to slightly thicken—a bill will be about the proper amount. Bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes and serve while warm.

To Clean Delicate Laces.

Delicate white laces may be cleaned by laying them smooth on wrapping paper and covering them with magnesia. Put another paper over this and place them between the leaves of a book for several days. Brush out the white powder and the lace will be found to be almost as fresh as when new.

Boat With a History.

The first screw coalship ever built in England is still in use. It was launched in 1852 and caused a revolution in the carrying trade. A collier's career is generally common-place enough. Yet what a history has that old boat's been! It is scarcely too much to say that it is the most noteworthy steamer afloat.—New York Tribune.

THE COACH KING.

Mr. C. W. Miller and His Palace Stable in Buffalo.

[Special Correspondence.]

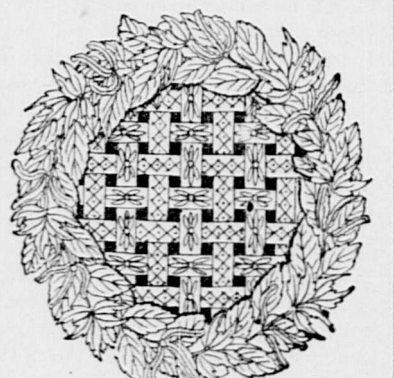
BUFFALO, March 10.—I met the Coach King today and had a delightful chat with him. I say delightful because I know of no more pleasant way to pass an hour or two than by listening to C. W. Miller spinning yarns about Grover Cleveland, Millard Fillmore, Wilson S. Bissell, ex-postmaster general; William G. Fargo of Wells, Fargo & Co.; Cicero J. Hamlin, the horseman, and others among Buffalo's great men. "C. W." is called the Coach King throughout western New York because he owns more hacks and carriages than any other man in the country, and doubtless in the world. His big livery and transfer business at Buffalo, Niagara Falls and St. Augustine, Fla., is known by the traveling public all over the land, and it has made him a millionaire several times over. Miller is yet under 50, but he is one of the landmarks of the town. Everybody knows him. He employs two men who do nothing but buy horses for his vast enterprises. Altogether he owns about 500 head of horses. He calculates that each animal he buys will last five months. "If they hold out that long, I've got my money's worth out of them," he told me.

A few years ago he built what is by far the handsomest and most expensive stable and livery barn in America. There are accommodations for 500 horses and seven floors devoted to the storage of equipages. In the summer he operates nearly all the coaches at the Falls and in winter sends his entire caravansary to the Ponce de Leon hotel at St. Augustine. Last year an English syndicate endeavored to buy the Coach King out. His reply to the offer was characteristic of him. He said: "I understand you people have boasted you were going to buy up every bloody thing in the country. You go back and tell your managers there are one or two businesses which are not for sale, and this is one of them."

In the oft mentioned days when Grover Cleveland had his rooms and law offices over Ward's hardware store at Swan and Main streets a coterie of good fellows used to meet nightly at Louis Gertz's place on Pearl street, match coins to see who was to pay for the Welsh rabbits and tell stories. Miller and Cleveland were always of the party, and that friendship has never been broken. One of the strongest personal friends Grover Cleveland has today is Charles Miller, although the latter is too modest to trade on this circumstance. It is an open secret that the Coach King, who is a man of splendid executive ability, could have had a tidy place in the Cleveland administration had he so desired. A life size oil painting of the president hangs in his office, and those who know point to it and say, "One of Miller's lifelong friends."

A Novel Mat.

An effective mat of any desired size may be made as follows: Cover a foundation of stout cardboard with cloth, felt or velvet. Interplait, after the kindergarten style, spaced lengths of ribbon, braid or cloth—in fact, any scrap of stuff cut to the exact size and flatly sewed together. Hide the joins under the



A PLAID MAT.

various crossings. Work on each strip either a headlike cluster of loops fastened down with a knot or spangle or a series of diamonds made with a double herringbone or a central French knot or bead. Sew round velvet pascies lightly buttoned and add a wreath of variegated leaves in cloth or leather streaked with tinsel thread and "love lies bleeding" in chenille.

Glasgow, which owns its street cars, prints scripture texts on the cheap tickets for workmen.

THE VEIL FACE.

Contortions of the Chicago Women Under the Gause Covering.

Almost every pretty woman wears a veil on the street. Perhaps, as has been long ago hinted, there is some concealed connection between the veil and the beauty, but, at any rate, wear them they do. Nearly every woman who wears a veil becomes a victim of the habit of partial dislocation of the jaw about seven times in ten minutes. The best place to observe the phenomenon is in a street car. Without undergoing the inconvenience of a discreet pursuit, it is there possible to keep track of the performance. Select one woman—it is impossible for any one to keep an eye on more than one woman at once—and keep a furtive but continuous watch of her. Perhaps she is a gentle, dove-like little specimen, with lips made apparently only for osculatory purposes, and soft, pleading eyes. It does not matter. It is well to pick out the most attractive woman in the car anyway. It is the natural thing to do, and the more beautiful she is the more closely she approaches all preconceived ideals, the more remarkable is the transformation scene which follows. Keep a close watch of her and do not miss one of her motions.

Suddenly a look of discomfiture spreads over her face. Certainly something is wrong—nothing very apparent, it is true, but she is obviously troubled over something. Then the performance commences. Her gaze is fixed on a point just over the bridge of her nose. This does not have a pleasing effect. The result is a soul rending, crossed-eyed appearance, which has probably killed more budding affections than all the stern parents on record, counting even those in the novels, have ever destroyed. The sight of one's divinity exhibiting herself with her gaze tied in knots is calculated to chill the warmest passion.

But this is only the curtain raiser, so to speak. Finally, having ascertained through her optical gymnastics that her suspicions were well founded, and that something is surely wrong, she proceeds to the main part of the performance. Her face shuts up like a nut cracker, her lips are pushed out to their greatest extent, until they look like the big end of a funnel, and by some method known only to women she catches her veil under her lower lip and pulls it into place, after which her face returns to its former pleasing composure, but all illusions have been knocked higher than Gilderey's kite.

This surprising contortion is the veil face. Apparently the veil cannot be kept in place by hand. Why it cannot mortal man does not know. Perhaps mortal woman could tell him. It is possible that the habit first originated at those seasons of the year when every woman has both hands full of bundles. If so, there was some reason for its beginning. But why it should be maintained when the fair contortionist has at least one hand lying empty in her lap is a question. All authorities agree that a veil is an undoubted necessity. They affirm, that its thickness should vary inversely as the clearness of complexion. But a veil which can be kept in place only by a trained contortionist must be susceptible of improvement. Perhaps it might be tacked to the chin bone with a brass headed nail. The nail would not be unpleasant to look at, and it might be set with precious stones. The method would certainly be more attractive than the present one.—Chicago Tribune.

Some Fine Property.

Stranger (to Kansas City citizen)—Those three corner lots of yours are fine property, captain.

Citizen (enthusiastically)—Fine property? Why, great Scott, man, there ain't nothing like 'em west of the Illinois river! Two years from now they'll be in the heart of the city, an people will fairly howl for 'em. They ought to come under the head of jewelry, not real estate. If you want to buy that property, stranger, you've got to buy it by the inch.

Stranger—I'm not buying property this morning. I'm the new tax assessor.

The citizen falls in a faint.—Harm Life.

Useful.

"What shall I do?" she moaned. "I have smashed my bicycle."

"Let me see the wreck," said her mother. "Why, these wheels are very light, indeed!"

"Yes, the lightest manufactured." "Well, there is no need to waste time. I'll take them to the milliners and have some trimming put on them. They will make some lovely hats for you and your sister to wear."—London Tit-Bits.

As Far as He Would Go.

Mrs. Grouch—It is a woman's privilege to change her mind, isn't it?

Mr. Grouch—It is a woman's privilege to change her notion.—Indianapolis Journal.

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Do you realize that an advertisement in THE MONITOR is read by 1,000 families?

A BOY IN THE LIBRARY.

Alas, what ruin has he wrought in learning's dim domain, invader of the realms of thought And leveler of the brain! How did he gain the library key To better Dante's bust, to be Lamb's butcher—by himself!

My Milton shows an ink mark. A page is missed from Moore, And Chaucer from his corner dark Has tumbled to the floor. And Baxter—he of saintly "Rest" And meditation deep— Brought from the regions of the blest, "Lies in the tumbled heap."

Sage treatises on ancient Greek, And dissertations long, And soul enchaining lays, speak Promiscuous from the throng. From corners draw I sadly hear Old Duncan's dying groans; A hand's gone from Hamlet's hair, And Banquo suns his bones!

Then in the rare and classic wreck I see the tyrant's form; His arms are round his mother's neck— A refuge in the storm! And as his toy tips meet mine And showery ringlets fall A world of Shakespeares I resign— His kiss is worth them all!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

THE STOLEN CAMELS.

It was a very dark night when Habibullah arrived with his nine camels at the lonely Zhab Levy post, on the road to Dera Ismail Khan. Though a native of the regions round about, he, with true Mohammedan recklessness, turned in to sleep, leaving his beasts unsaddled to forage during the rest of the night. Small wonder that at dawn the loss of the whole nine was reported at the nearest post. The loss was promptly attributed to cattle lifters, and, as a band of Waziris had been rumored to have come from the Mahsud tribe during the last few days, "Saddle and ride!" was the order of the day.

Bakhsan Khan slipped his medicine vial into his pocket. Wazir Khan put a chillum and some tobacco into his holster, instead of his ration pocket. Gurdit Singh put a twisted cloth containing opium into his turban. The English officer crammed half a dozen chupatties and a flask of whisky into his pockets. In 20 minutes 15 armed men were galloping to the place whence the camels had been lifted.

Bakhsan Khan's trackers had been before them and had run the trail across the river and into the hills the other side. Every indication was that the party had gone off toward Wano in a bee line across the hills, and with probably ten hours' start. In that awful country, and with the slow and malignant camel peculiar to those parts, they were probably a dozen miles ahead. To follow that trail among that mass of torrents, all twisting like wounded snakes, and in as many directions as imagination could devise, seemed at first an absolutely impossible task. But to the men following it every nullah was as well known as London streets to a cockney. Not for nothing had they hunted the wild goat and sheep and chikor day after day in those fastnesses. Only two routes were possible—one, an easy one, with sandy going, up a nullah and then across a shallow neck, through a kind of down country with rocks for grass, into another nullah, and so down among an interminable mass of ravines to the Gurnal and Waziristan; the other was a stiff but not steep climb by way of the lowest hills into a wide plain crossed by ravines, and then, by an intricate system of nullahs, to the confluence of the Toi and Gurnal and so to Wano. At the end of two hours' ride up the latter route, chosen because it was the shortest in distance, a sure indication was found.

Turning a tall, ragged knee of a precipitous rock, a man was seen making off up the mountain side. He bore a handsome jezail across his shoulders and was dressed as if on a journey far from home. At the shouts of the party he turned and unsling his jezail, but a shot fired by a sower induced him to ground arms and then at a second hail from Wazir Khan he came down to the party. He was instantly seized and disarmed. On inquiry he was found to be a young Mahsud, who gave the name of Mazluri, till an application of a stirrup leather to his legs revealed an alias of Bakhtawar. This being accepted as probable, he was further questioned. His replies were evasive, to say the least. During the conversation four or five sowars had gone ahead and found on the soft, wet side of a trickle of water a plain mark of a camel's foot. This damned the prisoner.

He was decorated as to his neck with a collar of tough, jangling rope, the slack end was made fast to a sovar's saddle, and he was bid run or hang. A sword point at his back ended all his hesitation. He ran, and nimbly, too, while the pursuers followed at a brisk trot, winding up the sandy bell of the nullah. A collection of camel's dung, hastily thrown into a small cranny of the rock, close to the site of a sheep-fold, removed all doubts. The prisoner ran for nearly a mile more before he tripped and fell, cutting his left knee and arm badly. As he did so a shot fired from a rock on the mountain side, about 400 yards ahead, scattered sand and flints

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A rapid while the and cropp age at it much the need of word hour's time in number, and were off crossing the r like country badly hurt sending back and three other seemed unlike chase, which, as to be a long of minutes was after all, for ers started of Baksh ing again as a moun as the cro tion to f and then sky they seemed the ical creatures while the m feet high and of A truly uncom more they drop The point at showed that the route a little, dash across a sheep track the into the plain or at the same The question w could survi and gallop up, and, tried for i To get was not s cent! A 200 feet d a path co ders, which man scamb brink, was alu horses. These a far weaker nerv and, though e and led his hor with the brid back, the agny sweat, as the failed to do. It the fear distend ing eyes and the muscle of their

The clasp ominous s the unrel man and terror. It but the h hunts man exciting the stole the Nothing but pany, which d into the deadl companionship could have en succeed in this Their groans s down the spines started to Baksh the agony of his vented his feeli did his white b did not last 20 have been 20 h All reach the horse The camel ahead mak as blows Englishman and, pour handkerch nostrils. A shan Khan bro nostrils, and Gun and spurred. W aloud on Allah, first a trot, fo then, as they fell a gallop. The he age with pace. the ravines as h hard for them. moment there w of race or creed of Sikh, Pathan and swearing indis other, race

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And leveler of the brain!
How did he gain the library key
And scale the topmost shelf
To batter Dante's bust, to be
Lamb's butcher—by himself?

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A page is missed from Moore,
And Chaucer from his corner dark
Has tumbled to the floor.
And Baxter—he of saintly "Rest"
And meditation deep—
Brought from the regions of the blest,
Lies in the tumbled heap.

Sage treatises on ancient Greek,
And dissertations long,
And soul enchanting love lays, speak
Promiscuously from the throng.
From corners drear I sadly hear
Old Duncan's dying groans,
A handful's gone from Hamlet's hair,
And Banquo suns his bones!

Then in the rare and classic wreck
I see the tyrant's form;
His arms are round his mother's neck—
A refuge in the storm!
And as his rosy lips meet mine
And showery ringlets fall
A world of Shakespeare I resign—
His kiss is worth them all!

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among the horses' legs. It was now
quite certain that the rear guard of
the camel lifters had been caught,
and a hard gallop to head off the
flier resulted in his capture within
half an hour. He was not wounded,
but very tired.

A rapid council of war was held
while the horses drank at the water
and cropped a little of the sour her-
bage at its edge. When all are of
much the same mind, there is little
need of words, and so in half an
hour's time the pursuers, now ten
in number, saddled and mounted,
and were off at a canter. While
crossing the rough and stony down-
like country a horse fell and was
badly hurt. This necessitated the
sending back of the injured horse,
and three other sowars, whose horses
seemed unlikely to last out the stern
chase, which, as all knew, was bound
to be a long one. This delay of ten
minutes was not such a great loss
after all, for hardly had the pursu-
ers started again than the keen eyes
of Bakhsan Khan saw a camel stand-
ing against the sky line, on the top
of a mountain, about a mile ahead
as the crow flies. As he called atten-
tion to it another camel appeared,
and then a man. Against the clear
sky they looked gigantic. The camels
seemed the most weird and diabolical
creatures seen out of a dream,
while the man appeared at least 10
feet high and of gigantic dimensions.
A truly uncanny sight. In a moment
more they dropped over the ridge.

The point at which they appeared
showed that they had changed their
route a little, and that by a daring
dash across a difficult and little used
sheep track the pursuers could drop
into the plain of the ravines before
or at the same time as the Waziris.
The question was whether the horses
could survive that awful scramble
and gallop afterward. But blood was
up, and, without a word, they all
tried for it.

To get up to the top of the neck
was not very difficult, but the de-
scent! A yawning precipice of about
200 feet deep on the bridge hand, and
a path consisting entirely of bowld-
ers, which goats might jump or a
man scramble over on the very
brink, was almost too much for the
horses. These gallant creatures had
far weaker nerves than their riders,
and, though each man dismounted
and led his horse, walking in front,
with the bridle reins behind his
back, the agony of fear made them
sweat, as the galloping had yet
failed to do. It was painful to see
the fear distended nostrils, the glar-
ing eyes and the tremble of every
muscle of their hard knit frames.

The clash of the hoofs and the
ominous slide as the hard iron hit
the unrelenting bowlder made both
man and horse thrill with absolute
terror. It was simply awful. Nothing
but the lust of blood, when man
hunts man—the greatest and most
exciting hunt of all—could have
stealed the hearts of the pursuers.
Nothing but the blind trust in com-
pany, which drives the war horse
into the deadly charge—the hideous
companionship of perfect fear—
could have enabled the horses to
succeed in this awful enterprise.
Their groans sent a cold shudder
down the spines of the men. Tears
started to Bakhsan Khan's eyes at
the agony of his beloved mare. He
vented his feelings in curses, and so
did his white brother. The passage
did not last 20 minutes. It might
have been 20 hours.

All reached the plain safely. But
the horses were spent with terror.
The camels were seen not half a mile
ahead making for the ravines as fast
as blows could urge them. The
Englishman pulled out his flask,
and, pouring a few drops on his
handkerchief, wiped the horse's
nostrils. Then he mounted. Bak-
hsan Khan breathed into his mare's
nostrils, and Gurdit Singh mounted
and spurred. Wazir Khan, calling
aloud on Allah, mounted too. At
first a trot, feeble and uncertain;
then, as they felt good, firm ground,
a gallop. The horses regained cour-
age with pace. The camels neared
the ravines as the pursuers raced
hard for them. In that supreme
moment there was nothing known
of race or creed or color. The Biluch,
Sikh, Pathan and Englishman, each
swearing indiscriminately at each
other, raced for blood.

Another 300 yards. A camel's
leading rope breaks, and the jaded
brute stands still. A yell of joy from
the pursuers. A couple of shots from
the Waziris. Bakhsan Khan pulls up
and is off his mare like a streak of
lightning. A shot from his rifle hits
the man who is striving to drive the
camel on. The rest sweep on with a
yell! Another 200 yards to cross!
They have them! No!

They reach the brink of the first
ravine, to find nothing. In a way in-
conceivable, except to an actual be-
holder, there remains only a solitary
camel and a dying man, bleeding
from a bullet wound in the back of
the neck. The rest are as clean gone
as if the earth had swallowed them
up.

It is hopeless to search those end-
less ravines. The horses were quite
done up. Eight hours' hard going
across that dreadful country at an
average of five miles an hour made it

far more desirable to make for home
as quickly as possible. So they load-
ed the dead Mahsud on the camel,
and, after resting a couple of hours,
began to wend their weary way
home by the easiest ways known.
The horses found water and grass
about nightfall, and the seven weary
and hungry men forgot all differ-
ences of race and religion in consid-
ering their safety and relief in that
dangerous desert. Each man put his
provisions out on a flat rock, and
then, under cover of the dark, each
went alone and took his share. The
Muslim drank from the English
flask, the Sikh ate the Musselman's
chupatties, the Englishman took
and smoked a pill of the blessed
opium. Surely God sent that drug
for man's solace in his hour of ut-
most need.

It was nearly noon next day when
the pursuers returned to the post.
After taking six hours' dead sleep
it was time to attend to business.
Habibullah had recognized his camel,
and also the dead man as a man he
had met on the road near Mir Ali
Khel, who had said he was a cooly
on the road. The great question now
was how to get the remaining eight
camels back. At the instigation of
Bakhsan Khan the following device
was adopted: A rope was hung from
one of the big beams supporting the
roof of the gate, and Bakhtawar,
mounted on a ghil box, was placed
with the noose round his neck.

In this position he was told before
his fellow prisoner that unless the
camels returned safe and sound be-
fore the third sun set his corpse
would be burned on the dunghills
below the post. The other youth
was then stripped to a garment do-
ing duty for a shirt, soundly flogged,
and then hunted out of the post de-
fenseless. He had previously been as-
certained that the two were cousins,
and that Bakhtawar was the son of
a man having some influence. The
dead man's corpse was not to be
burned unless the camels failed to
return. He was also an influential
person, or had been.

All that now remained was to
wait and trust that the camels would
be restored. It was a game of brag.
The young Mahsud bore himself
with a calm indifference to his fate.
He even pretended that he was a
Ghazi, and, as such, could not burn.
One could not but admire his cour-
age. None the less he was carefully
guarded under a Sikh guard, no
Muslim being allowed to ap-
proach him, for the faith of Islam is
as the faith of Freemasons, and the
oath of the Sikh is as strong as the
sword that baptizes him.

On the afternoon of the day that
was to end Bakhtawar's life an old
man came into the post. He was
Bakhtawar's father. Gray, broken
toothed, scars on his face and arms
from countless fights, he looked like
a grim old boar. "Tomorrow at sun-
down," said he, "you shall see eight
camels come in. If not, hang and
burn me with my only son!"

After this he said no word. Res-
pite was perforce granted, and the
English officer went to bed wonder-
ing how he was to get out of the
scrape. If the game of brag failed,
what was he to do? An hour before
dawn the hand of the Afridi jemadar
was laid on his face, and the voice
said, "Let go the wild goats, for
I go out hunting and will not re-
turn till I bring the horns!"

"I am not afraid," was the reply.

"Go not till the second dawn," and
the jemadar retired as softly as he
came.

It was late afternoon, and the sun
all but touched the western mount-
ain crest when they took the old
man and his son and put nooses on
their necks and their feet on the
boxes, with a horse harnessed to
each rope. Lower and lower sank
the sun. Half the disc had gone
when a camel turned the corner of
the rocky road below the post. Just
as the sunset the eight camels stood
inside the post, with two stout, grin-
ning Mahsuds in charge.

The men so suddenly released from
death evinced no feelings of any sort.
The only sign of relief they gave was
a ready acquiescence in the confis-
cation of their arms and the hand-
cuffing of all four Mahsuds till next
day, when they were escorted across
the river and set free. In the even-
ing the jemadar returned from
shooting. He said: "I shot two wild
goats, but they were without horns,
and Sahib wants horns. What can I
show?" And he laughed a satanic
laugh. So did Bakhsan Khan.—Pall
Mail Gazette.

A Great Change.
A French paper vouches for this
dialogue, which took place in a
French assize court, as being liter-
ally true:

"Why," asked the judge of a man
who had been caught stealing pro-
visions, "did you attempt to rob
this poor baker?"
"It was hunger that forced me to
it," answered the man. "When the
forest wolf is hunted from the
woods by starvation, he takes his
prey where he can seize it!"
"Hush!" thundered the court,
rapping on the desk. "He does
nothing of the sort. He endures his
ills, repents and becomes an honest
man!"

SPECTACULAR JUSTICE.

**Comparison Between French and English
Courtrooms.**

M. Cruppi, the procurator's sub-
stitute, in a paper on French assize
court trials, uses the Old Bailey as a
foil to set off the assize court of the
Seine. A sensational criminal draws
to the palais de justice a brilliant
crowd, who come to be stirred and
amused, as at a playhouse. They ex-
pect alternations of weeping, laugh-
ing and blood curdling horrors. At
the Old Bailey there is nothing spec-
tacular. The court is a dark, dingy
hole, to which narrow stairs and
passages lead. Justice is public, but
the public were not thought of by
the architect. But the press is there,
and its presence constitutes public-
ity. This hall of justice is not as
spacious as the least large of the
correctional courts of Paris. It is
meant for business merely. The one
place where there is elbow room is
the dock. The prisoner can move
about there, stand up, sit down,
come and go. Soldiers do not guard
him. A warder sits in a little corner
pew and looks more like a scribe
than a jailer. One soon sees that the
prisoner is a sacred and intangible
being. He discusses from his notes
in the tone of a creditor claiming a
debt, and he may well do so, for the
proof of his alleged crime is due to
him. A table is in the lowest part of
the dark, dingy hole. Jammed
around it are counsel for and
against. They are close to the jury.
Theatrical effects would be out of
place here. The air is thick with the
all pervading London fog. Nobody
gesticulates. No face lights up or
shows any sort of animation. There
is no rustle of elegant toilets.

M. Cruppi points out that the
English judge is witness of what
witnesses say and arbitrator, but
never accuses. He respects every
right of the accused, and, if need be,
makes others do so too. Should he
be nervous and cross the counsel for
the crown will be made to feel un-
pleasantly his temper. English har-
risters argue rather than plead.
They are so close to the jury that if
a barrister in a vehement gesture
thrust forth his arm he might knock
over a juror. The thing is to show a
proof or establish a point of law,
and not to produce an effect. The
Old Bailey jurors seem better suited
for their work than those of the pa-
lais de justice. Their questions to the
accused and to witnesses are clear
and to the point. One often wonders
at their quickness after the judge
sums up at agreeing on a verdict.
Every juror seems absolutely confi-
dent in the wisdom and fairness of
the judge. He is the sheet anchor.
Witnesses may have contradicted
themselves and each other, counsel
may have puzzled them, the pris-
oner's counsel may have proved black
white, and the attorney general
strained many points, but the judge
is to declare what is true and fair.
He meddles with nobody, but keeps
on taking notes until he has to sum
up. A juror feels his conscience may
be at rest if he follow the judge in
doubting a witness or doubting the
whole case of the accused. M. Crup-
pi further says that it is well to un-
derstand England, but dangerous to
imitate her, because all her institu-
tions are of secular growth and racy
of the soil. None of her institutions
is more worthy of study than trial
by jury, which France has had for
100 years, but without the English
judge.—Paris Letter.

Judged by Appearance.

A Japanese gentleman, who now
holds the position of chemist in an
iron and steel foundry just outside
of the city, has had his religious con-
victions sadly shattered since his
sojourn in this country. He was
converted to Christianity in Japan
through the efforts of an enthusi-
astic Presbyterian missionary there,
and because the missionary wore a
silk hat the faithful Japanese sup-
posed that a silk hat was always an
adjunct of Christianity. When the
steamer which brought him to
America reached San Francisco, it
was boarded by a man in a silk hat,
who swore continuously in most
shocking style. Such language from
a man who was certainly a Christian
because he wore a silk hat upset the
oriental's belief, and he shortly
lapsed into agnosticism.—Philadel-
phia Record.

A Little Rattled.

Some years ago Mr. Tarsney of
Missouri was billed to make a speech
in York state. He arrived in town
only a few minutes before the hour
for the meeting and hastened to the
town hall and to the platform. He
was introduced by the local chair-
man. "Gentlemen and ladies," ex-
claimed this functionary proudly,
"we have with us tonight one of the
greatest statesmen from the west,
an orator famed throughout the Mis-
sissippi valley, a gentleman whose
name is as familiar to you all as a
household word. Permit me to in-
troduce to you Mr.—Mr."
"Tarsney of Missouri," the orator
whispered in reply.
"Fellow citizens," resumed the
chairman, "it is my proud pleasure
to introduce to you Mr. Larceny of
Missouri!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Cuneiform Origin of Cards.

"I have it!" exclaimed an enthu-
siastic whist player who was en-
gaged in a rubber at a Madison ave-
nue whist club.
"No; you haven't," answered his
partner. "It was trumped."
"I don't mean the trick," replied
the first. "I refer to the origin of
the characters on the cards. They
have always puzzled me. I have
studied the matter, read all that has
been written on the subject and have
never until this moment been satis-
fied as to how the cards came to bear
the shapes we call hearts, diamonds,
clubs and spades. Just now, as those
spots representing the four suits lay
there together, the signification of
their forms flashed on me."
"Well, what is it?" asked his part-
ner.

"Simple as can be," answered the
other. "Look at those four suits and
see how alike they are in form. Can't
you see they are all arrows? Cunei-
form, and no mistake. They quite
evidently originated with the old
Assyrian inscriptions. I have no
doubt that these figures originally
represented arrowheads. When the
Germans adopted the heart, bell, leaf
and acorn on their cards, they pre-
served the ancient form. Here are
four varying shapes of the arrow-
head, likely coming from four differ-
ent and opposing tribes; hence con-
flict between the suits as we play
the game today."—New York Her-
ald.

To Restore Tarnished Brass.

"Throw it out," said one. "Give
it away," said another. As it seems
a poor kind of giving to bestow that
which is worthless to yourself, the
last advice was not followed. But
the rose shade was so handsome, and
the colored glass jewels and hanging
drops all intact, it provoked sundry
experiments, and the result is a res-
toration to beauty and usefulness of
a lamp that was an eyesore for its
verdigris covered brasswork. In
most stoves a very fine powder ac-
cumulates that is not ashes, yet has
the essence of the wood in it. Part
of this, in fine saucer, was moistened
well, and another saucer held the
dry powder, a pan of good soap suds
stood near, and a piece of sheepskin
was at hand. With a toothbrush
all the brass was well scoured, then
washed in the suds and dried. At
this point there was not much en-
couragement, but now the dry pow-
der and sheepskin were vigorously
applied, and, to the surprise of the
skeptics, the brass shone with a soft
luster very superior to even the hard
brilliance of newness. This powder
will restore the brass rods when
tarnished and fly specked, and an
occasional rub with a woolen cloth
or piece of sheepskin dipped in the
dry powder will keep them in good
condition.—Womankind.

Change in the Form of the Sword.

During the first 12 centuries of
the Christian era the sword varied
little in the essential features from
the lines of the broadsword. The
blade was lengthened, it is true, and
less curved, but the crosspieces of
the hilt were usually straight, and
the simple, workmanlike look was
preserved. The change to the elabo-
rate hilts of several centuries later
was made gradually. There were
slight changes in the crosspieces
from time to time—the stiff straight
lines little by little began to curve
gently toward the blade. The knob
at the end of the handle, usually a
simple disk or ball of metal, was var-
ied into a trefoil, a fluting, or a
small Maltese cross. Blades and
scabbards were engraved with in-
scriptions, a practice which had in-
deed been found in Danish barrows
bearing unmistakable Runie charac-
ters cut in the bronze blades. The
cross hilted sword the crusaders car-
ried on their pious errand to the
Holy Land not infrequently display-
ed the sacred monogram either carved
or inlaid. An oath sworn upon
the sword was held peculiarly sacred
and binding, and it was a common
custom in England and elsewhere to
confirm a pledge in this way.—Mary
Stuart McKinney in St. Nicholas.

Patriotic.

A bright and patriotic American
girl who was recently in Oxford,
England, attended an afternoon tea
while there, and soon found herself,
her country, its institutions and cus-
toms objects of great interest. The
conversation was animated and pro-
longed well into the evening, and
the young American took a conspic-
uous part therein. Physically ex-
hausted thereby, the maiden knelt
for her customary devotions at her
bedside that night in a mood some-
what less attentive than usual, so
that, as she confessed confidentially
to her friends, she discovered her-
self saying, "Thy will be done, on
earth as it is in America!"—New
York Tribune.

An Error.

"Excuse me," he said to the emi-
nent musician, "but I called to in-
quire whether you would oblige our
firm with a testimonial."
"You are in the piano trade, I
presume?"
"No, sir; hair restorer."—Wash-
ington Star.

STORES IN HALLWAYS.

**Some of the Trademen of Venezuela Need
but Little Room.**

Cobblers, jewelers, tailors and
venders of small notions take pos-
session of the entries already de-
scribed as leading from the street to
the courtyard and coolly convert
them into a shop. So large is this
class of entry shopkeepers that they
form quite a good sized floating pop-
ulation of themselves. These good
people affix a few hooks to the wall,
hang up their show shelves, put up
a sort of folding counter that doubles
up like a backgammon board, and
their preparations for the reception
of visitors and customers are com-
pleted. They by no means suffer
themselves to be browbeaten or cast
down in spirit by more prosperous
competitors. Their prices are often
even higher than those of the regu-
lar tradesmen. The tailors among
them especially affect foreign and
traveled airs, many of them even
going so far as to display such signs
as "Paris Fashions" and "Tailor
From Paris."

But to me the most interesting of
all these hallway merchants and ar-
tisans is the cobbler or shoemaker.
He is a distinguished character, too,
as well as an interesting one, for he
often gets into the newspapers. The
advertisements in the principal daily
newspapers of Caracas announcing
anything to be seen or sold or rooms
to let generally conclude with, "The
shoemaker in the entry will explain
matters." Can any one tell why
nearly all cobblers and shoemakers
are of the Mark Tapley breed? Why
is it that they are nearly always jol-
ly and always singing at their work,
even when heaven has entirely de-
nied them a singing voice? Is the
perpetual sunshine in a cobbler's
heart due to that complete independ-
ence which a total lack of anything
like property gives? Is it attribut-
able to any peculiar exhalation aris-
ing from their bucket or small tub
of half putrid water and old heel
taps, or is it owing to their joy at
having possessed from time immem-
orial the right to apply their strap
to the person of their helpmate, thus
giving rise to the familiar axiom that
no other wife is ever so dutiful or so
well controlled as a shoemaker's?

Be the cause what it may, in the
entry of many a house here in Ca-
racas you will find the shoemaker
working away in a current of air
that would cause rheumatism, pneu-
monia or at least toothache in any
one else, singing and enjoying him-
self as only a cobbler can. If you
should lodge in the same house with
him and not wish to be at the ex-
pense of a valet, this merry man of
the lapstone and awl will not only
mend your boots, but clean them as
well, besides brushing your clothes
in the morning and running your
errands, and all for a daily stipend
that would cause an American boot-
black to laugh you to scorn if you
presumed to offer it to him as the
price of a single shine. I may re-
mark en passant that there is no
other place in the world where a
man may have so many scents and
emissaries for so little money as in
Caracas. They are all excellent in
their way, too, possessing an innate
diplomatic tact which enables them
to negotiate any delicate business
with great finesse. They are espe-
cially well versed and trustworthy
in all affairs of the heart. Very few
of the hallway merchants I have
mentioned pay any rent for their
place of business unless the entry
they occupy is so wide that they can
"keep store" in it without obstruct-
ing the passage. In that case some
slight remuneration is expected.
The occupants of the narrow halls
are looked upon as benefactors and
guardians. They are excellent scare-
crows for thieves, and the people of
the house make use of them to re-
ceive their friends' visiting cards,
to say, "Not at home," and to per-
form many other offices of a similar
character.—Caracas Letter.

Then He Would Take Life Seriously.

"I think your boy is too much in-
clined to look lightly upon the seri-
ous affairs of life," said the teacher.
"There is a buoyancy to his spirits
that is carried to excess. It would
be a good thing if he had a little
more solemnity in his manner."
"Oh, that will all come later in
life," replied the father carelessly.
"If I could feel sure of that!"
"You can feel just as sure of it as
you want to. He'll look as solemn
as an owl and as serious as a bibical
student before I am through with
him."

Water Superstitions.

Superstitions having to do with
water are difficult to eradicate. What
possible connection can therise or
fall of water have with the deforma-
tion of human life? Yet when Dickens
tells of the death of the child in "Da-
vid Copperfield"—"it being low wa-
ter, he went out with the tide!"—
then the old superstition finds its
pathetic revival.

THE LISTENER.

John James Platt, the poet, is employed in the Washington postoffice.

The Earl of Cranbrook at the age of 82 is accounted the best pheasant shot in Kent.

H. Farmer of Mazonville, Pa., has the compass which was used by Colonel Alexander McLean in completing the survey of the famous Mason and Dixon line.

Pillsbury, the famous American chess player, has to exercise the utmost care in habits of life and methods of diet to maintain the control of his nervous system.

Mr. Rudd, one of the great money kings of South Africa, is said to be descended from the alleged father of Louis Philippe. He is proud of his descent from Chippini.

Cecil Rhodes, when asked by an interviewer in London to mention a point or two as to his private life, replied, "I never had any private life, always having been too busy to stop for one."

Postmaster Washington Hising of Chicago is a veteran collector of postage stamps. This has been his favorite diversion for many years, and his collection of stamps from the German states is very complete and strong.

M. Maurel, the singer, betrayed one of his methods of remaining youthful in Boston, where he had the furniture removed from one of the rooms he occupied at a hotel and caused the machinery of a complete private gymnasium to be set up.

Congressman William H. Crain of Texas, who died recently, was one of the best classical scholars ever sent to congress. He knew the "Iliad" and the great Greek tragedies almost by heart, and yet he kept his English pure and idiomatic in a marked degree.

Prince Ghika, who has been appointed Roumanian minister at Paris, belongs to one of the most famous families of his country. In the last ten years there have been three Ghikas occupying posts as ministers—one at Berlin, one at London and the one now appointed to Paris.

Senator George C. Perkins of California is one of the pioneers of western civilization. He is a native of Maine, went to sea as a cabin boy at the age of 12, served before the mast for several years, became a California gold miner and shipowner and was elected governor and senator.

Few congressmen affect the boutonniere. Johnson of California wears a pink carnation, Pickler of Dakota a small rose, Quigg of New York a violet, Richardson of Tennessee sometimes a rosebud. Nearly all the congressmen wear some sort of a military button or decoration.

Bishop Churchill Julius (Anglican) of Christchurch, New Zealand, has become noted for his eccentricities. A few years ago he insisted on personally laying the last stone on the restored spire of his cathedral, and now he is surprising good churchmen by riding a bicycle in public.

When you Are ill You consult a Physician,

But of what use can the doctor possibly be to you, if any "Tom," "Dick," or "Harry" is allowed to compound the prescription.

There are druggists—and druggists, just as there are Physicians and so-called ones or Quacks.

A good thing to remember is that the man having the largest amount of capital invested in the business is not necessarily the best Pharmacist or Chemist. It is a question more of "BRAIN" than of "LUCK."

The undersigned is not a doctor, and what is more, he does not claim to be in a position to give "pointers" to the qualified physician, but he attends to his own special business; and in prescription compounding he recognizes no superior.

If you want your prescription compounded accurately and conscientiously, if you want lowest prices for goods of first quality, call on

L. J. PASTOR, Ph. C.,

27 SCHOOL STREET, QUINCY.

HER EASTER ANTHEM

BY VERA-SMITHSON.

(Copyright, 1896, by the Author.)

Jeanne Marie leaned against the door of the church and wept.

Jeanne Marie had been a pretty little woman. Her people were Gascons, but she and her husband Tonta lived in a plain white painted house on the roadside near the city limits of New Orleans. They were happily married, for their choice was due to love, and there was nothing else in this world that brings more happiness. If there is, neither Jeanne Marie nor Tonta knew of it. But soon they had a great sorrow, and it drew them closer together than all their happiness.

It came about in this way: They had a child, a beautiful boy, and when he was scarcely 3 years old he died. Then there came another one, a weak, tiny babe, to fill the dead one's place. But he was deformed. His hands were shriveled and twisted. They were dreadful to look at. People said this was due to the mother's ceaseless grieving for her firstborn, and the surgeons tried their best to remedy the matter, all in vain.

Yet the child lived and thrived, and the mother hated God for having taken her perfect boy and given her this one. Tonta was more patient. He suffered meekly. Sometimes he tried to comfort his wife. "Jeanne Marie," he whispered, "God is good, though his ways are beyond our understanding. Be sure this child will be a blessing to us yet."

But the little woman was hard. She would not be comforted. "God is not good or just," she said. "Look at those hands! Why should my other boy be taken from me and this wretched creature sent instead?"

"I love him all the more for his misfortune," said the father. "Dearest, have pity on your own flesh and blood."

She laughed in a satirical and unmotherly way.

"He can never work; he cannot earn his living. We shall have to support him all his life," she said.

When the boy was old enough to understand, he soon found out that his mother did not love him. One day he begged her not to be so angry with him, but she paid no heed to his tearful words. When he tried to use his clumsy fingers, she exclaimed bitterly:

"You are no child of mine. My child is dead. He was not maimed like you. Go away. You do not belong to me."

One night the boy sobbed himself to sleep. The next morning he kissed his father lovingly, as usual, then crept out of the house. There were dark circles round his eyes as he hurried away, not knowing where to go. He did not come home, and when after a few days his father went to look for him he could not be found.

"I am glad he is gone," said Jeanne Marie to herself, but she was very kind and gentle to her husband because he was so grieved.

Years passed, and Jeanne Marie was a widow. She lived alone, unloved and desolate. At night she lay awake and thought of her lost ones, her husband and her child. But it was always the first born, not the second.

And the poor outcast whom she had forgotten was living with a good woman who had pitied him and taken him to her home.

Jeanne Marie had gone to church every Sunday morning since her husband's death. But it was merely habit. She never prayed; the preacher's words had no meaning for her, and to the singing of the choir and people her ears were deaf. Her heart seemed turned to stone.

One Easter morning the widow knelt in her usual place in church, her eyes fixed absently upon the altar where the tall candles burned brightly and white flowers shed a soft fragrance.

Jeanne Marie saw nothing. Her thoughts were wandering. But gradually a sense of peaceful joy crept over her, and happiness, so long stranger to her, filled her soul. She knelt motionless as if entranced, giving herself up to the new sensation, though she knew not whence it came. Slowly at last she realized that she was in the church and that a voice in the choir was singing the Easter hymn, a tenor voice, sweet, high and clear as an angel.

"Resurrexit sicut dixit!" ("He has risen as he said, he is risen—hallelujah!") sang the voice, pouring forth triumphant.



"COME HOME, MY SON," CRIED JEANNE MARIE over the kneeling throng. And the people listened devoutly, some with tears in their eyes, some with faces radiant and joyous. They were thinking of the glory of the resurrection and the deep import of the mystery, but Jeanne Marie thought only of that Holy Mother's joy when she saw her son again.

Too soon the sweet voice sank into silence, the organ's peals were hushed, the hymn was finished, and Jeanne Marie clasped her hands together supplicatingly and prayed to God to pardon her rebellion.

Then when all was over and the people went out of the church the lonely woman still knelt, with her face covered.



ed. There was no one else in the church but two figures—a man and a woman kneeling near the door—as Jeanne Marie rose and walked slowly out. On the steps a few persons stood talking.

"A great singer indeed," said one, "and so young. He has a future before him."

"They say his mother is an old friend of our pastor's, and that is why he sang for us today," said another. "She is a widow, and he supports her. Ah, what a good son she has!"

Jeanne Marie was alone on the steps when an elderly, sweet faced woman leaning on a young man's arm came out of the church. They were both smiling.



JEANNE MARIE LEANED AGAINST THE DOOR AND WEPT.

and the other woman looked at them wistfully. They stopped near her, and the man put on his hat. As he did so Jeanne Marie saw that his hands were deformed. There was no mistaking those shriveled, twisted fingers. It was her long forgotten son that stood before her. With a cry of joy she made herself known to him. While she talked the other woman looked at her in terror and clung still closer to the youth, whose pale face flashed as he listened.

A dead silence followed, and then the mother added:

"I was cruel and hard, but you will forgive me. I am so lonely!"

"My father is dead, you say? Poor mother! You are indeed alone." He spoke softly and pityingly, but at the same instant he clasped the thin hand which rested on his arm and with his crippled fingers caressed it lovingly.

"Come home, my son," cried Jeanne Marie. "I have repented and prayed for pardon. I will be a true mother now." She stopped as he shook his head.

"My home is with her," he said, looking down at the bowed figure beside him. "She found me crying on the roadside and took me to her heart, giving me the place of a child she had just lost. I bear her name. I owe everything to her. She has no one on earth but me, and I must always stay with her."

The mother exclaimed distractedly, "Then I cannot see you again? I am never to see my own child?"

The other woman used her face and looked at him entreatingly, and as if in reply to her appeal he said gently:

"Yes, mother, of course you shall see me. Next autumn I am to sing in the cathedral. We shall live near you, and I shall go to you often, very often, I promise you."

He left his companion for a minute, and putting his face close to Jeanne Marie's whispered:

"Will you kiss me, mother dear?" She strained him frantically to her heart without speaking, then watched him put the other woman's arm in his again, lead her carefully down the steps and out of the churchyard.

As he disappeared, his mother murmured hoarsely:

"He is a good man. He will do his duty, but he does not love me, and he never will. It is my punishment. God is just."

And in the glad Easter sunshine the childless mother leaned against the door of the church and wept.



Out from the jeweled east aglow Comes now to end the days forlorn, Past ebbing fields of ice and snow, The never failing Easter morn.

The sky is filled with portents dear, And carols of the birds are sweet; The blackened fringe of yester year By lily cups and blossoms sweet

Is brushed aside; the north wind flies, And over hill and dale and glen The rosy buds of burgeoning trees In the spring sunshine gleam again.

The sparrow pipes his fluted song To call the pink anemone, And the loosed rattle leaps along With joy to greet the sounding sea.

So to a world of weary care The Master's crown of lilies white Comes to eliminate despair And put the promised life in sight.

With hints of that far Syrian sky Under whose blue life's hope was born, Fast as the circling eagle flies, Returns the wondrous Easter morn.

Bring lilies wreaths and garlands fair— May faith abound and love increase, And the transfigured earth declare Millennial joys and endless peace!

JOEL BENTON.

Easter Hope.

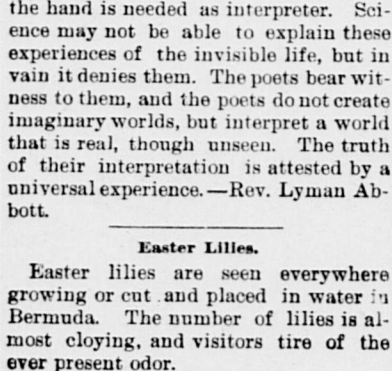
It is the Christian belief that man is both body and spirit. The body is the organ; the spirit is the player on the organ. When he pushes in the stops and looks the instrument, he does not cease to be. The music remains to him, though he has ceased to express it audibly through keys and pipes. Looking down into the eyes which look up appealingly or sadly into hers, the mother sees a soul looking through them, and in the mutual glance soul touches soul. Closer and closer they come, and the intercommunion of heart with heart in moments of most expressive silence, when not even a glance of the eye or a pressure of the hand is needed as interpreter. Science may not be able to explain these experiences of the invisible life, but in vain it denies them. The poets bear witness to them, and the poets do not create imaginary worlds, but interpret a world that is real, though unseen. The truth of their interpretation is attested by a universal experience.—Rev. Lyman Abbott.

Easter Lilies.

Easter lilies are seen everywhere growing or cut and placed in water in Bermuda. The number of lilies is almost cloying, and visitors tire of the ever present odor.

A Wise Hen.

A hen who was thought very wise Once took her friends quite by surprise. On the last day of Lent To the market she went With her eggs—and she took the first prize.



A hen who was thought very wise Once took her friends quite by surprise. On the last day of Lent To the market she went With her eggs—and she took the first prize.

PECULIAR ROBBERIES.

Cabs, Elephants, Wagons and Even Houses Stolen by Bold Thieves.

Now and again it happens that a genius in crime arises who considers the ordinary robbery unworthy of his abilities, and therefore he goes in for removing articles of an extraordinary nature. For example, take the man who stole the coffee stall the other day. It was a nice coffee stall, replete with urns, cups and saucers, plates, knives and forks and spoons, and a good supply of comestibles, ranging from shop eggs to lumps of cake cut with mathematical precision.

The stall stood before its owner's home, and behind some old railings of iron and wood. The full audacity of the robbery will be realized on learning that the thief did not wait for a suitable time. He just selected a moment when the proprietor was out of the way, and then took out the stall at 6 o'clock in the evening, just as its owner was in the habit of doing when about to set up his traveling coffee shop near a large gas factory a mile or two away. The perpetrator of this extraordinary robbery was detected through the agency of a friend of the real proprietor who partook of refreshments at the stall.

Quite recently there have been two or three cases recorded in the papers of cab stealing. This we can quite understand, for a horse and cab are a nice little property where-with one can earn a decent living. But what shall be said of the man who stole an elephant? This same elephant escaped from a circus procession that was wending its way through the streets of a suburb of Liverpool. The great animal wandered for many miles and eventually stopped at a farm, the proprietor whereof promptly annexed the valuable brute and was foolish enough to sell it to the next circus proprietor that chanced to be in the vicinity. The farmer's reason for getting rid of the elephant was the prodigious quantity of food the animal consumed. We need hardly say that the whole silly proceeding ended in the conviction of the farmer, though he got off with three months' imprisonment.

There are at least two cases on record of a man stealing a house. One of these was a portable corrugated iron structure, which ran on wheels and belonged to a great contractor, whose manager used it as a pay box, while the other was an ordinary semidetached suburban residence. How could such a house be stolen? Well, the alleged thief simply took possession of it, put himself in a state of siege, and then set the real owner at defiance. After a long and most exasperating course of law proceedings the real owner recovered his house, and the claimant was dislodged.

Horses and vans have been stolen, of course; so have whole houses of furniture, if we may use the term. The latter unique robbery is worked in this way: A householder going abroad will perhaps warehouse his furniture at some well known repository, and the thieves will contrive to impersonate him, and in many cases get possession of the whole of his household goods.—Amusing Journal.

Sensitive About His Age.

An attorney from Springfield, Ill., was at the capitol the other day, and the subject of sensitiveness about age came up. "The most remarkable instance of that," he said, "was a man—not a woman—and a very able man mentally too. Judge Sydney Brees, for many years one of the justices of the supreme court of Illinois, died at a very advanced age, but no one ever knew how old he was. Upon one occasion the judges of the supreme court of Iowa visited the Illinois supreme court. Judge Wright of Iowa was at that time very old, and he had gone west from Ohio, the state of Judge Brees's nativity. At the banquet table Judge Wright said to the venerable Illinois jurist:

"Judge, we must be about the same age. We left Ohio in the same year. We have served on the bench an equal length of time. I wonder how much farther the coincidence extends? I would not be surprised if we were born during the same year. If not an impertinence, I would ask how old you are? I am 78."

"Judge Brees arose from the table, his face livid with anger, and saying fiercely, 'I would consider it the height of impertinence, sir,' left the room and would not appear again when Judge Wright was present."—Washington Star.

The Crawfish's Tail.

The tail of a crawfish serves that animal as an oar. By a peculiar jerk of the tail the animal can retire from a dangerous object with almost incredible swiftness. The tail is much more effective in moving the animal backward than forward, a singular instance of adaptation to its situation, for by means of its tail it can withdraw into its hole with such swiftness as in an instant to place it out of danger.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.



Not a year goes by

without progress in making clothing. The clothing of today is ahead of the clothing of last year. Some clothing dealers have queer notions that people want last year's styles at a shaving off from last year's prices. A common Americanism is the expression . . .

"Anything New?"

We say, yes! Our spring suits are new. Our spring overcoats are new. The patterns are new. They are easily distinguished from last year's. We believe in progress, and progress is what we are making every day, every year. You never saw as good ready-made spring suits or overcoats as ours are this spring. You'll say our prices are the fairest if you'll compare them with the other stores.

Furnishings and Hats.

Our goods in this department don't tarry a shade behind the finest clothing. Our Beach street windows will tell you the story better than we can here.

McManus & Co.,

Men's and Boys' Clothings & Outfitters,

670 and 672 Washington Street,

Corner Beach Street,

BOSTON.

SWITHIN BROS., REAL ESTATE.

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,

Cranch Hill,

Dell Estate,

WEST QUINCY.

Hillside Terrace,

GROVE STREET.

Wollaston,

BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

Foster Bros.

Have a superior line of

Stoves and Ranges,

and are prepared to fit up the kitchen of the most particular housewife with every article of TIN-WARE needed.

Agents for Barstow Furnaces

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.

All Work Promptly and Accurately Done

16 and 18 Hancock Street.

VOLUME X. NUMBER 5

RELIABLE BUSINESS

DURGIN Cut Pr

On Patent Medicin

Ridge's Food, 65c. size,

Mellin's Food, 75c. size,

Fellow's Syrup, \$1.50 size,

Cuticura Soap, 25c. size,

Hood's Sarsaparilla,

Trusses, Supporters and E

Orders taken and a perfect fit guaranteed at

DURGIN

Liquid Extract of

MAL

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT

Or ask anyone who has taken it and you will find it is warranted to be equal to any Extract of . . . to a great many, and sold at a price one can afford receiving the great benefit that is certain to . . . Nutritive Tonic. This particular preparation of . . . suffering from faulty nutrition and inability to . . . Richer in food product than any other and posse . . . producing heat and fat, but also of restoring the wast . . . fact it is the kind that seems to go right to the spot . . . you to get to my store, order it of your grocer, . . . Durgin's, and the price—17 cents per bottle, or \$1.75 . . . For Sale. Wholesale and Retail, by

A. C. DURGIN,

Hancock Street, Quincy

"RELIABLE"

PANTS! PANTS

Our new lines of Spring Pants have arrived. We have the largest line and best value for the price at our counters.

We have Pants For \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00

UNDERWEAR

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR at 25c., 50c.,

Working Shirts. Our spring stock is usual made to order.

Don't forget that we claim to be the Leader of our new Spring lines will be the best proof of

GEORGE W. J.

ADAMS BUILDING

EVERYTHING UNDER

The W. H. Dob

Boots and Sho

Dry Goods, Groceries, Meats and

AND A BAKERY.

Cor. Franklin and Water Street

A Store noted for first-class quality

low prices.

Thomas Crane Public Library

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Quincy Monitor.

VOLUME X. NUMBER 5.

QUINCY, MASS., MAY, 1896.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

DURGIN'S Cut Prices

On Patent Medicines.

Ridge's Food, 65c. size, - 40 cents.
Mellin's Food, 75c. size, - 55 cents.
Fellow's Syrup, \$1.50 size, 96 cents.
Cuticura Soap, 25c. size, - 18 cents.
Hood's Sarsaparilla, - 75 cents.

Trusses, Supporters and Elastic Stockings.

Orders taken and a perfect fit guaranteed at about one-half Boston Prices.

DURGIN'S Liquid Extract of MALT!

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT IT,

Or ask anyone who has taken it and you will hear the most favorable reports. It is warranted to be equal to any Extract of Malt in the Market, and superior to a great many, and sold at a price one can afford to take the full dose, thereby receiving the great benefit that is certain to come to those needing a good Nutritive Tonic. This particular preparation of Malt as a restorative to those suffering from faulty nutrition and inability to digest solid food is unexcelled. Richer in food product than any other and possessing the properties of not only producing heat and fat, but also of restoring the waste due to exhaustion. In fact it is the kind that seems to go right to the spot. If it is inconvenient for you to get to my store, order it of your grocer. Don't forget the kind—Durgin's, and the price—17 cents per bottle, or \$1.75 per dozen.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by

A. C. DURGIN, Druggist,
Hancock Street, Quincy.

"RELIABILITY."

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Our new lines of Spring Pants have arrived and are ready for inspection. We have the largest line and best value for the prices named ever placed on our counters.

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UNDERWEAR,

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR at 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25.

Working Shirts. Our spring stock of Shirts is large and as usual made to order, 36 inches long.

Don't forget that we claim to be the Leading Shoe Store. An inspection of our new Spring lines will be the best proof of our claim.

GEORGE W. JONES,
ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

EVERYTHING UNDER ONE ROOF.

The W. H. Doble Co.,
Boots and Shoes,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Meats and Provisions,
AND A BAKERY.

Cor. Franklin and Water Sts., South Quincy.

A Store noted for first-class quality of goods and extremely low prices.

REV. AMBROSE F. ROCHE.

A Short Sketch of the New Pastor of Hingham—His Indefatigable Efforts in Behalf of Education, Temperance and Manly Athletics—Nearly Sixteen Years Connected With the Quincy Parish—Founder of the St. John's C. L. and A. A. and The Quincy Monitor.

Rev. Ambrose F. Roche was born in Boston, October 8, 1854, and was educated in the public schools of Chelsea. During his boyhood he spent much of his time in Quincy, so that his acquaintance with the people of his later charge may be said to have been lifelong. Before going to college he had passed through a course of architecture, one of the evidences of his proficiency in that line being the hall of St. John's C. L. and A. A. on School street, which was designed by him. His classical studies were pursued at the College of St. Bonaventure at Alleghany, N. Y., where he graduated with the gold medal of his class in June, 1876. Having determined, from an early age, to enter the Sacred ministry, he now put his intentions into practice and entered St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., where he was ordained a priest at Christmas, 1880. He was at once appointed assistant pastor of Quincy, where he has remained ever since.

Fr. Roche found the parish of Quincy a congenial field for his labors having as he did, the example of his uncle, Rev. Fr. Sullivan, as a guide and incentive therein. Many of the old inhabitants of the town, some of whom yet remain with us, recognized in the young priest many of the crowning qualities of Fr. Sullivan to which the new man added others of a younger and brighter and we will even dare to say, of a more useful character.

The first great work in which Fr. Roche engaged himself was for the propagation of temperance. The older residents of the town remember with something of abhorrence the awful ravages which were consequent upon the promiscuous sale of liquor in the old days. To say nothing of the poverty it entailed upon thousands, it gave refuge to hundreds of conscienceless, dissipated apologetes for citizens, who made the streets resound at night with the echoes of their orgies, who were a menace to all law-abiding people, and a public charge upon the whole community. To combat this state of affairs was no easy task, as it is safe to say that the credit for complete victory over it has very often been attributed to unworthy sources. If Father Roche had not taken up the cause and fought unrelentingly against the use and traffic in spirituous liquors, others might have succeeded later, but not so expeditiously, so fully or so completely as under his direction. As it is his main stand against the liquor traffic is now acknowledged by all classes irrespective of creed, one of his first works was to organize a total abstinence society in Atlantic, which was productive of much good. He then gave much attention to St. Mary's Total Abstinence Society of West Quincy. The latter association has continued its good work under the inspiration of his good will and guidance.

FOUNDERS ST. JOHN'S C. L. AND A. A.

Never in the history of Quincy has an association been formed that has made such rapid advancement as the St. John's C. L. and A. A. Association. Early in the month of January, 1884, the idea originated with the Rev. A. F. Roche that an association composed of the Catholic young men of the parish ought to be organized. He finally consulted with a few young men and explained the advantages to be derived from such an association. The suggestions were quickly impressed on the minds of these young men, and immediately a meeting of all the Catholic young men of the parish was called, and on the 14th of January, 1884, about one hundred young men answered to the call, and met in the basement of St. John's Church. An organization was effected and from that date the association has taken an upward course, until today it has a membership of 225. At this meeting a committee was appointed to draw up a constitution, and to report the same to the next meeting.

On the 21st of January another meeting was held, and the committee brought in a report of constitution,

and after a few changes were made it was adopted. The preamble to the constitution states the objects, which are, the advancement of the members, morally, mentally, and physically; and the name of the St. John's Catholic Literary and Athletic Association was adopted.

Rev. A. F. Roche was chosen director of the association, and it is by his untiring energy, and under his zealous and watchful care, his wise and able counsel, that the association has steered clear of shoals and quicksands, and sailed on a smooth and untroubled sea. And while his wise counsel was always needed, the members also act in a manner which was entirely creditable, remembering always that they were Catholic and living according to Catholic teachings, and also upholding the principles of its constitution, and strictly adhering to the article which requires the members to attend Holy Communion in a body twice a year, and the perpetuation of the association was assured.

FOUNDERS AND EDITS MONITOR.

Fr. Roche also founded and edited a monthly Catholic paper called THE QUINCY MONITOR, which has proved its signal merit by the extensive public improvements made by Quincy which were originally and strongly advocated in its columns; viz., street railway, electric lights, widening of streets, adoption of city charter, purchase of water works, a system of public parks, etc.

About five years ago Fr. Roche began a movement for lower fares on the Old Colony for working people. He started petitions in all parts of Quincy and Braintree, where the railroad has stations, and, after persistent and well directed work, nobly aided by Mayor Fairbanks and Hon. Herbert M. Federhen, Fr. Roche's labor was crowned with success, and the Old Colony granted workmen's rates on all stations between Boston and South Braintree.

He is an active member of Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters and of Knights of St. Rose, to each of which he has given valuable aid and influence. In 1889, at the earnest request of his pastor, united with the councilmen, school committee and about 300 voters of ward 4, he reluctantly consented to be a candidate for the school board. He was elected by a large majority, and has successfully labored for liberal salaries for the underpaid teachers and janitors, for public meetings of the board and for monthly financial statements. In conjunction with Mr. H. A. Keith, formerly principal of the Quincy high school, Fr. Roche has vigorously protested against the existing method of selecting teachers, and they propose to substitute for it the system of public competitive examinations, as required in Boston and Worcester. He has also, with Mr. Keith, stoutly maintained that English grammar should not be banished from the grammar grades of the Quincy schools. He considers it of vital importance that the English language ought to be thoroughly taught in the grammar grades, and that no system is at all comparable to that of the good old technical grammar, which is not used in Quincy below the high school.

In the recent labor troubles in the granite business, Fr. Roche did not conceal his sympathy for the workmen, although he has many personal friends among the contractors.

He is a valued member of the board of managers of the Woodward academy. His preaching is strong, sensible, logical and eloquent. He is highly gifted in music, both vocal and instrumental, and he is also very fond of athletics, being proficient in most of its branches.

He is genial, frank and open, and is admired by all classes for the ability and determination which he shows in treating questions of the spiritual or temporal welfare of his fellow-citizens.

The quality of the Meadowbrook Co.'s ice is said to be exceptionally good this year.

Two boys, 13 and 15 years old respectively, from Cherbourg, France, were enrolled as pupils in the Montaigne school the past week. Although wholly unacquainted with the English language, they are making some headway with its intricacies.—Braintree Observer, May 2.



REV. AMBROSE F. ROCHE.

APPOINTED BY ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS TO THE PASTORATE AT HINGHAM.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

IN QUINCY.

Rev. Fr. Wallace, pastor of Lewiston, Me., was a guest of Fr. Friguglietti on a recent Sunday.

The Rev. Fr. Frawley, C. S. R., rector of the Mission church, Roxbury, is expected at St. John's church during the mission.

A suggestion has been made that a Catholic union be formed in Quincy, whose membership should consist of delegates chosen from all recognized Catholic societies. Whether such a plan might be feasible remains to be seen.

The young men of St. John's C. L. and A. A. received Holy Communion in a body on Sunday, April 19. It is to be noted here that all members who have not complied with this obligation and who have not given a satisfactory excuse within the time specified by the constitution will be considered as no longer members of the association.

We were very much gratified at reading that a Presbyterian conference lately held in Quincy refused to discuss in a hostile manner the subject of Romanism. Quincy is not the place to stir up such acrimonious debate. The good feeling existing between members of all creeds in our community will not be likely to suffer from bitter hostility as present indications seem to portend. In respect of friendliness in all business and social relations between Catholics and Protestants our city appears as a model for imitation.

Nevertheless, it ought not to be inferred from that, that the Catholic church here has in any manner relaxed her severe ordinances in regard to communication with non-Catholics in religious matters. Our holy religion is our own, and eminently distinct as a religion from all others. As a religion it is exclusive, and while it welcomes non-Catholics to its services and is glad to see them in our churches, at the same time it strictly forbids the attendance of Catholics at Protestant services. Those of our Protestant brethren who understand our Church will see in this prohibition nothing but absolute justice, and must look with suspicion upon any Catholic whom they might discover among the worshippers of their congregations.

During the past few weeks, as also in the coming weeks of May, the great work of the mission has been the absorbing theme of the Catholics of our community. The undertaking began on April 19 at Atlantic, where it was continued for a week under the efficient ministry of Frs. Feeney and Corr. To say that the labors of the fathers in that field were eminently successful would be superfluous. The crowded church at every service gave evidence of a willingness on the part

of all to enter into the spirit of the retreat and to gain therefrom the inestimable advantages that it offered. Not the least noteworthy fact in connection with the North Quincy mission was the large attendance of non-Catholics, many of whom expressed themselves as edified by their earnestness and piety manifested by their Catholic brethren during the whole week. The mission was ended by a procession on Saturday night in honor of Our Blessed Lady, wherein the abundance of flowers, and the candles twinkling about the statue, together with the bright faces of the marching children made a scene that will not soon be forgotten. The mission was transferred to South Braintree, on the 26th of April, where it was received with as much enthusiasm as at North Quincy. The congregation of St. Mary's, West Quincy, entered into this retreat the following Sunday to continue it for two weeks. The Rev. Frs. Sheehan, Feeney and Cullen, all from the Redemptorist church of Roxbury, carried on the glorious work, and will finish the same at the church of St. John during the two weeks beginning May 10. It would be useless here to speak of what has been so well explained by the mission fathers themselves; the object, meaning and advantages of this holy period. Suffice it is to say that its effects will be felt in the renewal of spiritual life and vigor in our midst; it will awaken sentiments of religion that may have allowed to sleep within them; it will do much to annihilate old feelings of anger or hatred; it will build up newer confidence in the guiding powers of the Church; in fact its result cannot fail to bring us all nearer to God.

IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Father Cassin's successor is the Rev. Gerald Fagan, for seventeen years pastor of the church in Hingham. Fr. Fagan enters upon his new field with the good wishes of numerous friends among both clergy and laity.

During the past month the Church has lost one of her most efficient workers by the death of Rev. Joseph Cassin, of the Church of the Assumption, East Boston. He leaves behind him, besides the reputation for strict priestly virtues, the memory of a gentle, retiring disposition that was the wonder of all who knew him. Two large schools, besides the church, remain as substantial monuments to his industry and ability.

Those who have not yet had the fortune to visit the Mission church in Roxbury should do so as soon as possible. They will find it since the completion of its frescoes and magnificent high altar, one of the loveliest church edifices in America. One commendation it possesses among others, that its style of architecture is purely Roman, modeled as it is upon some of the best features in the churches of the Eternal

(Continued on page 5.)

SKATING ON THE OUTER EDGE.

She didn't know I loved her—she couldn't really know—
Though she was a little, plump, kind sort of
told her so.
For her eyes were all downcast on her cheeks
got faint red.
An her lips were sort of twitchy as she turned
away her head.
When I knelt to fix her skate straps, an my
bunghin fingers shook
With the nervousness of lovin' her an tryin
to make 'em hook.
So 'twas left a kind of torture an a blissful
privilege
When I went with Mandy skatin, skatin on the
outer edge.
I used to hold her foot, ye see, and mebbe once
or twice
I'd get a glimpse o' ankle so slim an turned so
nice
Et 'ud set my heart a-thumpin an a-gyratin
aroun.
'Peared like 'tw'd twist my innards inside
out an upside down.
An then she'd try to help an show some more
loveliness cures.
Et if that was the way to stiddy down a lover's
nerves!
A thousand times I started, ex high ez I can
gidge.
Toll her how I loved her—skatin on the outer
edge!
Till one bright night, I don't know how,
'peared like the moon's soft glow
Het up my blood to boil till the words began
to flow.
Then she—she tripped an stumbled. Would
'a' fallen, but my arm
Somehow found its way around an held her
close up safe from harm.
But her face was kindy white like, an the
sweat came so slow
I could scarcely see her lips move, but I knew
et wasn't "No."
An the roses crept back softly when she gave
that wise-red pledge
That through life we'd keep on skatin, skatin
on the outer edge.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A TUNNEL KISS.

Fraulein Martha, a pretty blue-eyed blond, sat in a second class carriage in a train which was hurrying toward the Rhine. We had struck up an acquaintance, as tourists often do. As a rule, I don't care to have anything to do with my fellow passengers, but Fraulein Martha had quite captivated me. As she entered the compartment for nonsmokers I had taken her traveling bag from her hand and put it carefully on the rack for her. Then I had resigned my corner seat to her and put up the window so as to protect her from the draft, which she found too strong. As the train started we exchanged a word in praise of the weather, which had become much cooler after a heavy rain and was very pleasant for traveling, and we gradually got into a very interesting conversation.

Fraulein Martha chatted very nicely and made no pretension to superlative education. She could not be called young, but when she laughed she became a child. Her laugh was clear and silvery, and her face lost its rather serious expression. This induced me to make all kinds of jokes, which evidently amused her immensely. When a girl laughs as Fraulein Martha did, the man who provokes the laughter becomes a humorist in spite of himself. She was a capital listener, too, and it is a rare thing to find a good listener among the "other sex." As she listened her face responded to all I said. Besides being so charming mentally she had a very pretty, elegant figure, which the eye of a connoisseur (my eye) never wearied of watching and discovering new traits of beauty. She was dressed in a very simple traveling gown which displayed to perfection all the pretty lines of her form.

She was not alone. In the next seats of the compartment sat a married couple, and opposite them were their daughter, a pretty, shy girl who had just emerged from the bread and butter mist state. These people were relatives of Fraulein Martha, who, when I asked her to tell me something about them, said that the man was called Fenchel and was possessed of the mistaken idea that he was the wisest man in Christendom. He thought that he could hear the grass grow if he tried to, though, as a matter of fact, he never did try, and also that he possessed the gift of prophecy.

To him coming events always considerably cast their shadows before. If he did not happen to have foretold an event before it happened, it was simply because it had slipped his memory; another time he wouldn't forget. Frau Fenchel admired her husband's extraordinary qualities and therefore did not dare to contradict him when he asserted that the young man who was sitting with her daughter was no son-in-law for him, for it was easy to see that once married the young rascal would turn out a thorough Don Juan and would cause untold misery in the household.

The young man in question, who was called Taube, Bernhard Taube, did not look likely to fulfill such a prophecy. He was as shy as Fraulein Roschen Fenchel, with whom he was deeply in love. Both these facts were quite evident. The most daring deed he had ever perpetrated was when Herr Fenchel, having informed him that he intended to accompany his wife and daughter to the Rhine on the following Wednesday, he (Taube) had said that, strange to say, he, too, was going to the Rhine on the same day and, with Herr Fenchel's permission, would join them.

This was not very agreeable to old Fenchel. In the first place, as a prophet he ought to have foreseen

the young man's intended journey, and, secondly, he was afraid that Taube's society would be more acceptable to Roschen than he approved of.

In the latter assumption he was right. Roschen was as happy as Herr Taube, although the young people had only ventured to hint as much to Frau Fenchel, who, aware of her husband's aversion to Taube because of his concealed Don Juan proclivities, had hinted in return that Roschen was too young to think of love and Herr Taube was not old enough.

Fraulein Martha told me this in a manner which showed that she was heartily sorry for the young folks. It was evident that she was on the side of the lovers and was angry with Fenchel for tyrannically trying to hold them apart. Although she was not full of that eager desire for matchmaking which is so strongly developed in many ladies who have left youthful follies and youthful wisdom behind them, still she loved Roschen dearly and wanted her to be happy. "There are some girls," she said, "to whom single life would mean misery and ruin, and our Roschen is one of them. If she is not allowed to marry her, life will be spoiled."

By this time our train had approached a series of tunnels. We were occasionally plunged into deep darkness, in which nothing was heard beyond the rumbling of the carriages and the occasional involuntary "Ah!" of a passenger who was reading the newspaper or studying his guidebook, and who was suddenly disturbed at his occupation. Fraulein Martha wanted to find something in her handbag, and in a tunnel took off her silk glove the better to accomplish her object. When we again emerged into daylight, I noticed that her ungloved hand was of surpassing whiteness. Its beauty it is beyond me to describe, for black letters are not adapted to the description of such whiteness.

And what an elegantly shaped hand it was! I laid a bet with myself that it would quite disappear in my own hand if Fraulein Martha would be so accommodating as to let me try the experiment. But she was not inclined to be so accommodating. Nevertheless I could not think of losing my wager. The courageous conquer the hand, I said to myself, with all the obstinacy with which one sticks to a pet idea. And just at that very moment the whistle shrieked and the train plunged into a tunnel. "Now or never," I thought to myself. Darkness, which is no man's enemy, surrounded us, and not only the idea, but with it courage, came to me. I saw Fraulein Martha's hand gleam in the darkness. I seized it, and before the owner had time to know what I was doing—

"What is that?" cried Herr Fenchel.

"A kiss," replied his wife.

The train left the tunnel and plunged into the open daylight. The passengers looked around as if they had heard a shot rather than a kiss and expected to see a suicide weltering in his blood. I imitated them and looked about me with equal astonishment and curiosity. From several I heard giggling. On the whole, the silence was really embarrassing. Fraulein Martha was rummaging in her handbag, and her head was bent over it so that I could not see whether she was angry or not. It may be that I murmured, "I beg your pardon," it may be that I did not, for it would readily be understood that my lips were fully employed in what I have just described. At any rate, I was glad that I had found such a pleasure in a short tunnel. Added to that I had won my bet. Martha's hand had really disappeared in mine, and I had to open my hand again in order to imprint a kiss between two pretty dimples.

Fraulein Roschen and her admirer sat as if stupefied and stared solemnly at the door. A kiss which sounds like a real one fills lovers with mixed sensations—envy and approbation. Opposite them sat Herr Fenchel, who stared at them in astonishment and shook his head warningly. His foresight had deceived him, for he had not known that Roschen would be kissed. It was, moreover, such a kiss, so fragrant, so resonant, that he dared to speak, which he did not, out of consideration for his daughter, he would have administered the strongest rebuke that mortal ever received. So he contented himself with looking reproachfully and warningly at the two culprits and occasionally turning his eyes on his wife, who was intent on a newspaper which she was holding upside down.

The rest of the passengers gradually recovered from the shock. At the next station there was a longer stop, and we got out of the train. In doing so I heard one passenger say to another, "Good gracious!" He was speaking of the kiss. "Beautiful!" said a lady to a gentleman who was accompanying her. She, too, was speaking of it.

"I know exactly what's to be done," said Herr Fenchel to his wife as they got out on the platform. "Of

course you'll understand, too, Martha, that that kiss in the tunnel!" "I know all about it," replied "Fraulein Martha." "A man of your understanding cannot fail to perceive the meaning of that kiss. And if you ignore it heavy responsibility rests on your shoulders," continued she energetically. "It was a perfect kiss, the meaning of which cannot be explained away. There are kisses which are serious deeds, and that in the tunnel was one of them. How could young and inexperienced lips produce such a kiss? It's ringing in my ears yet."

"So you noticed it, did you, Martha?" said Herr Fenchel, "although you were so far away? My wife didn't notice it, of course. How often have I warned her that that young Taube was a Don Juan. But it's no use repeating that now. What is, is, and what must be, must be." Whereupon Herr Fenchel took his wife's arm and signed to his daughter and young Taube to follow. The quartet went into the first class waiting room, which was empty.

"But, fraulein," I said to Martha, who, having looked on smilingly while the four disappeared, came to my side.

"I made the best use of the kiss," said Fraulein Martha. "A hand kiss means nothing, but I am trying to make something good out of it. I am encouraging Herr Fenchel in his conceited idea that he foresees and understands everything, and I am getting Roschen a husband whom she loves. Is that a bad stroke of business?"

"But that kiss was my property," I said.

"Don't be nonsensical," she answered. "It was a simple act of politeness. I accepted it as such, and you meant it as nothing more! Do you know, my father used to call me 'Stupid-Little Stupid.' I was often very wild, and so he called me 'Little Stupid' for a pet name. I am no longer a child, but I often have fits of wildness, when I can carry an intrigue through which hurts nobody and does some good. One day my father ceased to call me 'Little Stupid,' and he never used the name again. He was terribly strict, and as he saw one of my boy friends kiss my hand he called him to account for it so roughly that the boy avoided the house ever after. As he was no hero of romance I was left alone and remain alone. Now I've had my revenge on fate, for through a hand kiss two young folks have been made happy. Wasn't that a noble revenge?"

"You are an angel, Fraulein Martha," I cried as loudly as it is fitting on a railway platform.

"When a girl is hung on to an angel, he is pretty harmless," said she laughingly. "My father meant 'angel' when he called me 'Stupid,' but he didn't make love to me."

At this point the quartet reappeared. Herr Fenchel came with his daughter, and Frau Fenchel was conducted by Taube.

"Martha," said Herr Fenchel, "didn't I always tell you that they would make a fine couple? They've been engaged for five minutes."

Fraulein Martha embraced Roschen, but Herr Taube at once approached his fiancée and kissed her. It wasn't the sort of thing to do on the platform; that must be acknowledged. Herr Fenchel said half jesting, half earnestly, "You don't need to wait till you come to a tunnel now, do you?"

Herr Taube seemed to wish to protest, but he was of no use. When we were all enclosed in the carriage, Frau Fenchel said to Fraulein Martha: "Believe me, Martha, those children were quite innocent of that kiss. You should have seen how they tried to exonerate themselves from the suspicion, but it was of no use. Fenchel absolutely forbade them to speak, for he knew all about it already. I am glad they are engaged, though."

"In any case," said Martha, "we don't need to trouble about that. It's all the same now. 'All's well that ends well.'"

"So it is," replied Frau Fenchel, and she looked contentedly over at Roschen, who had only ears and eyes for Taube.

At the next station I left the train. I was very glad to do so, although sorry to leave Fraulein Martha, for nothing is more tedious than to be with two lovers. I said goodby to Martha with sincere regret and kissed the hand which she gave me heartily.

Where is she now? Perhaps she will remember me if these lines fall under her blue eyes.—From the German.

Privileged.

"Old Skaddis ought to know better than to pronounce it 'kewpon.'"

"Young man, when you are able to clip as many of them as old Skaddis does, you will find you can call it 'kewpon' and move in the highest literary circles."—Chicago Tribune.

Jimson's Motto.

"Jimson has just married again. That makes his third venture, and he is still a young man."

"Yes. It seems to be his motto to marry in haste and repeat at leisure."—Detroit Free Press.

A WINDOW MIRROR.

Transparent From the Inside, but a Looking Glass Outside.

A transparent mirror was brought from Germany to this country recently by a New York firm, and the perplexing properties of the glass excited much curiosity. It was at once in demand for many purposes, and the same firm is now engaged in importing it in large quantities. It is still a novelty, and some screens made of this glass have been recently placed on sale at one of the local stores. They are probably the first to be viewed in this city.

The coating is placed on one side of the glass just the same as the silvering on the mirror and has the same properties of reflecting the rays of light and color. The difference, however, is that when looked at from the back the coating is entirely transparent. To one sitting indoors the view without is not obstructed in the least, but a pedestrian peering into the window or doorway is greeted by his own reflection. The glass is used largely in lieu of screens where privacy is desired without obstruction of light from the outside or barring the vision of those inside. It was introduced with effect first in a New York club window. Behind it the chappies could sit and ogle the girls and view the passing throng without being themselves observed. Its use was also resorted to in cafes, where it offered privacy to those lounging inside, while the latter had an undisturbed view of the street.

The method of securing this effect is described in a recent number of The American Druggist. It is as follows: Dissolve one part by weight of silver nitrate in ten parts by weight of water and label No. 1. Prepare another 10 per cent solution of silver nitrate, but in larger quantity. To this add ammonia water, drop by drop, stirring carefully until the precipitate formed at first is completely dissolved, and label No. 2. Now add solution No. 1 to solution No. 2 until the odor of ammonia is no longer recognizable and the liquid has again become very turbid. Now add 100 parts by weight of distilled water for every part of silver nitrate originally used in solution No. 2 and filter until clear. Label this No. 3. Prepare a reducing solution by dissolving .9 part by weight of Rochelle salt in 384 parts by weight of distilled water, boil and to the boiling solution add gradually a solution of three parts of silver nitrate in ten parts by weight of distilled water and filter when cool and label No. 4. Clean the glass to be coated thoroughly, lay it on a perfectly level surface in a room at a temperature of about 25 degrees C. (77 degrees F.). Mix equal parts of No. 3 (the depositing fluid) and No. 4 (the reducing fluid) and pour over the glass. The glass may, if preferred, be dipped into the solution. The time required for the deposition of the layer of silver of just the correct thickness has to be determined by the judgment of the operator in each case, and this may be aided somewhat by observing a piece of white paper behind the plate of glass. When a sufficient deposit of silver has been made, and much less is required than for an ordinary mirror, pour off the silvering liquid and rinse thoroughly with the distilled water and stand the mirror on edge to dry, coat the silvered side with a solution of colorless shellac in alcohol and finally frame the mirror with a backing of clear glass to protect the mirror surface from being scratched.—Philadelphia Record.

Shooting From an Elephant.

The elephant's howdah is that bed of Procrustes, in which one can neither sit nor stand with any approach to reasonable ease, and in which a recumbent attitude is impossible, says Blackwood's Magazine. Its advantages are: First, that standing in it a man can shoot on every side of him; second, that it is convenient for the carriage of the occupant's paraphernalia—his gun on racks on either side, his ammunition in a trough in front, his other requisites in leather pockets here and there on the sides of the machine and his bed blanket on the seat, and, third, that in a hinder compartment an attendant can stand to hold that monstrous umbrella over his head, or when quick loading is required take from his hand the gun just fired and recharge it. These are the advantages; otherwise the howdah is an abomination.

Olympic Festival Fixed by the Moon.

The time for the Olympic festival, like the Christian Easter, was dependent upon the moon. In accordance with an ancient tradition, the festival was held when the moon was nearest the summer solstice, at the end of June or the beginning of July. With the first appearance of the new moon began the Hieromenia, or sacred truce, during which a sacred truce prevailed. Hostilities were suspended, and no armed soldier could enter the territory of Elis and no assault could be made upon a pilgrim under penalty of a heavy fine and excommunication from the temples, games and sacrifices.—Professor Allan Marquand in Century.

Origin of the Olympic Games.

Each tribe wished for itself the credit of having established the festival which drew to Olympia the strength, beauty and intelligence of all Greece. Some claimed that Zeus established the festival to commemorate his success in the contest with Cronus for the sovereignty of heaven—a myth which seems to point to a Pelagic origin of the games. The Achæans coveted the honor for their hero Atreus and Strabo for the Etolians. More widely credited was the belief that the games were established by the Cretan Hercules, who in play challenged his brothers to run a race and to crown the victor with a branch of wild olive. To the interest of the Dorians was the myth of Apollo outrunning Hermes and Ares. But such myths do not necessarily imply a remote antiquity for the events to which they give a poetic coloring. It is more to the point that Homer describes several of the contests represented afterward in the great national games, and that some of them may even be found in Egyptian wall paintings of the second and third millennium before Christ.—Professor Allan Marquand in Century.

Reverence For the Bible.

There is a sin prevalent in our households of which we take little note, which, in fact, we encourage either by an indifference to it or by an active participation in its folly and wickedness—the use of the word of God for the purpose of making riddles, conundrums, puzzling questions, anagrams, etc., out of it. If we really believe in the divine origin of the Bible, can it be right to give it to children that they may construe its words into odd connections and make sport and laughter and mental legerdemain from its pages? Is it likely they will reverence on other occasions what has previously been food for their amusement? It is not, and we need not be astonished if the boys and girls who have been permitted to turn the leaves of their Bibles for pastime and entertainment turn them in after years to find pretext for their infidelity.—Amelia E. Barr in Ladies' Home Journal.

Benjamin Franklin as a Miner.

In a recent catalogue there is a note which merits preservation: "America.—[Franklin, Benjamin] Letter to a Friend on the Mineral Customs of Derbyshire, in which the Questions relative to the Claim of the Duty of Lot on Smitham is occasionally considered, by a Derbyshire Miner, post 8vo, 1766. 'Mr. Ince of Wirksworth stated that this pamphlet was written by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the celebrated patriot and champion of American liberty and independence, during one of his visits to Mr. Anthony Tinsington of Swanick, at whose desire it was written and by whom the subject matter was suggested.'—MS. note in Mr. Wolley's copy of the pamphlet."

One man in his time plays many parts, but it is a little unexpected to find "Bonhomme Richard" passing as a Derbyshire miner.—Notes and Queries.

Gas and Steam Engines.

In the report of the Fuelldinburg Gas and Water company it is stated that the saving in the cost of pumping with gas engines, as compared with steam, taking the last year in which steam was used and the second with gas, was 42 per cent. While the gas motor occupies less space than the steam engine with its boiler and chimney, it has the advantage as regards attendance, for one man can look after several gas engines, while a steam engine plant of any considerable importance requires an engineman and stoker and often an additional hand to keep up the coal supply. An advantage of the gas motor is that it can at any time be put to work immediately, so that considerable water pressure may be made available in a few minutes, so important in case of fire.

Avoiding the Doctor.

Dr. Sanderson, an old Scotch physician, used to tell some droll stories of the medical profession in his early days. In the first years of his practice smallpox was so common that there were few people who were not more or less pitted with it. So roughly did he handle his patients that the ignorant were chiefly anxious to escape him. The story goes that as he was passing along the street one day a sweep rolled from the top to the bottom of a staircase outside one of the houses.

"Are you hurt?" called the doctor, running forward.

"Not a bit, doctor—not a bit," replied the man in haste. "Indeed, I feel a' the better."—Pearson's Weekly.

Ruined by Relic Hunters.

The furnishings of the historic palace of Henry VIII at Hampton court are being taken away in bits by visitors from America and the continent. Some beautiful tapestry chairs have been destroyed, and even valuable tapestries have been ruined by the insatiable relic hunters through lack of an adequate force of attendants.

GOOD OLD RIVER DAYS.

Captain Reardon's Experience Extends Over More Than Half a Century.

Captain J. E. Reardon of Shawneetown, Ill., owns and commands the Jessie Wilson, an Ohio river boat. "It was in 1835 that I made my first trip down the Wabash on a keelboat," said the captain. "I was only 14 then and was cook of the boat. In those days we used to float keelboats and flatboats down the river and pull them back. A crew generally consisted of 12 men, and the cook and captain, as well as the others, had to do a good deal of pulling sometimes. A stake was driven in the ground on the shore above the boat, if there was no tree near, and we pulled ourselves up to it with ropes. Before my day my father-in-law owned 12 keelboats that ran from Pittsburg to New Orleans, and it took six months to make a round trip. I worked on the Big Wabash, the Little Wabash and the White river. Sometimes we used oxen in pulling up stream. Nor was it such an easy matter to go down stream. There were milldams, for example, on the Little Wabash at Carmi and New Haven. If the water was very high, we jumped them without unloading, but the rule was to unload, carry the freight below the dam and jump the dam with the empty boat and then reload. There were no railroads in those days, and the farmers of Illinois and Indiana had no other way of marketing their produce. Many of them built boats and floated them to New Orleans loaded with grain, cattle, hogs and vegetables. Deer meat, too, was plentiful in those days. I remember one flatboat that was loaded with 90 tons of freight, and just about half of the entire load consisted of venison hams."

Captain Reardon met Lincoln, Clay and other prominent men before the war, some of them frequently. "In the hard cider campaign of 1840 Lincoln came down to our country on horseback," said the captain. "He was a candidate for elector on the Whig ticket and traveled with a man named Lambert. I heard him speak at Shawneetown, New Haven and Carmi. The meetings were held in log cabins, and the hard cider and the coon were always there. Douglas I saw several times in the fifties. Clay was a frequent visitor at Shawneetown, and Zach Taylor I met there also and at Louisville. Clay I first met in Louisiana. He had a cotton plantation down there and occasionally visited it. On one of these trips the boat he was on, the Andrew Jackson, stopped at Shawneetown, and the whole town went aboard to greet the popular statesman. Sam Marshall made a speech on behalf of the Shawneetowners, and Clay responded in a manner that made him still more popular in that part of the country. When the time for separating came, he shook hands with a good many and kissed some of the girls. Nearly all the old ladies of Shawneetown today will tell you that Henry Clay kissed them at that reception half a century ago."

John A. Logan married in Shawneetown. "John did most of his courting at my house," said Captain Reardon. "Miss Cunningham lived near us and was generally there when Logan came down from Benton, where he was reading law, to see her. Bob Ingersoll spent four years about town reading law. In those days Bob had the most remarkable memory I ever knew. After reading an article in a newspaper he could repeat it almost word for word."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dangerous.

A contributor to the "Transactions of the Devonshire Association" says that when he came to a certain place as vicar he asked whether there were any sick to be visited.

"Oh, no, sir!" was the answer. "Nobody is ever ill in Berryngrove. There is an old man, to be sure, over 90 who has taken lately to his bed, but there hasn't been the matter with him that I know of."

"I thought to myself," added the vicar, "of the story of the Scotchman who said to his doctor: 'Ye put a verra long face, doctor. D'ye think I'm dangerously ill?'"

"'Na, na,' was the reply. 'I don't think ye're dangerously ill, but I think ye're dangerously old.'"

A Sacrifice of Art.

"Say," said the admiring magnate of trade, "that poster is all right. Man would know the minute he looks at it what it is meant to advertise." And he handed the artist a check for four figures and went his way.

The artist sighed. "So it is perfectly intelligible, is it?" he said unto himself. "Ah, well, better men than I have at times sacrificed art to their necessities!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Lofty Mind.

A lofty mind always thinks nobly. It easily creates vivid, agreeable and natural fancies and places them in their best light, clothes them with all appropriate adornments, studies others' tastes and clears away from its own thoughts all that is useless and disagreeable.—Roche foucauld.

THE FANCIES OF FAMOUS AUTHORS.

They Designate Their Favorite Brain Creations.

OF INTEREST TO FICTION LOVERS.

The Choice of William Dean Howells—Anthony Hope on the "Prisoner of Zenda." Marie Corelli Chooses "Barabbas"—Views of Anna Katharine Green, Mrs. Burnett, Etc.

(Special Correspondence.)—We are not always conscious of the best that is in us. It takes the eyes of others to discern it. But when the strength of inspiration allows faithful transfer to black and white, as in the case of the author, he recognizes his best loved child and takes it to his heart. He cares not if this blossom of genius mingle with the throng or not. It is just as dear to him. His ambition for once is killed; the effort of his own brain has crowned him in secret with the laurel, and he is justly and affectionately conscious of it. The work of works may not win instant recognition or even "get there in the end," and yet the crowd dimly conscious that the writer has struck the note he aimed for, has attained his own pinnacle, has unveiled the real something that has been struggling within him for expression perhaps through untold years.

Sometimes by the unlearned and unwise, in the years of their youth, as by an inspiration straight from heaven, this subtle note is played and again not till years of waiting discretion culminate in the very desideratum of power and intellect.

And the dear public, to whose lap it all comes eventually, if it does not welcome the rare strain that may never be played again, at least looks on with recognition and the enthusiasm due when the runner reaches his goal.

Mrs. Burnett's Favorite.

But it is the purpose of this article to see how this theory resolves itself among geniuses individually and to trace it in the minds of some famous authors, beginning with a lady of undoubted popularity—Mrs. Burnett—a writer whose pathos, humor and dramatic ability have endeared her stories to a listening as well as a reading public. In response to my note of inquiry Mrs. Burnett says: "The book I think I care the most for is the one just on the point of publication, 'A Lady of Quality.'"

Through many periods in history reigns rich in romance and dramatic possibilities. Authors have recognized this from time immemorial. It may be that here Mrs. Burnett has truly struck her note and caught the echo of the best that in her lies.

Hall Caine Anticipates.

In reply to a similar query to Mr. Hall Caine I received the following: "My favorite among my literary children is always my youngest, or perhaps, to drop the figure, I might say with more truth, my favorite among my own books is always the book that is to be written next."

Here, then, are two authors who, despite their envious position among writers of fiction, have only just found, or as yet are still in search of, a special child of their own to love. "The Manxman" has been one of the most talked of among late successes and has attained the greatest sale of any of Caine's novels so far, yet evidently the devoted historian of the Isle of Man has not struck his note, or at least not toward the string of his noble instrument to its fullest compass. But here is the opinion of a clever dramatist and actor:

"I like 'The Sign of the Cross' better than any other play I have written or helped to write."

Mr. Barrett writes thus from the scene of his magnificent and continuous success, the Lyric theater, London. His great religious drama has come to be on the lips of every critic in the land. These stories of a lifetime are not always creatures of impulse, and especially not when written at years of discretion, yet Mr. Barrett says of "The Sign of the Cross" it was written in the height of a busy season, he hardly knew how or when.

Marie Corelli Likes "Barabbas."

Marie Corelli's recent exorcism of her critics gives special interest to the following:

You ask which is my own favorite book among those I have myself written. I answer "Barabbas" for two reasons—first, because I worked at it with my whole heart, and secondly, because it was received with a storm of opposition from the press and the religious and conventionalists. It is my nature to love what has been condemned by ignorance and prejudice.

William Dean Howells, prejudice; hence my admiration for Byron, Shelley and Keats, the three chief targets for the arrows of critical abuse in their day. "Barabbas," being avowedly opposed to conventionalism, while it steadily maintains the divine origin of the Christian faith, is the favorite child of my fancy, and I am regretfully aware that I shall never again find a subject of such fascination.

Glassware and amulets and jewelry patronage.

breakfast

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to my mind or one that will bring so much happiness into my life, combined with such triumph and inward consolation.

This author delineates so well in her own words the theme of the present argument that there is left nothing for me to say. Her "Romance of Two Worlds" is perhaps generally acknowledged as the most famous and best known of her novels, yet the author knows that she struck her truest note in "Barabbas."

Mr. Howells' Fancy.

In reply to a suggestive question as to which of his novels had most endeared themselves to his individual author's fancy, Mr. Howells writes me the following:

"Indian Summer," "April Hopes."

W. D. HOWELLS.

Mr. Howells then has struck his note in the idyllic, tender, almost deferential portrait of filial devotion and first love. Who can forget the pathetic yet too real drama and browns, the flicker of golden sunlight, in "Indian Summer?" Or imagine unreal passion slain with a gentler and more skillful hand—a hand that leads the reader scarce to suspect the blade? Or, in "April Hopes," who but remembers the respectful tenderness of Dan Mavinger to the elder Mavinger, the young loves of Dan and Alice, the little inevitable sadness of inexperience—in short, the April tears and sunshine of which the book is made up, and after which it is so fitly named. In "Indian Summer" Howells may have struck his note to fuller music, a fine simonidean no other has played in exactly the same skillful and touching manner. But "April Hopes" is not alone in the portrayal of that beautiful devotion of child to parent. We have it in "The God in the Car." Between the two sorts of stories I can't decide. Yours very truly, ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

Anthony Hope's Indecision.

Anthony Hope gives me his views thus:

I think an author has no right to talk about his own books. But if you will take the blame of persuading me I will say that of my attempts at romance I like "The Prisoner of Zenda" best; of my stories of everyday society, "The God in the Car." Between the two sorts of stories I can't decide. Yours very truly, ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

Here surely does Anthony Hope, one of that number who detect the rich relationship between history and romance, touch his own and the popular note with one stroke. Everybody remembers with a thrill of romantic delight the feats of his old world fighting men and the quaint, pathetic thread of the love story which binds their bravery. And few there are but recall that most remarkably interesting man in modern fiction, Ruston, in "The God in the Car."

Here is a unique expression upon the same subject:

The book of my own—I like best is always the book I am writing.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Another author who has not found his child—the author of "The Religion of the Literary Man" has yet to strike his note. And many there be who hope he will play it in verse—the delightful Le Gallienne verse which always appears in the best way, fresh and with the charm of life about it.

The Author of "The Leavenworth Case." Anna Katharine Green's views will interest a multitude of lovers of detective stories. Here is her reply to my note:

I shall perhaps startle you when I say that the characters I prefer in my own works are neither Detectives, Grays nor any other gray prose folk, but Giovanni in "Risli's Daughter" and Beaufort in "The Defense of the Bride." These are men—men among men and men whom women like as lovers, champions and husbands. This is the reason for my preference. Possibly Amelia Butterworth, who makes her bow to the public in my forthcoming book, may become my preference, but of this I am not sure. Truly yours, ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

Many do not even suspect Anna Katharine Green, the author of the fascinating "Leavenworth Case," of being a poet. But the few who know Mrs. Rolfe's poetry find in it such freshness of power and invention that they at least understand the author's preference and rank poems like "The Defense of the Bride" and "Risli's Daughter" side by side with her clever novels.

Gallant Captain King.

I asked the gallant captain whose remarks immediately follow for his preference among the young ladies he had drawn so well and sounded his note from the answer:

"A line about the young ladies (I) have drawn so well? You see, I do not quote you throughout, for the sisterhood might not—probably would not—indorse your view. Certainly you shall have the line. They were Grace Pelham, Marion Sanford, Winifred Berrien, Portia, Prairie Mad and a dozen others from the north and Kitty Carrington, Lucy Armstrong and Kattie Walton from the south. Who was my favorite of them all? That's hard to answer, but perhaps Marion had the highest place. Faithfully yours, CHARLES KING, Captain U. S. A.

And so this investigation comes to an end with these critical lines of an author about himself. It is an admirable conclusion—a cheerful one for his many readers—that Captain King has struck his note in the book called "Marion's Faith," the book that contains the portrait of a woman who stands by a man doubted and accused and waits and hopes and cheers and believes and realizes in the end the truth and joy of her own convictions.

LILLIAN A. NORTH.

Glassware enriched with colored enamels and jewels pleases a fashionable patronage.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

Signs of the Nose to Be Considered Only With Other Characteristics.

Does your nose droop at the tip, as shown in Fig. 1? If so, you are inclined to be blue and despondent, and you should cultivate cheerful thoughts and companions. If the point of the nose is sharp, as well as drooping, and the mouth slants downward at the corners, these are the facial signs of the pessimist.

Fig. 2 shows pronounced signs of character. The short, muscular and somewhat flattened nose tells of an impulsive, imaginative disposition that is spontaneous, social, fun loving and plain spoken. All short nosed people lack caution and circumspection. The full, prominent eye is the talker's eye.

The owner of a nose like that in Fig. 3 is mentally farsighted and careful. This is indicated by length and straightness. The owner is a good judge of human nature, as is shown by the nasal projection forward from the cheek bones. He is broad minded and comprehensive and liberal. This can be told by the width of the nose at the top and all the way down from the root to the tip. All great men and women have this distinguishing feature.

It would be unwise to provoke a man with a hump on the upper part of his nose, as in Fig. 4, unless prepared to be on your guard against retaliation. That hump shows a fighter. The wrinkles above the nose are known as "executive wrinkles" and show the habit of authority and command.

Fig. 5 is to be found a form of nose that indicates strong vital powers and great intellectual and physical energy in the pursuit of gain. Fig. 6 shows an abnormally secretive nose, spreading the nostrils sideways over the face. The hook shape of the lower part reveals rapacious and predaceous propensities. The form of the chin in this figure is that of the miser and the month that of a selfish, cold hearted man. There are also autenness and shrewdness in the flat, nearly closed eye.

Very high and extremely thin noses, as in Fig. 7, are abnormal and tell of weak physical conditions, feeble powers of endurance and a tendency to consumption.

A blunt, pug nose, such as is shown in Fig. 8, is the sign of moral and aesthetic insensibility and dull intellect. This is a degenerate nose.

Fig. 9 shows the nose and mouth of an artistic, vivacious, piquant, responsive, mirthful nature. A straight Grecian nose, like that in Fig. 10, always implies aesthetic tastes. When it joins the forehead without any incurvation, there are unbridled willfulness and lack of generosity. The Roman nose, as in Fig. 11, is found on masterful men and women, who control and command others in an orderly, methodical way. These are the aggressive, executive minds that dominate the masses, says a writer who interprets facial signs in the foregoing manner in the New York World.

First Notice of a Steamboat.

Among the curiosities of advertising may surely be placed the first advertisement of the first steamer that plied for hire in Great Britain—namely, Henry Bell's Comet. Thus ran the advertisement in the Glasgow Courier of 1812:

"Steam passage boat, the Comet, between Glasgow, Greenock and Helensburgh. For passengers only. The subscriber having at much expense fitted up a handsome vessel to ply upon the River Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock—to sail by the Power of Wind, Air and Steam—he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays about Midday, or at such time thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide, and to leave Greenock on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the morning to suit the tide. The elegance, comfort, safety and speed of this vessel require only to be proved to meet the approbation of the Public, and the Proprietor is determined to do everything in his power to merit public encouragement. The terms are for the present 4 shillings for the best cabin and 3 shillings for the second, but beyond these rates nothing is to be allowed to servants or any other person employed about the vessel."

Noted Mausoleums.

In Windsor, England, the 14th of December, the anniversary of the prince consort's death, is known as Mausoleum day. A memorial service is held at Frogmore on that day and attended by the queen and all the members of the royal family who are in England at the time. Windsor people are permitted to visit the mausoleum and inspect what is perhaps the most sumptuous and magnificent tomb in the whole world. The mausoleum at Frogmore is not, it is true, a dream in marble, like the wonderful Taj Mahal, which the great Indian potentate Jehangir erected to his beloved queen Nour-Mahal, but it is a most splendid and beautiful monument of womanly love and wifely loyalty.

The Musician List.

Liszt was tall, angular and thin. His hands were very large and his fingers so long as to enable him to cover an octave and a half. His side face bore a striking resemblance to that of Calhoun. His marvelous dexterity at the piano was the result of native talent aided by almost incredible labor.

HE KNEW THE STORY.

And to Save Time Took the Words From the Elderly Man.

"Yes, sirs," said the elderly man to the drummer who was waiting at the railway station, "this hez got ter be a good deal of a town; a good deal of a town. Why, sir?"

"Ah, yes! You are about to remark that when your grandfather came here he could have bought the whole county for a jug of whisky, and that if you had caught some of that swamp over there that has just been filled in you'd be a rich man today."

"That's right. And?"

"And some of the men that have made their marks didn't seem to have sense enough to wash their own faces when they were boys. And you knew some of the folks that are now putting on the biggest kind of airs when they had to borrow their next door neighbors' wash tubs and never had more than one linen shirt on the line at a time."

"Sure. And what's more?"

"And what is more, people that used to profess to be your friends are forgetting to see you as you pass on the street, and you'd feel a little hurt about it if you didn't know that they are just as good as they are and maybe better. Excuse me for interrupting you, won't you? But, you see, I know the story pretty well, and as I am in a hurry I just took the liberty of putting it into words for you the quickest way. Good-by."

And as the elderly man gazed at his retreating figure he exclaimed:

"Waal! I've heard tell of these here mind readers. But I'm blest if I ever expected ter rely lay eyes on one!"—Detroit Free Press.

"All Day Suckers."

Some candy merchant who has the instruction of the public at heart ought to come forward and give the origin of the now popular confection known as an "all day sucker." In all the candy shops of the byways, particularly where school children flock, heaps of this droll confection, which used to be called "taffy on a stick," are exposed for sale, labeled seductively, "All day suckers—one cent each." A huge, flat lump of hard candy, chocolate, lemon, wintergreen, or red and white striped peppermint variety, is molded on a short, white stick, and this, wrapped in soft, white tissue paper, constitutes the sugared joy. Into one of these small shops came the other day an urchin with a deeply grieved countenance. He approached the dealer and said in an injured tone:

"Look here, mister, I want my money back. I got one o' them all day suckers, an it never lasted me but a'nour an a half."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Example of Patience.

Tourist—How do do, my colored friend? You seem to have met with some tribulation in your fishing exploits.

Darkey—Yas, sir. Yo' see I done catched de all right, but I done hussle 'im out dat sharp dat I slang 'im up in dat tree, an he done tie 'imself up in one dese yer bow knots dar, an fo' de time bein he sorter got de bes' 'er me.

Tourist—So I see. But, of course, you aren't going to let a little thing like that interfere with your fishing enterprises.

Darkey—No, indeed! I jus' gwine ter set right yer an wait twell eider a cyclum comer long an blow de tree down or de el git der cramps an hafter on loose hese'f.—Richmond Dispatch.

At the Swell Restaurant.

Mason—Is that old Bagley with his wife or his new typewriter?

Billy (to Garcon)—Waiter, did that gentleman order one portion of steak and a small beer for two?

Garcon—No, he ordered canvasback and champagne for four.

Billy—Ah, his typewriter! Thanks.—New York World.

Wrong Assumption.

Watts—I guess it is a fact that there is no difference between genius and insanity.

Potts—There is some, anyway. Man can't very well get out of a murder scrape on the plea that he is a genius.—Indianapolis Journal.

Vicissitudes of Life.

"Rose, did you have a good time down town bargain day?"

"No. I waited two hours to see some lovely jardinières marked down, and a clerk came around and marked them up."—Chicago Record.

The Variety.

Mrs. Cumso—My new cloak is a jewel. Mrs. Cawker—Is she Irish?

Mrs. Cumso—Yes. Mrs. Cawker—Then she is an emerald, of course.—To Date.

Crushing Him.

He—Would I were a glove upon that hand.

She—You couldn't be more of a kid than you are.—New York World.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

Furniture and Carpetings.

THE GREATEST VALUES ON EARTH.

We buy as low as we can and sell as low as we like. That's mighty low. Furniture Bargains for everyone. Remember this Low-Priced, Money-Saving Store is here for your benefit.

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Prayer Books, Pearl Rosaries, Silver Rosaries, Photo Medallions, Books of Devotion, Gold and Silver Medals, Statuettes, Framed Pictures, etc.

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Teas, Coffees, Tobaccos, Cigars, Imported and Fancy Groceries.

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One dozen fine Cabinet Photos, \$3.00.

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The Best Quality Lyken's Valley Franklin, Red

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PRESSED HAY, HARD AND SOFT WOOD

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Bread, Cake, Pastry, etc. Crackers at Wholesale or Retail.

Wedding Cake a Specialty.

Beans and Brown Bread Every Sunday Morning.

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The Lightest Wheels at the New York Show.

ADJUSTABLE HANDLE BARS. NEW INVENTIONS.

Be sure to see them before you buy.

QUINCY CYCLE CO.,

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USE FLORAL CREAM FOR CHAPPED HANDS, ROUGH SKIN, PIMPLES.

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Granite Tools of All Kinds.

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THE FANCIES OF FAMOUS AUTHORS.

They Designate Their Favorite Brain Creations.

OF INTEREST TO FICTION LOVERS.

The Choice of William Dean Howells—Anthony Hope on the "Prisoner of Zenda." Marie Corelli Chooses "Barabbas"—Views of Anna Katharine Green, Mrs. Burnett, Etc.

[Special Correspondence.]

PHILADELPHIA, April 28.—We are not always conscious of the best that is in us. It takes the eyes of others to discern it. But when once the strength of inspiration allows faithful transfer to black and white, as in the case of the author, he recognizes his best loved child and takes it to his heart. Henceforth not if this blossom of genius mingle with the throng or not. It is just as dear to him. His ambition for once is lulled; the effort of his own brain has crowned him in secret with the laurel, and he is justly and affectionately conscious of it. This work of works may not win instant recognition or even "get there in the end," and yet the crowd are dimly conscious that the writer has struck the note he aimed for, has attained his own pinnacle, has unveiled the real something that has been struggling within him for expression perhaps through untold years.

Sometimes by the unlearned and unwise, in the years of their youth, as by an inspiration straight from heaven, this subtle note is played and again not till years of waiting discretion culminate in the very desideratum of power and intellect. And the dear public, to whose lap it all comes eventually, if it does not welcome the rare strain that may never be played again, at least looks on with recognition and the enthusiasm due when the runner reaches his goal.

Mrs. Burnett's Favorite. But it is the purpose of this article to see how this theory resolves itself among geniuses individually and to trace it in the minds of some famous authors, beginning with a lady of undoubted popularity—Mrs. Burnett—a writer whose pathos, humor and dramatic ability have endeared her stories to a listening as well as a reading public. In response to my note of inquiry Mrs. Burnett says: The book I think I care the most for is the one just on the point of publication, "A Lady of Quality." FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Through many periods in history runs a vein rich in romantic and dramatic possibilities. Authors have recognized this from time immemorial. It may be that Mrs. Burnett has truly struck her note and caught the echo of the best that is in her line.

Hall Caine Anticipates. In reply to a similar query to Mr. Hall Caine I received the following:

My favorite among my literary children is always my youngest, or perhaps, to drop the figure, I might say with more truth that my favorite among my own books is always the book that is to be written next.

Here, then, are two authors who, despite their enviable position among writers of fiction, have only just found, or as yet are still in search of, a special child of their own to love. "The Manxman" has been one of the most talked of among late successes and has attained the greatest sale of any of Caine's novels so far, yet evidently the devoted historian of the Isle of Man has not struck his note, or at least not twanged the string of his noble instrument to its fullest compass. But here is the opinion of a clever dramatist and actor.

I like "The Sign of the Cross" better than any other play I have written or helped to write. WILSON BARRETT.

Mr. Barrett writes thus from the scene of his magnificent and continuous success, the Lyric theater, London. His great religious drama has come to be on the lips of every critic in the land. These stories of a lifetime are not always creatures of impulse, and especially not when written at years of discretion, yet Mr. Barrett says of "The Sign of the Cross" it was written in the height of a busy season, he hardly knew how or when.

Marie Corelli Likes "Barabbas." Marie Corelli's recent exorcism of her critics gives special interest to the following:

You ask which is my own favorite book among those I have myself written. I answer "Barabbas" for two reasons—first, because I worked at it with my whole heart's love and reverence absorbed in its subject, and, secondly, because it was received with a storm of opposition from the press and the warring of cant and conventionalism. It is my nature to love what has been condemned by ignorance and prejudice; hence my adoration for Byron, Shelley and Keats, the three chief targets for the arrows of critical abuse in their day. "Barabbas," being avowedly opposed to conventionalism and openly defiant of premeditated opinions, while it steadily maintains the divine origin of the Christian faith, is the favorite child of my fancy, and I am regretfully aware that I shall never again find a subject of such fascination.

A Sacrifice of Art. "Say," said the admiring magnate of trade, "that poster is all right. Man would know the minute he looks at it what it is meant to advertise." And he handed the artist a check for four figures and went his way.

The artist sighed. "So it is perfectly intelligible,

The Quincy Monitor.

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By the St. John's C. L. and A. A.

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All articles and correspondence intended for the Monitor should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to Monitor readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

MAY, 1896.

SOCIETY EPITOME.

St. John's Ladies' Auxiliary—Miss Eliza C. Sheehan, president, Miss Alice O. Gavin, secretary. Meetings held on the first and third Mondays at 7:45 o'clock, p. m., in St. John's hall, School street.

St. John's C. L. and A. A.—George A. Cahill, president, Michael J. O'Hara, secretary. Meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in St. John's hall, School street.

Knights of Columbus—M. T. Sullivan, grand knight, Thomas J. McGrath, secretary. Meets the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 8 o'clock in Doherty's hall.

Irish National League—James Collins, president, George D. Cahill, secretary. Meets in Cahill's hall, Water street, on Sunday evening.

Division 5, A. O. H.—Edward J. Powers, president, Patrick Crimmins, secretary. Meets the first and third Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock in French's hall, Hancock street.

Quincy Court, M. C. O. F.—John A. Avery, chief ranger, Patrick Ward, secretary. Meets in French's hall.

St. Mary's C. T. A. and M. R. Society. West Quincy—Patrick Keillier, president; W. F. V. Cole, corresponding secretary; John Galvin, recording secretary. Meetings held first and third Tuesdays in the month.

THE MONITOR for April was out Thursday. There has been a notable improvement in the monthly since it assumed its present shape. There is always some special feature, which in this issue is Easter, and many columns of interest to Catholic readers and the general public. It is published by the St. John's society and printed at the Patriot office.—The Quincy Patriot, April 4, 1896.

THE MONITOR

reaches a large, purchasing constituency and prospective advertisers should consider its merits when contemplating the placing of advertising. The Monitor can assure its readers that its advertisements are of reputable, first-class business houses. Show your appreciation of our advertisers by trading with them.

Your hand, Postmaster Burns!

We would give a guinea to know who wrote some of the reports appearing in the city book.

That Town river appropriation was a big thing for the pygmies of Quincy and Tenth district politics.

The city solicitor speaks of a man receiving injuries "occasioned by an accident while he was driving a coal pony." A schoolboy could do better than that.

The School Committee evidently knows more about the past than it does about the present. Such a wealth of honored names to select from and Massachusetts Fields chosen!

The Boston Herald pets Henry H. Faxon. If it regarded him as sane it would never have published that inane reply to its editorial. He was about as distant from the subject in this case as he is in most all others.

The Massachusetts Legislature recently passed resolutions relative to the Monroe doctrine in its bearing on the Venezuelan question, and this with the knowledge that nearly four months have elapsed and the controversy about to be closed. What fools these mortals be!

We extend our condolences to our imported city government, which has recently discharged two faithful employees without just cause. This same administration, though, believes in making the places of some pensioners perpetuities. But we rather think that some calculations will be upset.

The opposition to the candidacy of Mr. Burns for the postmastership of Wollaston was the meanest and most contemptible experienced hereabouts for many years, and was made up from the narrow, bigoted factions that are altogether too dominant in both great political parties. Mr. Burns can now rest serene, and the Democrats can congratulate themselves that they will hereafter be able to locate the leeches.

DRAFTS on IRELAND.

Passage Tickets

to and from the

OLD COUNTRY

for sale by

JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

Boston will continue to pay the State but one-fourth of the money accruing from liquor licenses, despite the efforts of the old fossils of Quincy and elsewhere, who so delight to prate about the purity of government and the humbug means they would use to attain this.

We would respectfully ask City Solicitor Blackmur, in view of his statement in his annual report, how it is that a question could be raised as to the legality of paying ex-City Solicitor McAnaney for services rendered in connection with the Woodward fund, when other solicitors have always charged for services not comprehended by the charter or ordinances? By the report of 1895 the sum of \$924.90 was paid to P. R. Blackmur, and \$700 is the salary of the solicitor.

A correspondent writes to "THE MONITOR" inquiring to what extent the laws of civil service are observable in this city. We would state that the civil service rules hardly ever get beyond the observing stage; that they are hardly ever applied, and that the chances of the applicant rest more with the appointing power and outside influence than by any standing obtained before the commissioners. This state of affairs is almost exclusively peculiar to cities, the breaches of course, being more flagrant in some places than in others.

The justices of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts never did a better act than that by which they declared the veteran's preference act unconstitutional. Its operation in Quincy was ludicrous, and aggravating—as the powers that were seemed to comprehend all the veterans of the city in one person, and in their haste to comply with the law placed so many employments at his feet as to prevent the aforesaid veteran from enjoying a moment's respite—especially during the summer season—from official cares. Now happily all is changed and many a deserving veteran may get an opportunity to turn an honest dollar, a thing impossible under the machinations of the schemers that use large impersonal bodies for their own benefit.

ANALOGOUS CASES.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal under date of April 29, says in reference to the sentences imposed upon the leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Union:

"It is with peculiar satisfaction at the grim irony of the situation that Irishmen now witness the authors of coercion in the act of making a petition for mercy based upon the principle that political offences must not be regarded as ordinary crimes."

The sentences originally imposed were barbarously extreme, and the designation of the offence by the Boer government a flagrant misinterpretation of treason, still the cold facts of history would palliate by the presentation of many precedents, the infliction of an extreme penalty. Sentiment in America and England has gathered in to a mighty protest, and Kreuger's government has been forced on the day following sentence to mitigate the punishment, and to take the case under consideration, which was rightly believed by the outside world to mean that by some subterfuge the government may withdraw from the case, rather than risk the displeasure of the powerful nation represented in the reform movement.

The means used by Rhodes and his companions were the only means available and commonly used in all such movements. The Freeman's Journal evidently had in mind this fact and also the vindictiveness of the English government in dealing with men who sought the establishment of the same principle of equal rights. The lessons to be drawn from this Johannesburg episode is that justice should demand that the leniency shown to the Cape Town leaders should also be shown to the men at present languishing in the pest houses of Portsmouth and Newcastle. The present is, we believe, a most propitious time for the demand that England should abandon her medieval policy, and grant amnesty to her own political prisoners.

We welcome Miss Patterson, the milliner, to the columns of THE MONITOR. She has a fine assortment of hats and bonnets, and we would advise our lady readers to call upon her at 112 Hancock street.

OBITUARY.

Mr. James Quinn, a well-known young man of Ward Four, died Friday, April 10. Mr. Quinn was a valued member of Division 4, A. O. H., who sympathize with his family in their loss.

Mrs. Mary F. Driscoll, wife of Mr. Timothy Driscoll, died at her West Quincy home Tuesday night, March 31. Mrs. Driscoll was sick but a few hours, and her husband has the sympathy of all in his great loss. Mrs. Driscoll was well and favorably known, particularly in West Quincy, and her death is mourned by all.

Mr. William J. Faircloth, an old and respected citizen of Quincy, died Sunday, April 19, at his home, Quincy avenue, at the age of 74 years. The funeral was held from St. John's church, Wednesday, solemn requiem mass being celebrated by Rev. Francis A. Friguglietti as celebrant, Rev. J. P. Cuffe as deacon, and Rev. A. F. Roche as sub-deacon. The burial was at St. Mary's cemetery, West Quincy. The pall bearers were Lawrence Garrity, Cornelius Moynihan, Michael Burns, Michael Daly, Timothy F. Ford and Peter McConarty. Mr. Faircloth leaves a widow, two sons, and two daughters.

Miss Catherine C. McPherson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McPherson of Wollaston, died Monday, April 6, at Deering, Maine. Miss McPherson was one of the best known of the young people of the parish, through her devotion to the many associations in the church and at school. Many who saw the slight figure that was so attentive at the morning Mass, at Sunday school, at sodality meeting, and knew also of the zeal with which she entered into her studies at school wondered at her assiduity in all these spheres, a quality uncommon in one so young. She made many friends and retained them, and her death was a sad blow to her many acquaintances. Until shortly before her death she attended the Woodward institute, but withdrew to attend school at Deering. Her funeral took place Wednesday, April 8, from St. John's church, the solemn requiem mass being celebrated by Rev. F. A. Friguglietti, Rev. Daniel J. Reardon and Rev. J. P. Cuffe. Such a profusion of flowers has seldom been placed on any bier, and attested that a useful life is esteemed by young and old. The burial was at St. Mary's, West Quincy.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of Division 4, A. O. H., held at Forester's hall, April 12, 1896, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS,—On April 10th an all-wise Providence has seen fit to take from our midst one of our beloved and most respected Brothers, James Quinn, and

WHEREAS,—We desire to express our heartfelt sorrow and our profound sympathy and condolence for the family of our beloved Brother; be it

Resolved,—That the Charter of our Division be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days from date of his death, and a copy of these Resolutions be inserted in the records of our Division and that a copy be framed and forwarded to the family of the deceased Brother, and a copy be inserted in the press as a mark of our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

JAMES O'DOWD,

M. J. MORIARTY,

S. B. LITTLE,

Committee on Resolutions.

Mr. Hugh J. Malloy of Randolph has been appointed district deputy of the Knights of Columbus for the southeastern district. Mr. Malloy is one of the bright Catholics of this part of the State and every honor bestowed upon him will be gracefully borne.

Wadsworth & Co. have a few words to say on shirt waists in this issue.

L. M. PRATT & CO.,

AGENTS IN QUINCY

FOR

PILLSBURY'S

BEST

FLOUR

AND

Perfection Flour.

25 School Street, Quincy.

PERSONAL—IMPERSONAL.

Cold soda at the City Drug Store.

The Misses Flynn can show you a fine assortment of novelties.

Mr. Timothy F. Ford has been appointed inspector of animals and provisions by Mayor Adams.

Divisions 4 and 5, A. O. H., were participants in the monster parade in Boston, Monday, April 20.

Miss Kittie Walsh has returned to her duties at the telephone exchange, fully recovered from her severe sickness.

Mr. Thomas H. Elcock has bought the grocery business held by Councilman Thomas J. Lamb.

Miss Mary L. Gavin, recently clerk in Mr. Keith's office, is now in the office of the Water Commissioners.

The City Drug Store is located at the corner of Hancock and School streets, and if you desire to get anything in the drug line we would advise you to stop at this store.

Chief Engineer Williams is deservedly popular with the members of the fire department. The last token of their respect was most appropriate, viewed from all quarters.

The May instalment of the special article entitled "Talks With Young Men," has been omitted, but the series will be taken up in June. A special article on chemistry will also appear in the June issue.

A vocal and instrumental concert was given by the Ladies' auxiliary of the St. John's C. L. and A. A., at St. John's hall, Wednesday evening, April 22. The concert was most pleasing and was largely attended.

—The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Michael McLaughlin was celebrated at Holbrook on Easter Sunday. They have seven children and thirteen grand children.

The United States Civil Service Commission has ordered that an examination be held by its local board in this city on Saturday, June 6, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M., for the grades of clerk and letter carrier in the postal service. Only citizens of the United States can be examined. The age limitations for this examination are as follows: clerk, 18 years or over; carrier, over 21 years and under 40 years.

FOR SALE.

A BICYCLE in good repair, fitted with pneumatic tires in fine condition. Will sell for \$17. Also a Lovell Diamond with hard tires, excellent condition, for \$8. Call or address,

M. C. KING,

27 Chestnut, Quincy.

IMPROVED

Real - Estate

FOR SALE,

CONSISTING of a large, new house of seven large rooms and about one-half acre of land, situated at Brackett's Wharf. Water in the house. This house has been built but three years and is in thorough repair. This is an excellent opportunity to buy a good home at a reasonable price.

Adjoining the above property is a small house and barn, with an orchard of thirty trees, apple, pear and quince. Excellent well of water. For further particulars apply to

SWITHIN BROS., Real Estate,
DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK,
QUINCY.

SOLOMON

in all his glory was not arrayed like the young man, middle-aged man, or old man who buys his clothing of Parsons, the Hancock street tailor. 'Tis his one effort to please his customers, and that he has succeeded is evident by the large and growing patronage he receives. The finest imported and domestic fabrics to select from and the ability to turn out the most perfect raiment, at prices that are surprisingly reasonable when one considers the superior work. He does not deal in twaddle or shoddy, but promises you the best work at prices that your own common sense will commend.

WM. PARSONS & CO.,

Custom Tailors,

114 Hancock Street, - Quincy.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

SPRING AND SUMMER

CLOTHING

We are [showing the best and most complete line of men's, boys' and children's high grade clothing ever offered in Quincy.

The Celebrated Black Clay Worsted Frock and Sack Suits you can buy in our store for \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18 and \$20. A perfect fit guaranteed.

Our line of Fancy Light Suits, Cassimeres, Home Spuns and Fancy Worsteds, all tailor made and very nobby. Prices \$6.50, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$12, \$14 and \$15. Before you buy, look at our line.

Men's Dress and Working Trousers. A large assortment to select from. Prices, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50 and \$5.

The Wilcox Hats are the best \$3.00 stiff hats on the market. We have all with an extra pair of Pants and Cap for \$5.00. Large line Children's Suits, ages 4 to 16, of artistic designs, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00. Boys' Knee Pants, all wool, for 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

A complete line of MEN'S FURNISHINGS, Neckwear, Gloves, Fancy Neglige Shirts, Trunks and Bags. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

C. F. DERBY,

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

J. C. DORGAN, Manager.

94

There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who was troubled for years with a corn,
He called at our store,
—You know—ninety-four,
And now he is glad he was born.

There is more truth than poetry in the above stanza. We fit the feet properly, Comfortably and Stylishly. Give us a chance to show you what we mean when you are buying your next pair of Boots or anything in the line of Footwear at Lowest Prices ever quoted at

JAS. O'DONOVAN'S, 94 Hancock St. 94, Quincy, Mass.

P. S. Tennis Shoes, 50 cts. Everything else correspondingly cheap.

Shirt Waists

Every lady wears a Shirt Waist in the Summer time, and we have the largest line we have ever shown. Prices from

50c. to \$8.00.

All the latest styles, detachable collars and white cuffs.

Call and examine, they will be sure to please you.

D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.,

QUINCY, MASS. Branch at East Milton.

Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Brockton.

GRANITE CLOTHING CO.'S

Greeting.

We have formally opened the Spring Campaign with the same good Clothing, Furnishings, Hats and Caps at the same reasonable prices that have made our store so popular in this city.

Men and Young Men's Suits,

All Wool, from \$6.00 upwards.

SUITS for the LITTLE FOLKS.

\$2.00 TO \$6.00.

A SPLENDID LINE OF SPRING OVERCOATS.

Bicycle Suits, Pants and Caps.

These goods are all this season's productions and everybody shares alike. One price to all.

GRANITE CLOTHING CO.

Durgin & Merrill's Block.

QUINCY, : : : MASS.

Send us a Postal requesting our Special Rates for 1896.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

McGOVERN BROS.,

Stationers,
Printers, and
Blank Book MakersWholesale and Retail
Dealers inConfectionery,
Cigars, Tobacco
and Cigarettes.32 Hancock Street,
Quincy.Not a
year
goes by

without progress in making clothing. The clothing of today is altogether different from the clothing of last year. Some clothing have queer notions people want last year's styles at a shaver from last year's. A common American is the expression.

"Anything New?"

We say, yes! Our spring suits are new. Our spring overcoats are new. The patterns are new. The colors are new. They are easily distinguished from last year's. We believe in progress, and progress is what we are making every day, every year. You never saw a ready-made spring overcoat as ours in spring. You'll see the prices are the fair you'll compare them with the other stores.

Furnishings
and Hats.

Our goods in this department don't tarry a shade behind the finest clothing. Our Beach street windows will tell you the story better than we can.

McManus & Co.

Men's and Boys' Clothiers and Outfitters

670 and 672 Washington Street,

Corner Beach Street,

BOSTON.

A. J. RICHARDS & SONS,
Quincy Grain Store

ALL KINDS

GRAIN, HAY and STRAW,
BRICK, LIME and CEMENT
DRAIN PIPE, Etc.

Prices are the Lowest in the City.

Our Specialty is Flour:

Washburn and Crosby,
Imperial Duluth,
Gold Heart.

In Quality and Price we invite Competition. Try them.

J. H. CONNELLY

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

PRINC AND SUMMER
NOTHING

Bring the best and most complete line of men's, boys' and
clothing ever offered in Quincy.

ated Black Clay Worsted Frock and Sack Suits
for store for \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18 and \$20. A perfect

Fancy Light Suits, Cassimeres, Home Spuns and
all tailor made and very nobby. Prices \$6.50,
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and Working Trousers. A large assortment of
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for \$5.00. Large line Children's Suits,
ages 4 to 16, of artistic designs, \$2.50,
Globe Soft Hat, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00. Boys'
\$2.50 and \$3. Knee Pants, all wool, for 25c., 35c.,
50c., 75c. and \$1.00.

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Hats, Trunks and Bags. Satisfaction guaranteed
and.

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MS BUILDING, QUINCY.
J. C. DORGAN, Manager.

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50 cts. Everything else correspondingly cheap.

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time, and we have the largest line
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latest styles, detachable collars
cuffs.

and examine, they will be sure to

WADSWORTH & CO.,

MASS. Branch at East Milton.
Goods Store between Boston and Brockton.

E CLOTHING CO.'S

Greeting.

opened the Spring Campaign with the same good
Hats and Caps at the same reasonable prices that have
been in this city.

Young Men's Suits,
ool, from \$6.00 upwards.

or the LITTLE FOLKS.

2.00 TO \$6.00.

LINE OF SPRING OVERCOATS.

le Suits, Pants and Caps.

all this season's productions and everybody shares

E CLOTHING CO.

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MASS.

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RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

McGOVERN BROS.,

Stationers,
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Wholesale and Retail
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Confectionery,
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We say, yes! Our spring
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every day, every year.
You never saw as good
ready-made spring suits or
overcoats as ours are this
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prices are the fairest if
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the other stores. . . .

Furnishings
and Hats.

Our goods in this depart-
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Our Beach street windows
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ALL KINDS

GRAIN, HAY and STRAW,
BRICK, LIME and CEMENT,
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Prices are the Lowest in the City.

Our Specialty is Flour:

Washburn and Crosby,
Imperial Duluth,
Gold Heart.

In Quality and Price we invite Competi-
tion. Try them.

Forced to It.

"I am afraid," said the eminent
statesman's wife, "that you are making
a mistake."

"By constantly declaring that if you
are nominated it will be against your
will."

"But I've got to do something to
keep them r-minded that I'm eligible,
haven't I?"—Washington Star.

Carried the Air Away.

"You have a fine climate here," said
the visitor to a resident. "Such a bracing
air!"

"Yes," replied the resident gloomily,
"but then there bicyclists come along
and pump the air into their pneumatic
tires and carry it off."—Truth.

Both Marble.

"My girl gave me the marble heart
last night," said the single one.

"Your woe is naught to mine," said
the married one. "It has not been two
hours since my wife gave me the mar-
ble cake of her own making."—Indian-
apolis Journal.

A Rapped Expression.

Through the bars, at the little patch
of blue sky, the prisoner gazed with a
rapt countenance.

If the policeman had rapped it a trifle
harder, its own mother wouldn't have
been able to recognize it.—New York
World.

Fixed For Him.

"Miss Simpkins, aren't you ever
afraid of finding a man under your bed?"
"No, indeed. I've got mine arranged
so I can pull out one that and let the
whole thing down on him."—Louisville
Courier-Journal.

Like
A Comet

From the depth of Space,
the Pedler flashes his
worthless, plated spec-
tacles before your gaze,
relieves you of a \$5 bill,
and disappears.

But, though lost to view
he is not forgotten. You
still have that brass sou-
venir to remind you of
his visit.

He knows nothing of
the structure of the eye,
nor how to correct its de-
fects.

The competent Opti-
cian discovers the defects
and, by his knowledge of
refraction, prepares lenses
that restore your vision to
a normal condition, and
you feel like a new being.

T. L. WILLIAMS,

MEMBER OF THE

New England Associa-
tion of Opticians,

Will Test Your Eyes Free of Charge

—AT—

104 Hancock Street,
Quincy.

SWITHIN BROS.,
REAL ESTATE.

Having opened a Real Estate office in
Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared
to show plans and give prices on some of
the finest house lots offered for sale in this
city in recent years. These lots are em-
braced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Dell Estate,
WEST QUINCY,
Hillside Terrace,
GROVE STREET,
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at Presidents' Hill every
afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring
lots or any information on the above
properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin
& Merrill's Block.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

City. Its marble altar, stretching in
one white mass from floor to ceiling,
was quarried and manufactured in
Carrara, Italy. Its shrine of Our Lady
of Perpetual Help, whose principal
glory and adornment is the magnificent
record of its miraculous works, has
been fitted up in a manner as nearly
worthy of its value as was possible.
On the whole, the present church of
Our Lady of Perpetual Help will
remain not only as an enduring monu-
ment to the energy of its rector, Father
Frawley, but also as one of the most
imposing ornaments in the city of
Boston.

IN GENERAL.

The month of May is dedicated in an
especial manner to the honor of the
Mother of God.

It is very appropriate that the general
intention for the League of the Sacred
Heart during the month of May should
be for the protection and encourage-
ment of the great shrines of Our
Lady. Most of our readers are familiar
with several of these shrines. Those of
Our Lady of Lourdes and Loreto are
of world-wide reputation. Einsiedeln
and Paray-le-monial attract immense
crowds of pilgrims every year, and
even in America we have learned to
regard, with affectionate interest, the
shrines of Our Lady of Perpetual Help
in the Roxbury Mission church, as also
that of Gaudalupe in Mexico.

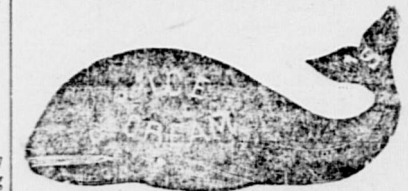
It is amusing to read the newspaper
dispatches that give news in regard to
the Holy Father. At one time it is a
false statement as to his health, at
another it tells us of his successor;
another time his opinions and senti-
ments are misconstrued. The fre-
quency of such dispatches and the
prominence given to them by news-
papers makes us naturally incredulous
of the greater part of the news such
papers bring us from foreign countries.
The latest of these canards informs us
solemnly that the powers of Europe,
especially those of the Triple Alliance,
will make special overtures to obtain
the election of a future pontiff who
will be entirely in harmony with the
existing state of affairs in Italy. The
utter absurdity of such an idea is man-
ifest to anyone who knows the consti-
tution of the Sacred College. There
was a time when the wishes of Eu-
ropean governments might be respected
in the papal conclave; that was before
those same governments had turned
with their tails between their legs and
fled before the hordes of Italian revolu-
tionists. And now, after abandoning
the Holy Father, after aiding in the
cruel economy which makes his im-
prisonment possible, they have the
audacity to claim the right to repre-
sentation in the election of his suc-
cessor. But for the persuasion that
these dispatches are false, one would
be impelled to inform such inter-
meddlers that the Sovereign Pontiff's
election will go on just the same
whether they smile or frown, and that
one of the most glorious proverbs in
the Catholic church is that which says,
"the Lord will provide!"

The young woman who succeeds in
capturing a young man should, of
course, be willing to accompany him
to any public place and remain until
the proper time to leave. It seems
that every young "bud" that get a
beau insists that he shall spend the
first few months on parade. Probably
this may be to test his patience, or,
more probable still, that his consort
may cancel some old grudges against
her sisters, believing that her success
and prize will fill the others with
chagrin and remorse. Did the poor
boy ever think that he would become
an instrument of torture in such tyrant
hands?

District Police Officer Charles Ferguson,
inspector of boilers and examiner of en-
gineers and firemen, arrived in town
May 8, and will remain here three weeks,
with the exception of Saturdays, and dur-
ing that time will examine engineers and
firemen and other business as required
by law by the inspecting department, such
as the inspection of boilers. Mr. Ferguson
has secured office rooms in the Adams
building, entrance on Temple street.

Taylor's Anti-Headache Powders
are just as harmless as water. Yet, look
how powerful water is in putting out fire.
Our powders cure Headache and Neuralgia
in the same manner exactly. It is safe to
say that these powders will cure all cases,
because they never failed yet. Why
not buy Taylor's and be sure about it.
Get them of Leonard J. Pastor, Ph. G., 27
School street.

Prices and Quality are Right.



TEMPLE STREET, QUINCY.

PERSONAL—IMPERSONAL.

Mr. Patrick Duffy is now in New
Bedford, and Mr. Christopher Ross in
Lowell.

The friends of Miss Sarah Garrity of
Summer street will be pleased to learn that
she is now convalescent.

Miss Sarah Garrity is still on the
sick list. Her many friends hope that
she may soon be convalescent.

Miss Honora G. Forrest, recently of
the Wollaston school, has been engaged
to teach in the Adams school, Dedham.

When you are in church and the
solist happens to strike a particularly
high pitch do not turn in your seat and
by your stolid stare endeavor to hypo-
tize the whole choir. Their lot is not
always a pleasant one and they will not
be apt to condone your breach of good
manners or to appreciate your adept-
ness at gawking.

By recent dispatches from Montreal
we learn that the Roman Catholic
bishops of the province of Quebec have
decided to issue a collective mande-
ment, calling upon their people to vote
only for those candidates at the coming
elections who will pledge themselves
to vote for a remedial bill, to force
Manitoba to grant Catholics separate
schools.

Rev. Ambrose F. Roche assumed charge
of his new parish at Hingham Monday,
May 4. He celebrated his farewell masses
at St. John's and St. Mary's Sunday, May
3, the former at 8 o'clock and the latter
at 10.30. Fr. Roche was so overcome at
both masses that he was unable to preach,
and his expectant hearers did not listen
to the usually vigorous Fr. Roche. Dur-
ing the day he received many callers, who
tendered him congratulations upon his pro-
motion.

A large meeting was held Sunday
evening, May 3, in Cahill's hall by
the Irish national league. The meet-
ing was called for the consideration
of the project to concentrate all the
Irish and sympathizing bodies in a
demand upon the British government
that amnesty be granted the Irish
political prisoners. Definite action
was deferred by the Quincy branch
until after the monster meeting soon
to be held in Boston, when the initia-
tory step will be taken.

The third annual concert and ball
under the auspices of the Societe St.
Jean Baptiste was held on Monday
evening, April 6, at St. Mary's hall,
West Quincy. The party was a large
and enjoyable one, a large number
being present from out-of-town. The
invited guests were Mr. Patrick Kelli-
her, president of St. Mary's; James
O'Dowd, president of Division 4,
A. O. H.; Dr. Thomas J. Dion, phy-
sician of the society; Mr. A. Cappel-
lini, president of the Italian society.

Miss Lillian Cunningham of Rox-
bury, was tendered a reception on
Sunday evening, April 12, at the resi-
dence of Mrs. Vinton, Pearl street, by
her young Quincy friends. The young
misses present were Mary Mahan,
Teresa McGrath, Genevieve Tate,
Mary Swain, Mary Coughlin, Catherine
Deady, Mary Burns, Teresa Roche
and Margaret Powers. Miss Nellie
Francis Hurley, Miss Ellen B. Dorsey
and Miss Sarah Curran assisted Mrs.
Vinton in caring for the young guests.
A light lunch was served.

Miss Katherine Powers of Franklin place
entertained about twenty of her friends on
Thursday evening. The evening's enjoy-
ment consisted of vocal solos by Miss
Annie Roach, Miss Doran, Miss Duffy and
Miss Fannie McNally; instrumental selec-
tions by Mr. Dunn and Mr. McAniff. Miss
Katherine Roach gave a very fine
recitation. The rendition of a stump
speech by Mr. Michael Hartney was the
gem of the evening. In the midst of the
festivities a dainty spread was served,
which received ample attention from the
guests.

Thomas A. Ferguson, the 9-year old son
of Officer Ferguson, had a narrow escape
from a serious accident Wednesday, May
6th. He with other boys about his same
age were playing tag about a new house on
Payne street. He was running along the
staging regardless apparently of where he
was going, and when he reached the end
the boards tripped up and down he fell
some fifteen feet into a pile of brick. The
boy struck on his side bruising his face,
body and limbs quite badly, but fortunately
no bones were broken, although he will be
sore for a few days.

The ball of the St. John's C. L. and
A. A., held at the Town Hall, Brain-
tree, Monday evening, April 6, was a
very successful affair. A large number
of young people were present from
Quincy and Braintree. The invited
guests were Rev. F. A. Cunningham,
Rev. J. P. Cuffe, Mr. George Cunn-
ingham, Mr. J. T. Woods, Mr. M. Mahan,
Mr. Henry McGrath, Mr. William F.
Short, Mr. Thomas Watterson, Mr.
Edward Powers and Dr. John H. Ash.
The ball was preceded by a fine concert.
The hall was handsomely decorated
and everything possible was done for
the pleasure of the dancers.

Williams, the jeweler, is the Quincy
agent for the Bostonian bicycles.

MUNICIPAL APPROPRIATIONS.

By Board of Assessors,	\$1,350
By Board of Health,	3,500
Cemeteries,	4,600
Contingent fund,	100
Salaries,	15,000
Election expenses,	1,000
Clerical services to City Clerk,	1,300
Clerical services to Tax Collector,	400
Clerical services to City Treasurer,	425
Fire Department,	19,700
Grand Army,	350
City Hospital,	1,000
By Commissioner,	26,925
Public Library,	6,278
Law Library,	75
Parks,	500
Police,	12,000
Miscellaneous,	6,000
State Aid,	4,500
Poor Department,	9,000
School Department,	84,835
Debt and interest,	97,822
Water Department, maintenance,	14,500
Water Department, interest,	29,110
	\$369,400

—It was a very busy day at the Collec-
tor's office in Boston on Monday. In
addition to the regular collections the
license money taken amounted to \$348,855,
the largest sum ever taken in one day
on that account. Total amount received
for liquor licenses up to date is \$1,112,155.
The total realized last year was \$1,203,189.
This year it will reach nearly \$1,400,000.

BORN.

LAVERY—In Wollaston Park, April 20,
a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Lavery.

MARRIED.

CLIFFORD—QUINN—In Quincy, April
15, by Rev. Francis A. Friguglietti, Mr.
Robert J. Clifford to Miss Mary A.
Quinn, both of Quincy.

KELLEY—KENNEDY—In Quincy, April
14, by Rev. F. A. Cunningham, Mr.
Milton D. Kelley to Miss Bridget A.
Kennedy, both of Quincy.

HOWARD—O'CONNELL—In Quincy,
April 21, by Rev. Francis A. Cunn-
ingham, Mr. William J. Howard to Miss
Lucy G. O'Connell, both of Quincy.

MCNICKLES—DELOREY—In Weymouth,
April 5, by Rev. John J. Murphy, Mr.
James McNickles to Mrs. Julia Delorey,
both of Braintree.

KLOUSE—CARPENTER—In Weymouth,
April 25, by Rev. J. J. Murphy, Mr.
Frank Klose to Miss Sophia Carpenter,
both of Braintree.

DIED.

MURPHY—In Quincy, April 13, Miss A.
Mildred Murphy, aged 16 years.

QUINN—In West Quincy, April 10, Mr.
James T. Quinn, aged 38 years.

WALSH—In West Quincy, April 2, Mrs.
Mary A. Walsh, aged 68 years.

MCNEALEY—In Quincy, March 29,
Margaret McNealey, aged 38 years.

DRISCOLL—In West Quincy, March 31,
Mrs. Mary F. wife of Mr. Timothy
Driscoll, aged 21 years, 3 months and 21
days.

FAIRCLOTH—In Quincy, April 19, Mr.
William J. Faircloth aged 74 years.

MCPIERSON—In Deering, Me., April
6, Miss Catherine C., daughter of Mr.
Andrew and Mrs. Margaret A. McPherson,
of Quincy, aged 17 years, 7 months
and 5 days.

GO TO

MISS PATERSON'S
MILLINERY - PARLORS

FOR : :
STYLISH MILLINERY.

New French Sailors,
Tam O'Shanter Hats,
and other shapes in
large lines. Turbans
and Bonnets, trimmed
and untrimmed; also
all the latest novelties.

112 Hancock St., Quincy,

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able.—Rocheffoucauld.

THEOSOPHY'S NEW LEADER.

Annual Convention and the Outlook Ac-
cording to One of Its Adherents.
[Special Correspondence.]

New York, April 28.—The recent death of the leading theosophist of this country, Mr. W. Q. Judge, did not seem to cast any shadow over the annual convention of the Theosophical society in America, held in Madison Square Garden on the 26th and 27th inst. Speakers referred to the bereavement the society had suffered—Mr. Judge having been its president—but in a way that demonstrated not simply a philosophic acceptance of the inevitable so much as a recognition that he had passed from the corporeal state of existence to a well earned Karma reward of rest for a time, that others might take up his work where he left it and advance it with yet greater success.

In other words, his death was looked upon as marking an evolutionary step in the progress of the movement, which will now have the impetus of new forces.

It was generally expected among theosophists that Mr. Judge's successor in the presidency would be Dr. J. D. Back of Cincinnati, vice president of the society, or Mr. Claude Falls Wright, one of the ablest theosophic lecturers, who has been indefatigable in his service to the cause and has actually filled the place of the president since his demise. But Dr. Back, who presided over the convention, as he has over every one since 1875, himself nominated for the presidency Mr. Ernest Temple Hargrove, and the nomination was seconded by Mr. Wright, who in the new disposition of affairs has been assigned to other duties not less important than public leadership. Furthermore, it was made known, with unquestioned authority, that Mr. Judge had expressed strongly his wish that Mr. Hargrove should succeed him. Under these circumstances the 230 delegates present, representing 99 branches in all parts of the country, ratified the selection without any dissent.

Mr. Ernest Temple Hargrove is the second son of James Sidney Hargrove, one of London's best known solicitors, and is on his mother's side Scotch; on his father's, Yorkshire. Distinction has been earned in literature by several members of his family, and among his ancestors two at least have gained historic prominence—General Hargrove, governor of Gibraltar during the war in the early part of the eighteenth century, and Sir Martin Frohisher, who



ERNEST TEMPLE HARGROVE.
fought against the Spanish armada. Educated at Harrow, and specially trained with a view to entering the diplomatic service, he spent time in travel and observation in the English colonies, India and Australasia, the outcome of which was a decided disinclination for the service he had contemplated. Returning to England, he took up the study of the law, became a barrister and was admitted a member of the Middle Temple. Theosophy attracted him, and after thorough examination of its teachings he not only accepted them with enthusiasm, but devoted himself to adding very effectively in propaganda.

In April, 1894, he came over as a delegate to the annual convention of that year and delivered a number of lectures on his way across the continent and up the Pacific coast as far as Seattle. During nearly a year now he has been permanently located here, has taken out his first papers as an American citizen and regards himself as settled in the field of his life work for theosophy. He is a charming public speaker—logical, earnest, convincing, with pleasing diction and a most effective and musical voice. And he is one of the ablest writers in the theosophic ranks, as is evidenced by his many noteworthy articles in The Path, Valan and Lucifer.

He stands 6 feet 2 inches in height and is not really quite so young as his handsome, smoothly shaven face makes him appear. Courtesy, kindness and a warmth of personal magnetism, of which none brought in contact with him can be unconscious, add to his peculiar qualifications for leadership.

Mr. E. Aug. Nussheimer, elected vice president and treasurer of the society, has long been a valued member of the executive committee and is a man of much energy and force of character. He is a Bavarian by birth, but an American citizen by adoption these many years and is one of the most prominent of the diamond importers and merchants of New York. His interest in theosophy was awakened through reading Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism" in 1886, but it was not until 1889, when a daily newspaper went out of its way to print an abusive and mendacious article about theosophists, that he joined the society.

It is the expressed belief of prominent and well informed theosophists that in the new order of things there will soon be a return to the main body of the small section who succeeded at the time when the autonomy of the American society was declared a year ago. The indications seem to be that the society is now more active, effective and flourishing than at any preceding time.

J. H. DONNELLY.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Few Wrinkles in the Annual Task of Outwitting the Insidious Moth.

Directions for putting away winter clothing seem almost a work of supererogation, the experienced housekeeper having had the details of the unwelcome task impressed upon her by many annual repetitions of its performance. But there is always the "young housewife" to consider, with occasionally a "wrinkle" or two which are new even to the experienced, so the following practical items from an exchange have their value:

Bags of all sizes and descriptions are invaluable at this time of year for holding articles that are to be put away until the cold season has rolled round again. These can be made of any cotton or linen material, and if desired can be adorned with the owner's initials.

Furs should be packed away in their own boxes, with plenty of moth camphor, after all dust has been beaten out of them.

Felt or velvet hats should be carefully cleaned by means of a soft brush, then wrapped in tissue paper and put away in their respective bandboxes. Each box, package, bag or trunk should, for convenience's sake, contain a label, upon which is legibly written a list of the contents.

All articles of apparel, such as gowns, coats or wraps of any kind, should be taken out of doors and hung upon the line to air, after which they should be thoroughly shaken and brushed until all dust and dirt of any kind have been removed. The smallest atom of dirt or grease affords food in which moths thrive and revel. The garments should be put away in cotton bags, made expressly for the purpose, large boxes or trunks that are not in use, it being quite immaterial so long as all air is entirely excluded.

All woolen underwear should be carefully washed and dried, then rolled up and put into clean paper sacks, or old cotton pillowcases—care being taken to see that there are no holes in them—with a generous quantity of pure camphor or moth camphor, the latter possessing the great advantage over the former of being much less expensive, although the odor is perhaps not quite so agreeable.

A Dainty Dessert.

Here is a recipe which the New York Tribune says came from the nuns of the Santa Clara convent, Canary islands: Take 4 eggs and beat them thoroughly, leaving out two whites; add gradually 1 1/2 pints of milk. Mix in carefully 4 tablespoonsful of flour, 2 ounces of powdered sugar and a little grated lemon peel (it would be better to use a little essence of lemon instead of the lemon peel). Boil all these ingredients over a slow fire until the flour is well dissolved. Prepare a shallow dish with almond cakes or macaroons and pour the mixture through a sieve on the cakes. This is to be eaten cold.

Oak Going Out.

Oak, as a material for dining room furniture, is no longer accepted as the standard. Mahogany, or some other dark wood, is more correct and always more beautiful. The chairs should be comfortable, though not necessarily high backed, as the high back incommodes the waitress. High topped sideboards are likewise frowned upon, preference being given to the low buffet with no top whatever.

Glassware Exceedingly Popular.

Many articles for the toilet and table service which a few years ago were made of china or silver are now chosen from a variety of charming models of crystal or cut glass—in fact, glass and silver united in one piece, the latter in filigree designs as a standard for the former, are among the most sumptuous of modern furnishings.

Cut glass was formerly for the few. Since its manufacture has been greatly



CUT GLASS CRACKER JAR WITH SILVER COVER.

extended in this country, it is now within the reach of a greater number. The pressed and the blown glass are now made so delicate, clear and sparkling that the better specimens are not to be lightly esteemed. Among them are those thin tumblers that by the sand blast process of engraving are decorated with a multitude of designs, such as arabesques, flowers and monograms, says The Decorator and Furnisher, from which the cut is taken.

Leaves For the Salad Bowl.

The salad delights first the eye, then the palate. Therefore it should never look mussed and pitched together in a hurry.

A salad of the young shoots of horse radish is good served with boiled ham. Like all cresses, it is dressed without oil. Mustard flowers and peppercress are sometimes pleasant additions to a salad of mixed herbs. Both may be easily gathered wild in the country.

The best plain lettuce salad has a French dressing which is a combination of oil, very little vinegar and a generous amount of salt, and if one likes, the very faintest suspicion of peppermint.

The yellow flowers and leaves of the nasturtium dressed simply with vinegar and salt and pepper make an excellent breakfast salad.

TRYING IT ON THE DOG.

Fommy's Talent For Composition and How It Immortalized the Faithful Canine.

The dog is the only animal that wags his tail. Dogs wag their tails when they are glad. Cats wave their tails, but it is not a true wag. It is more like you wave your hand when you speak "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Some folks think that cats' tails are to carry them by. This is cruel and unjust. When folks travel on the cars, they carry cats in a basket, but dogs go in the baggage car. Once a dog that was traveling by express got hungry, and when the expressman sent in his report he wrote on it, "Package No. 47,365 et up its tag, and I don't know where it goes."

Many interesting stories are told of the great intelligence of dogs. Once a farmer bought a dog to protect his smokehouse. He went out the first night and found the hams all gone and the faithful dog snoring loudly. "Wretched beast," cried the farmer, "why did you not do your duty?" At this the dog sprang up and attempted to seize the farmer in his fangs. The farmer drew himself up by a ham hook and roosted on a beam all night like a chicken. Once the thieves came back and one said to the other, "We forgot the dog's collar," so they took it and went away again. But the farmer didn't say anything, because he was thinking so hard that he didn't have any time to talk.

—Chicago Post.

A Blind Man's Thanks.



"Thankee, sir, thankee. I uoo as you wouldn't ferget the poor blind man drectly I see yer come round the corner!"—Sketch.

Well Equipped.

"I have been thinking for a long time," she said, with a serious expression which contrasted strongly with her usual airiness, "that I ought to have some serious purpose in life; so I have decided to go into literature."

"You intend to pursue it seriously, do you?"

"Yes, indeed. I've bought a lovely Louis XVI desk, and I've got some of the most exquisite stationery you ever saw. Mother gave me a gold pen and a mother of pearl penholder, and I have just the prettiest silver inkstand—all covered with filigree work, you know."

"You are certainly well equipped."

"Yes," she replied serenely. "I've got a splendid start. All I have to do now is to sit down some time and think up a piece to write."—Washington Star.

Satisfactory Reply.

"They say," remarked Miss Keedick, "that the most worn spot on the carpet in a girl's room is that directly in front of her mirror."

"It can't be the case in your room," replied Mr. Huggins.

"Why? Do you think I have nothing to look in the mirror for?"

"Your little feet would never wear the carpet."—Detroit Free Press.

Ambiguous.

Manager—Is Bessie Basswood at liberty?

Theatrical Agent—Professionally?

Manager—Of course. What else would I mean?

Theatrical Agent—Well, her divorce won't be granted until next week.—Detroit News.

No Cause Before.

Brown—I am going to challenge that man who ran off with my wife.

Jones—Why, that was six months ago.

Brown—I know it. But he has sent her back.—New York World.

A Prediction.

Mamma—I wish George wouldn't marry that girl, but I suppose he'll have his own way.

Papa—I suppose he will just now, but it won't happen again for some time.—Truth.

How to Look Intellectual.

"That Miss Dawson is a stupid looking girl."

"Yes, isn't she?"

"Somebody ought to persuade her to wear eyeglasses."—Chicago Record.

Unexpected Insurance.

Recorder—I shall send you to state prison for 20 years.

Old Offender—Thank your honor. Dye know I didn't expect to live as long as that?—Town Topics.

His Peach.

Yeast—Dobson says his wife is a peach.

Crimsonbeak—Yes, he told me peaches never agreed with him.—Yonkers Statesman.

He Certainly Would.

Brown—You shouldn't let little things worry you.

Jones—You would if the little things were twins.—Truth.

Invested Here.

Teacher—Where is the capital of Great Britain, Thomas?

Thomas—Most of it's in this country.—Chicago Record.

GOOD HEALTH.

Essence of Cinnamon Is Said to Quickly Destroy the Typhoid Fever Microbe.

The theory was advanced a few years ago that the ozone in the atmosphere, which is the great purifier, is mainly supplied from blooming flowers, and for this reason blooming plants are healthful in dwelling houses, as well as attractive, according to The Hospital Review. Some interesting experiments with the odors of flowers have been made in the old world, and it is found that many species of microbes are easily destroyed by various odors. The odor of cloves has been known to destroy these minute creatures in 35 minutes; cinnamon will kill some species in 12 minutes; thyme in 35. In 45 minutes common wild verberna is found effective, while the odor of some geranium flowers has destroyed various forms of microbes in 50 minutes. The essence of cinnamon is said to destroy the typhoid fever microbe in 12 minutes and is recorded as the most effective of all odors as an antiseptic. It is now believed that flowers which are found in Egyptian mummies were placed there more for their antiseptic properties than as mere ornaments or elements in sentimental warfare.

Relative Height and Weight.

A writer in the New York Journal, in considering the subject of the symmetry of the human figure, gives the following as the proper ratios between height and weight:

	Pounds.
5 feet 1 inch.....	120
5 feet 2 inches.....	125
5 feet 3 inches.....	130
5 feet 4 inches.....	135
5 feet 5 inches.....	140
5 feet 6 inches.....	145
5 feet 7 inches.....	150
5 feet 8 inches.....	155
5 feet 9 inches.....	160
5 feet 10 inches.....	165
5 feet 11 inches.....	170
6 feet.....	175

Passive Exercise.

Passive exercise is best for those who are advanced in life, who are not strong enough to bear the wear and tear of much activity and are not able to repair the waste of tissue entailed by these exercises so rapidly. For those, then, who are advanced in years, and also for those who are of a delicate constitution, such exercise as is gained by riding in a carriage, or if staying by the sea, going out for a sail, is best. When neither of these two things is attainable, massage of all the different parts of the body should be actively carried on.

For Hiccoughs and Suffocative Coughs.

A woman who had been treated unsuccessfully at home during four days for hiccoughs, was asked, upon being examined at a French hospital, to put out her tongue. As soon as she did so it was noticed that the hiccough ceased and this was found effective thereafter in controlling the hiccough. It has been suggested that the process may be useful in suffocative coughs, such as whooping cough. The tongue must be pushed out strongly and held so for a minute or two.

Diet In Dyspepsia.

Obstinate cases of indigestion may demand a rigid adherence to a milk diet. This often means a hard struggle, but Popular Science News says by diluting the milk one-third with vichy or soda water or by adding five to ten grains of bicarbonate of soda or a pinch of salt to each tumblerful the difficulties will be moderated. In many cases skimmilk is better borne than that with the cream. Buttermilk is useful for a change.

ETIQUETTE.

A Pretty Fashion In the Bride's Bouquet.

Take the Cards From Off the Presents.

The etiquette of weddings changes less than might be supposed of a function dependent upon the whim of Dame Fashion. June is still the favorite month, and May is presumably unlucky. Most girls would rather break a mirror than be married in May.

There is no change in the form of invitations. They are engraved on "unfinished" paper, less heavy and less highly glazed than of late, and you can take your choice between requesting the "honor of your guest's presence," "the pleasure of his company" or simply inviting him to be present, the first being generally chosen for a home ceremony. The bride's family pay for everything except carriages and the clergyman's fee, though the groom may, if he wishes, give the bridesmaids mementos of the auspicious day. He is expected to do this with the ushers, while the bride similarly remembers her bridesmaids.

The wedding tour, however, is no longer considered a necessity, and those who prefer to begin their new life without it have the august sanction of Mme. Grundy. A pretty new fashion is to make the bridal bouquet of as many small bouquets as there are bridesmaids and attach to each small bouquet a yard or two of white baby ribbon, tucking this ribbon out of sight among the flowers, the whole being bound together by the usual broad satin ribbon. As the bride comes down stairs dressed to go away she pauses and shakes her bouquet over the balustrade and over the merry group below. The narrow ribbons fall down to them; each bridesmaid seizes one; the bride unwinds the broad ribbon which holds the small bouquets together, and they drop, each to the girl who holds the ribbon attached to it.

It is no longer usual to display presents on the wedding day. They are shown before or after the great occasion, always divested of the sender's card, according to the New York Journal, which is authority for these statements.

It is very bad form for a bride to bow or smile in passing out of church, but she need not feel obliged to glue her eyes to the floor.

Under no circumstances must the groom wear evening dress except at an evening wedding. The bride may be arrayed like a lily of the field or Solomon in all his glory at any hour of the day, but the restrictions upon the groom are rigid. A high necked wedding gown is imperatively required by good taste.

LUCK OF OLD BOATS.

In Collisions on the Lakes the Valuable Vessels Fare the Worst.

"Did you ever notice," said an old mariner, "that when a collision occurs on the lakes the better boat, in nine cases out of ten, gets the worst of it and generally goes to the bottom? On the other hand, the old boat—for in a great many instances it is an old boat—receives little damage, if any. If she is damaged, her owners send her to some drydock to be patched up."

"I have always found that to be the case," continued the old man who for the past 40 years has earned his livelihood on the lakes. "In all the collisions that I can remember between a new and an old boat the old one, somehow or other, managed to stay on top of the water. Take, for instance, the sinking of the Lehigh Valley liner Cayuga, which occurred on the 10th of last May. She collided with the steamer Joseph L. Hurd and was sunk in Lake Michigan, near Skilligalee light. The Cayuga, which was one of the best steamers on the lakes, was bound down with a load of grain and merchandise. The Hurd was an old lumber barge, which had been condemned once and then rebuilt. She was not worth much, while the Cayuga was worth somewhere in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

"At the time of the collision the fog was very heavy and lay close to the water in banks. A fog bank is a peculiar thing to run up against, because one minute you are right in the midst of it and the next you are through it, only to meet another. For this reason they are very puzzling and have a tendency to get a fellow rattled for a minute. A minute is not very long, but a man is likely to lose his boat as well as his life in that short space of time. A captain has no business to get rattled, and especially when running in a fog. The best of them will lose their heads, and when in that state are liable to give orders they ought not to have given.

"That was the way the fog acted on the night that the Cayuga went down. The right signals had apparently been given, but with hardly a minute's warning the Hurd took a sheer and struck the Cayuga amidships. The Cayuga went down in about five minutes, and the Hurd made for the land, which was not very far off, where she was beached. She was leaking quite badly. Temporary repairs were made, and she was then towed to a drydock. She came out again later in the season and ran in the lumber trade on Lake Michigan.

"The Cayuga, however, is still at the bottom, lying in about 101 feet of water, and her chances for remaining there are very good.

"Let me cite you another instance where the better boat was sunk by an old one—well, I won't say she was old, for she had not been in commission very long. She was an ungainly looking craft and about the unluckiest boat that had been built on the lakes in some time. She was called the Jack. Her first feat that brought her before public notice was when she collided with one of the locks in the Welland canal. Navigation was delayed for several days by the accident.

"The next prominent feat that she accomplished was to sink the big steel steamer Norman, which was owned by the Menominee Steamship company. She sunk her in the middle of Lake Huron and in deep water. In fact, it has been a mystery where she did go down, for they have never been able to locate her. She was worth \$200,000. The Jack sustained little damage and was soon in commission again. Now, there are two boats which were worth about \$400,000, and both were sunk by boats which could be bought for \$20,000, and that would be a big price for them."—Buffalo Express.

Still Blind to Her Little Jokes.

"Monster Bill, Jason?" said Mrs. Calliper to her husband as she glanced at the billboard of the theater they were passing. "Isn't that an extraordinary thing to do, to exhibit a monster on Broadway, and a monster named Bill?"

"Why, Cynthia," said the absent-minded colonel, in a deprecatory sort of way, "that doesn't refer to a creature named William. The 'monster' refers to the character of the attractions offered as to profuseness and so on. It means a great bill of entertainment."

"Oh, is that it?" said Mrs. Calliper, and she smiled pleasantly enough, but in her heart she did regret that the colonel was still so blind to all her little jokes.—New York Sun.

The Same Old Dish.

Two thousand years ago the chafing dish was used by the Greeks and Romans. It was so popular that it was used for a table ornament, just as floral pieces are used now. Pliny relates that the tragic actor, Aesop, had a dish worth 1,000 sestercei. No doubt then, as at the present time, the actor enjoyed his hot midnight meal filled with grateful appreciation of the chafing dish.

SKIJOBING IN NORWAY.

An Exciting Sport In Which the Norwegians Excel.

The jumping is the thing. The jumping is awe inspiring. There is literally nothing a Norwegian cannot do on ski. And even to an English novice it is one of the most exciting sports imaginable. What could be more fascinating than the tearing descent of a mountain on ski, the roads sparkling in the sun's rays or dimly lighted by a burning torch?

The chosen spot for the jumping competition was a very steep hill, rising from a little lake near Frognerstern. The lake was frozen so solid it made an excellent stand for the spectators, and on it, horseshoe fashion, were arranged wooden platforms to accommodate the representatives of the university and their friends, the members of the various large clubs and representatives of the big institutions of the town, or for the accommodation of private individuals who cared to pay for a seat. Behind these platforms were the sledges, and between the sledges and the platform were hillocks of snow, arranged on purpose to accommodate the ski. Here they were stacked in hundreds and formed a regular wooden paling round the entire inclosure. How any man ever found his own among that multitude will ever remain a mystery to an English mind. But in spite of that vast concourse the icebound lake never even groaned or cracked.

Half way up the hill track, which, of course, was treeless, and which, like the rest of Norway, was covered with some eight or ten feet of snow, was a raised platform about 12 feet high, perhaps, round the sides of which was draped the Norwegian flag, although its top was thickly embedded in snow like the rest of the course. The competitors were divided into two lots, above and below the age of 20. They wore the usual thick gray ski dress—double breasted, with tight knickerbockers and a woolen cap, the brim of which was turned down over the ears to protect the wearer from frostbite. The thick woolen gloves were without any fingers, for warmth, merely a thumb, and made so long and stockinglike that they pulled right up over the sleeve.

The entire descent, about 400 feet, was very steep. No. 1, who wore a large placard upon his breast, denoting his number on the programme, appeared at a given sign on the little plateau at the hilltop. The word to start was given. He slipped over the plateau, and at tremendous speed, in consequence of the steep descent, rushed down the mountain track. On, on, on, he came, his arms stretched out in the air for balance. On to the little plateau he wildly rushed, and then, stooping his body, with one huge spring, his legs doubled up, and, wildly whirling his arms in the air like a windmill, he jumped to—what looked to us, sitting below—the arms of death. For a moment he was in midair, those great plank-like ski fastened to his feet. It did not seem possible that he could live through such a moment. The excitement was tremendous. Would he fall and kill himself? Would he be hurt by his ski? Would he tumble on his head and lose consciousness? But, no; he absolutely landed on his feet and calmly slid down the hillside as quietly and happily as if he were merely going for a walk.—Strand Magazine.

Napoleon's Censorship of the Press.

In religion the emperor's principle was that his subjects should hate the English because they were heretics, and the pope because he was a fanatic. The "ideologues" and "metaphysicians" were anarchists, for the public order was endangered by their teachings. The newspapers were not only gagged, but metamorphosed—the French Citizen into the French Courier, The Journal of Debates into The Journal of the Empire. Their columns were filled with laudations of the emperor; their political articles were virtually composed in the foreign office, and there was not a symptom of anything like the existence of party feeling. A luckless journalist, having been allowed to make statements concerning the luxury at court, the offending paper was given to understand that the emperor would tolerate nothing contrary to his interests.—"Life of Napoleon," by Professor Sloane in Century.

Merely Suggestive.

"I could almost believe these to be mother's biscuits," he said.

Tears of joy sprang to her eyes as she listened.

"But no," he continued. "It cannot be. Mother has been dead these 25 years."

He was conscious that her glare wasn't doing a thing but burn into his very soul.—Detroit Tribune.

He Was No Statesman.

"You, sir," shouted the reformer, "you are no statesman."

"Statesman?" echoed the boss, laughing harshly. "I've got statesmen to sell."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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4 qts. Best Pea Beans,	-	-	25c
3 lbs. Best Salt Pork,	-	-	25c
3 lbs. Lard,	-	-	25c
5 lbs. Best Crackers,	-	-	25c
3 lbs. Lunch Milk Biscuit,	-	-	25c
3 lbs. Lunch Biscuit,	-	-	25c
12 lbs. Washing Soda,	-	-	25c
4 cans Tomatoes,	-	-	25c
4 cans Corn,	-	-	25c
4 cans Peas,	-	-	25c
1 lb. Very Best Butter,	-	-	25c
5 boxes American Sardines,	-	-	25c

There are many other bargains which you may know of by calling at

Boston Branch Grocery, Durgin & Merrill's Block

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We can't stop these Spring Showers, but we have SHOES that laugh at the rain. They're also handy in keeping on the easy side of a corn.

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NEARING THE CLOSE.

COMMENTS ON THE UNEVENTFUL SESSION OF CONGRESS.

Men Who Have Distinguished Themselves For Various Reasons—New Members Who Have Scored Success—Prophecies of a Great Future.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, April 28.—The long session of the Fifty-fourth congress hastens to a close. The house could quit with honor as early as May 10, but the managers say they must concede at least two weeks more to the slow senate. Already, however, one can see many signs that the end is in sight. Members who have accomplished their most cherished purposes are fast closing up their accounts for seeds and documents; applications for leave of absence multiply, and save in those very rare instances when some exciting topic is on, the house looks painfully thin. New business is discouraged or ignored, and now come up the usual questions. What has been done for the benefit of the people and who have carried off the honors, if any?

An Uneventful Session.

It has been, on the whole, a very uneventful session. The Republicans, who could do as they pleased, with 100 men to spare, wanted no new issues, for obvious reasons, and the Democrats were too badly crushed to insist on anything. There have been very few divisions on party lines, very few partisan speeches and not a personal squabble worthy of a sensational paragraph. On one point nonpartisanship has been carried to an extreme without parallel, and that is in the contested election cases, Democrats on the committee voting unanimously to unseat one Democrat and Republicans several times voting as unanimously to sustain a sitting Democrat. The Republicans avowed at the start that they would try every case on the common law rule—namely, that every doubt must be resolved in favor of the accused and no man unseated so long as there was good color of title in his favor. And the Democrats frankly acknowledge that they have done it.

It has also been an extremely prosy session. For days together we hear no general laugh at some member's wit or blunder. There is no "wit of the



HON. JAMES A. HEMENWAY.

house." The new men have developed none, and the old humorists have mostly maintained a mournful silence. Private John Allen of Mississippi has not spoken once, I believe, save to inject a sentence or two of question or suggestion into a running debate. He took his defeat for United States senator quite seriously and firmly believes that his reputation as a joker did it. Hon. Grove Lawrence Johnson of the Sacramento district made two droll speeches early in the session, but did not keep it up. Some mild wit from old members we have indeed had, but it went easy. In fact, the subjects before the house have been far from funny, and, be the cause what it may, it is evident that our lawmakers are not in a laughing mood this year. That most of the fun, or at any rate a very large share of it, should have come from the veteran General Grosvenor of Ohio, and that on such subjects as the wool tariff and counting delegates for McKinley, is in itself a painful proof that as to sportive humor we are in the Sahara. The most noticeable change of all is in Speaker Reed. The "genial czar" that was not so genial now, and he isn't a czar either. He has counted a quorum two or three times just to let the Democrats know that he hasn't lost the knack of it, but only twice in the session has he said anything to raise the laugh. In short, we have made a very serious winter of it.

Notable Speeches.

As to honors, the old members have all held their own and several have gained a little. Mr. Boutelle has distinguished himself by getting on the losing side of more discussions than any other member, with Judge Turner of Georgia as a good second. The judge, however, has won two significant victories well worthy of mention at a time like this. His speech against the Cuban resolutions was the only one on that side which made votes or at any rate greatly influenced opinion. Several members confess that they were shaken by his able argument that granting recognition as belligerents would do the Cubans no good at present and might do them harm, and that after hearing it they voted in great doubt. That part of his speech is said to be taken as pure gospel at the White House. He has also beaten the silverites in his district and the adjacent counties of Georgia, being the only southern goldbug who has scored a victory in that line. "Georgia will be divided in the convention and Judge Turner did it," is the way the silverites put it.

In this connection I may add that if any one wants to pick out the worst discomfited man in the house the job is easy. Hon. U. S. Hall of Missouri is that man. Originally a silver man and converted to gold views, he was badger-

ed almost beyond endurance by his former associates and staked his reputation as a judge of the people that Missouri Democrats would declare for sound money. He went home in good time to see that it was done, continued to send glowing reports of success and was so confident that only two or three days before the primaries he assured the managers here that the state was safe. Well, the silver men literally ran over him, and it was with great difficulty that they were induced to allow him a few delegates in his own county. He agrees with Colonel Patterson of the Memphis district that "for the last few years it has been impossible to tell what the people really do want, as they flop backward and forward in a way that no man can account for." All the goldbug Democrats from the south have had similar experiences.

Present and Future Greatness.

In the regular line of work Uncle Joe Cannon has won the highest kind of honors by his management of the appropriation bills, which he modestly credits to the great ability of his assistants. He tells me that in his entire experience in congress he has never found more ability in the subcommittees and never as much among the new men. He is especially complimentary to Mr. Hemenway of Indiana. In his speech on the fortifications bill he went out of his way to deliver the highest compliment he could put in language on the subcommittee which got it up. Another very popular old member is General Henderson of Iowa. When he left the Fifty-third congress on crutches and so pale and worn that he could hardly use them, there was a general expression of sorrow, and when he walked in last December, the very picture of health and walking without his sticks as easily as any man in the house, there was a regular ovation. It was as if a beloved veteran reported killed in battle should be unexpectedly restored to his friends in good health. Another old member who has maintained his regular growth is Representative Hopkins of Illinois, who is as popular with Democrats as Republicans and is particularly liked as chairman of the committee of the whole. Some of his colleagues say that he is to be the next governor of Illinois, and regular habitues of the galleries say that he has grown regularly ever since he entered the house and will be here as long as he cares to.

The Populists have cut no figure at all, not because they are inferior in numbers or talent to what they were, but there has been nothing in their line.

Even when an excitement has been created the house seems to regard it but little. Representative at Large Blue of Kansas made a terrible onslaught upon the management of the Soldiers' home and nobody answered him specifically, but the house quietly ignored it. Representative Hainer of Nebraska led in a fierce attack upon sectarian schools and all appropriations for such schools among the Indians or in this district, but beyond giving occasion for the solitary New England Democrat, Mr. Fitzgerald of Boston, to make a brilliant speech in defense of the Catholics and reducing some of the appropriations a very little, I cannot see that anything was accomplished. As to the assault on the Father Marquette statue by Mr. Linton of Michigan and his other A. P. A. performances the same may be said. In fact, all the old members say that they never saw a house of representatives less easily excited or stampeded than this one.

The New Members.

Several new members who are unheeded in the house have scored surprising successes in committee, and in this line Delegate Flynn of Oklahoma stands first. If his measure transferring the land of his territory under the homestead law gets through in spite of the fight against it in the department, it will save his constituents at least \$10,000,000, and even if it does not it will make him solid with them. Next to him in this line is Hon. James A. Hemenway of the Evansville (Ind.) district, who has not only secured \$40,000 for the river front at that city, but has at last carried the long discussed measure of improving the Ohio by locks and dams, and the secretary of war is authorized to contract for work amounting to \$2,500,000. This is the old scheme of Colonel Amos Stickney of Cincinnati and involves a series of locks and dams as far as Marietta, O., and dredging thence to Cairo, Ill. It can be completed in ten years, and so say the experts, the Ohio will then have a good beating stage all the year. To have secured a beginning on this great measure, which practically insures its completion, is an almost unprecedented triumph for a new member, and as Mr. Hemenway has already been renominated he bids fair to stand among the first in the next congress.

In the line of speeches no other new member contests the palm with Mr. Towne of Minnesota, whose address in favor of silver really marked an epoch in the discussion. Be his future what it may, we know that he will have the honor of being read by more people than any new member since the war. I did not form a very high opinion of the reply by his colleague, Mr. McCleary, as I listened to it, for he was nervous and hesitating, but when I read it a month later I found it extremely able. Mr. Haily of Indiana and Mr. Fitzgerald of Boston have also taken high rank as speakers, but not many of the new members have sought prominence in that direction. They seem to be remarkably endowed with caution and do their work in committees. Old members say there has not been a congress in their time in which the new men proceeded with as much business directness and quiet determination, a fact they attribute to the enormous proportion of lawyers, there being more of that profession in this house than any in our history. And of all these new men who have won some prominence who is the coming man? Who will be great in these halls and in the councils of the nation generally ten years hence? Oh, wouldn't I like to know!

HE WAS A QUITTER.

Reginald Scraggs Was Full of Poetry, but There Was No Elopement.

Diminutive of stature, but alert of imagination and observation, Reginald Scraggs had resolved to elope with Angelina Muggle. His name had not been Reginald always, nor was she christened Angelina. But no transformation is impossible when youth lingers on the threshold of its "teens."

"Hist!" he exclaimed. "Don't speak above a whisper."

"Wot 'r ye talkin' about?" asked Angelina, who meant well, but who was not always able to keep pace with Reginald's flights of conversation.

"I'm talkin' about not speakin' above a whisper. How'r we goin' ter elope of we holler at de tops of our voices?"

"Der ain't nobody listenin'," she answered reassuringly.

Reginald ground his teeth, but pulling his coat collar up around his ears proceeded:

"Ere yonder pale moon hez descended below de shadow of de livery stable de dearest wish of me heart will be fulfilled."

Angelina gazed at him enraptured, and feeling, called upon to say something, murmured, "Bet yer life!"

"All dese weary years of waitin' shall be at an end. Despite de tyranny of yer mercenary father, ye shall be mine."

"Aw, don't ye git oneasy 'bout me fadder," replied Angelina as she looked soulfully into space and stretched her chewing gum. "Me fadder don't cut no ice in dis."

"Looky here!" Reginald exclaimed indignantly. "Is dis ter be an elopement—is it? I wanten understand de situation right now. See?"

"You're rumm de shootin' match," replied she submissively. "You jes' go ahead an sing yer tune, Reginald, an I'll join in de chorus."

"De unholy plot," he proceeded, "ter wed yer ter de baron dat holds de mortgage on yer fadder's farm shall crumble inter dust."

"G'wan, Micky—I mean Reginald," she interjected. "I don't know no baron."

"Wot 'r ye tryin' ter do?" he wrathfully interrogated. "Ye've broke me up every time I've opened me talker. I'm t'rough wit' de lub game. You go yer way an I'll go mine."

"Ain't dere gointer be no 'loperment?" "Nary. It's de old story. I t'ought ye was a creature of poetry an light. I never knowed yer true nature till now. Oh, woman, woman, wot a deception you have ever been!"

"So dere ain't gointer be no 'loperment! Well," she exclaimed in withering contempt, "it's no more'n was ter be expected. Dere never was a man yit dat wasn't a bluffer at de start an a quitter at de finish."—Detroit Free Press.

Applying the Proverb. Roadsides Jim—Dere seems ter be some truf in de sayin' dat heaven helps dem wot helps demselves.

Ragweed Reggie—Wat makes yer tink so?

Roadside Jim—"Cause if we hadn't er gone and helped ourselves to dat cold ham in de kitchen we'd er never seed dem summer suits hangin' up dere."

Washington Times.

Where Practice Makes Imperfect. It was a street brawl.

A muscular man picked up a club and struck at his enemy's head. Three times he struck, and three times he fanned the air.

"It's no use," he wailed despairingly as he threw the club into a vacant lot. "After three years on the New York baseball team I can't hit anything."

Truth.

A Glimpse Into the Future. "Is it true that Freddy is to be married?" asked the sweet, blue eyed young man of the sweet, brown eyed young man.

"Well, he's getting his trousseau ready," was the latter's reply.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

That Precious Baby. Mr. Smart—Let me carry that dog, my dear, and you carry the baby.

Mrs. Smart—No, no! You carry the baby. I couldn't trust you with Zip. You'd let the poor fellow fall. I'll carry Zip myself.—New York World.

Hopeless. Wandering Willie—Don't be so down in de mout, Wraggie; it'll all come out in de wash, dey say.

Wretched Wraggles—Ef it won't come out till den, Willie, I might's well suicide to onct.—Truth.

His Compliment. He (admiring a vase of flowers)—Are they not beautiful? Do you know they remind me of you?

She (softly)—But they are artificial. He—Ah, yes! But you'd never know it.—Washington Times.

Useless Frills. "What does the superintendent of schools mean by proposing to cut down the course in penmanship?"

"Oh, probably he expects all the children to become lawyers and doctors."—Detroit News.

Might Be Either. "Doctor," said the anxious mother, "Willie can hardly speak above a whisper."

"Indeed? Has he taken cold, or did he go to the ball game?"—Washington Star.

It Was Even Worse. Sympathetic Friend—Your lawyer's charge was very high, I presume.

Convicted Murderer—Yes, but the judge's charge was what finished me.—Somerville Journal.

How He Got It. Phenologist—This bump here, sir, is ambition.

Scorechley—Right you are, sir. I was ambitious to ride a bicycle.—Yonkers Statesman.

FASHIONS.

Graceful Designs That Are Likely to Please Cyclists—Very Fit Morning Dress.

The attention of the makers of cycling skirts has of late concentrated itself to so great an extent on the arrangement of the back plaits that we may safely congratulate ourselves on the unsightly spectacle of a rider with too much skirt on one side of the machine and not enough on the other becoming a thing of the past.

A late introduction is so ingeniously contrived in this respect that the broad plaits of the back are impossible of disarrangement while mounting and divide of themselves so as to hang exactly even on either side of the saddle.

When a bodice is to be worn with a cycling skirt in preference to a blouse during the coming season, it is likely to be short and close fitting, the very newest design being the double breasted Eton jacket, with moderate leg o' mutton sleeves.

A neat portable cycling cape will be invaluable to long distance riders and those who accomplish part of their excursions by train. It should be a thoroughly warm and comfortable water-



CYCLING AND WALKING COSTUMES.

proof garment and fold into so small a compass that it can be carried, strapped to the handles of the machine, without inconvenience.

The perennial coat and skirt still enjoy their well deserved popularity and are well represented in a charming range of spring materials.

The coats are cut very short and the sleeves manifest a distinct tendency to reduction in size. One of the best designs is a particularly smart looking single breasted coat, short, with rounded corners. Another capital and most useful model is double breasted and has an arrangement by which the coat can be worn open over the shirt or waistcoat, the lapels being fastened back by large buttons, with the effect of a broad box plait.

A very stylish tailor gown is shown in black cloth of smooth satiny texture with tan colored suede revers, cuffs and waistcoat.

Something New In Neckwear.

A plaited ribbon, a large bow, a band with a frill of lace, go to make one of the most stylish and becoming things in neckwear which are seen among the novelties, according to the New York



FINISHED WITH FRILLS.

Herald, which tells that double faced satin ribbons are the most effective for these frills. This is somewhat expensive, but then only three-quarters of a yard of lace is required. For the summer girl frills in pink, blue and white will be a welcome addition to her store of pretty things, and made in black they are serviceable for any one. Perky little bows to match the frill, fastened on a hairpin and used as aigrets, are a great addition to the toilet.

What Little Tots Wear.

The tinner the tot the more lace her wrap must show, just as the smaller the child the bigger the hat must be if she is to be in style. What mamma wears her wee daughter wears also, in modified form perhaps, but essentially the same. Such is the love of finery inherent in the American soul.

Silk coats, lace trimmed, are much used for the babies who walk and are gorgeous in the extreme. Lace collars and heavy insertion form an essential part. With them big picture hats or more quaint bonnets of soft silk are worn. But one new style that promises to gain great vogue is the bonnet of dotted swiss, which closely resembles the Quaker model of the older girls and is fascinatingly fresh and childlike.—New York Journal.

A Paris Summer Gown.

The New York Tribune describes a summer model from a French maker. It is of a finely striped silk in cream white and pale green. The stripes are arranged to form squares—that is, half a dozen fine stripes cross so that they form 1½ squares of the cream. On these squares are printed tiny rosebuds. The gown is simply made with a skirt laid in clusters of fine tucks over the hips. The bodice has a sleeveless jacket of guipure lace over a bodice of the silk. The collar is of green velvet, with stiffened points of guipure falling over it.

The Banquet Ring.

There is quite a fad at the moment, for banquet rings. The banquet ring is a collection of gems of all hues worked into an ornate design, and covering the finger from knuckle to knuckle. Originality of design is sought for in these baubles; still some show the familiar three plumes, the family crest or a miniature crown.

VOLUME X. NUM

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QUINCY, MASS., JUNE, 1896.

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CARDINAL GALIMBERTI.

Recent Death of One of the Most Interesting and Picturesque Figures in the Notable Movements Affecting the Policy of Europe—A Successful Administrator and Wary Diplomat—The Friend of Monarchies—Successful as an Editor and Professor.

Galimberti was one of the most fascinating figures in the history of Rome. Born in Rome, of a family coming from Bergamo, a brilliant student, professor of history at the Propaganda, where he left his mark, editor of the *Moniteur de Rome*, but only temporarily, then secretary of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, a delicate and important position, where he played the principal part from 1885 to 1887, after that nuncio at Vienna, and finally cardinal in June, 1893, Luigi Galimberti has been a sagacious historian, a pliant and resourceful politician, a marvelous diplomat, fertile in expedients; a man of action, who, under the watchful care of Leo XIII, seemed to reach at moments the glory of a real statesman, and who, on his return to Rome from Vienna, became, as it were, the initiator of a future Pontificate under which the central ideas of the present reign might be baffled. His historical studies taught him the science of historical contingencies, the art of relatives, of solutions by compromises, the weighing of men, and contempt for them, and the ambition for things. As a journalist he fought like a partisan with merciless dash, always gay, good-humored, never defeated, constantly on the watch for opportunities, an incomparable manager of ideas and men. As a diplomat there never was a negotiator more adroit, more seductive, more wary. A reader into men's souls, he had the deepest and most acute psychological insight. He dived into hearts and brought to the surface an exact description of them. Fascinating and seductive, he charmed, he charmed, he carried away.

The gift of brilliant conversation, a knowledge of forms, a feminine amiability, a smiling face, a delicate, exquisite flattery like an oriental perfume, quick and sparkling repartee, never a sign of embarrassment, astounding dissimulation and self-possession, he was provided with all these qualities. He had what Italians prize above all things, *forberia*. I will not translate the word, it cannot be translated, or, if it is, there is added to it some wrong meaning. It is only in the classic land of diplomacy that it stands out in its proper significance, its beauty. The dead man was the Cardinal de Retz of the court of Leo XIII; like him he carried on negotiations with consummate ease. He was born three centuries too late, he should have acted between the time of Nicholas V and Leo X or between Innocent IX and the end of the seventeenth century. There he would have shown all his ability. He was eminently the diplomat of salons and of courts; in this period of democracy he was the contemporary of the King's secret, as our delightful ancestors of the last century called it. Those are limitations of his mobile and variegated talents. He did not understand owing to the lack of deep study and to political associations, the deep and irresistible movement which is at work in the ancient Papacy in this 200-year-old church, and which is preparing for Rome one of the most astounding social and religious renaissances. His mind long ago made up, was averse to these transformations. Undoubtedly Leo XIII to whom he owed all his fortune, enrolled him among his troops, and made use of him in carrying out his ideas. But he kept open a thousand back doors through which he hoped to escape back into the past.

The culminating point in his career extends from the month of August, 1885, to the month of May, 1887. It was the time when Von Bismark felt the need of buying at any price peace with Rome. Far-seeing and intuitive, the ex-chancellor wished for the co-operation of the Papacy with his general policy. To isolate France, to draw the Holy See into the circle of the Austrian-German alliance, to break into fragments the protectorate of France in the east, to scatter and destroy its last power of expansion by detaching her from the Papacy of putting her on bad terms with it, to play the Vatican against the Quirinal and the Quirinal against the Vatican

by successive promises, and perhaps even to reconcile them some day, in order to give a solid basis to the monarchy and the triple alliance in Italy, such was the last conception, a grand and fruitful idea of Prince von Bismark. It is in this light that we should look at the ebullition of the Kulturkampf. Leo XIII shrewdly read "the game of the world," as Julius II used to call it. He, too, valued highly in his thoughts an understanding with Prussia, the arbiter of Europe. He said to himself that to come to an understanding with the Hohenzollerns was to create a new atmosphere in the world. To the period of the Kulturkampf would succeed an era of relaxation, of universal pacification. When the states which had followed Germany in its path of violence saw it drawing closer to Rome, they would not be slow in imitating its example, and gradually making their peace. The calculation of Leo XIII turned out to be right. The Europe of today has reached the state of mind when a Kulturkampf would be a ridiculous anachronism; hence the incident of the Carolines, the episode of the septennate and the collation of the Order of Christ; hence the modification of the May laws of 1872-73-74-76; hence the intimacy of Leo XIII with the Emperor William I, who, just before his death, wrote to the Pope from Gastein the most pathetic and mystical letter that a King's hand ever traced.

During this historical crisis Cardinal Galimberti was invaluable. Intimate with Herr Von Schlozer, Bismark's minister at Rome, he came and went, quick, fertile in combinations, thoughtful, gay, smiling, turning about with extraordinary agility, comprehending at the same time the intimate thoughts of Leo XIII, "the thoughts of the back of the head," to use Pascal's phrase, and the intentions of Prussia, the Roman diplomat was in truth the representative man of that page in history. At Rome and Berlin, whither he went twice, the first time for the celebration of William I's 90th birthday, the second for the coronation ceremony of the present sovereign, everywhere Galimberti was the model negotiator. The German Centre party reproached him with having gone beyond measure and beyond the Pope's intentions. It reproached him especially for the conferring on the chancellor of the Order of Christ, and for the letter to Count Frankenstein on the military septennate. But in the heat of battle, when moments are decisive and often as important as years on the dial of the century, "quando c'e molta carne al fuoco," as Galimberti himself used to say, how can one stop at an appointed moment at the exact limit that must not be crossed?

The cardinal hoped to become secretary of state when peace was concluded, but the discontent of the Centre, the need of sending someone to Vienna, where the Emperor grumbled on account of the concession of the Slavic liturgy to Montenegro, decided Leo XIII to send him as nuncio to Austria, where he lived, half in exile, half sulking, from 1887 to 1893, yearning for Rome as for a deliverance.

Vienna ripened his talent, refined his art, but his nunciature was fruitless. Leo XIII in the presence of the abuse of the triple alliance's power by Signor Crispi, was negotiating with France and defending himself against the entanglement of the Papacy with the courts. Cardinal Galimberti either did not know how or was unable to check the Kulturkampf in Hungary, or to loosen quietly the bonds of alliance between Austria and the Quirinal.

On his return to Rome Leo XIII tried to subdue him. A few days before his arrival one of his friends had an audience with Leo XIII. "What do you think of Cardinal Galimberti? Holy Father, he comes from a distance, he will not like your evolution; he has not advanced so rapidly as Your Holiness; he can only be a tool, not a counsellor." "That's it, it is not a counsellor, but an administrator." That explains the mystery of his part from 1893 to the end. Leo XIII made use of his former confidant, and the cardinal profited by this sort of partial favor to gather around him hopes and ambitions and to prepare a new reign in which he should have first place after the Pope. God has cut short this hope. With him dead Cardinal Rampolla has no powerful rival; the

evolution of the Papacy will take place with all the force of the new currents, without a shock or resistance, or contradiction. God clearly throws open the future with ruling hand.

A PSEUDO REPUBLIC.

The Republic in a recent issue had the following article concerning the government of Oom Paul Kreuger:

"The stirring events that have recently transpired in the Transvaal have attracted universal attention to that far-off commonwealth and its institutions. As is generally known that section of the 'dark continent' was settled by the Dutch. A sturdy race of pioneers they were, with ability to fight and to work. They set up an independent state and called it a republic. But it lacks the essentials of such a system of government. Its constitution, in some respects, might be the ukase of an autocrat.

"This instrument provides, among other things, that 'the Dutch Reformed church shall be the church of the state; that no persons shall be elected to the Volksraad who are not members of that church; that no ecclesiastical authority shall be recognized save that of the consistories of that church, and that no Roman Catholic churches, nor any Protestant churches save those that teach the doctrine of the Heidelberg catechism, shall be permitted within the republic.' There is also a clause which disfranchises the blacks. The Boer republic is not, therefore, a free republic.

"Professor Bryce, who is a recognized authority upon constitutional law and an enlightened student of political and social systems, says of the anomalous Transvaal constitution, that, 'although it was enacted by and for a pure democracy, it is based on inequality—inequality of whites and blacks, inequality of religious creeds. Not only is the Dutch Reformed church declared to be established and endowed by the state, but Roman Catholic churches are forbidden to exist, and no Roman Catholic, nor Jew, nor Protestant of any other than the Dutch Reformed church is eligible to the presidency, or to membership of the legislature or executive council. Some of these restrictions have now been removed. But the door is barred as firmly as ever against persons of color. No one whose father or mother belonged to any native race, up to and including the fourth generation, can obtain any civic rights or hold land.'

"The restrictions that have been removed make the constitution even more objectionable than it was at the outset. Members of any Protestant sect may now be chosen to the Volksraad. Originally as appears from what has already been stated, only members of the Dutch Reformed church were eligible to service in the legislative chamber. The deprivation of Catholics, Jews and blacks of civic and religious liberty places the alleged Boer republic several steps below Russia, Turkey and even China in the scale of progressive civilization. As a democracy the Transvaal is a conspicuous fraud."

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We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry on any obligations made by their firm:

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Committees from the parish and the St. John's visited Fr. Roche at Hingham Thursday evening, June 11. The parish committee presented a purse and the society a handsome desk.

We desire to return our thanks to the Boston Herald, through Mr. W. M. Marden, the Quincy correspondent, for courtesies extended to THE MONITOR.

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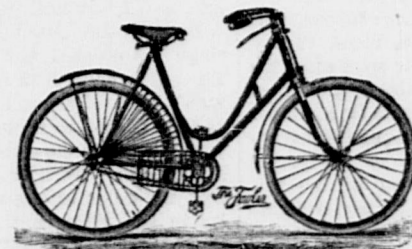
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A REFUGE.

There's a still, cozy nook, with a novel or two,
And a generous armchair that beckons to rest,
And a jar of tobacco, whose wealth I may
strew
In and over the bowl of the pipe like best.
And there, where the incense of indolence
burns,
Above the big armchair, the pipe and the
book,
It seems that life's labors, its devious turns,
But lead, after all, to this still, cozy nook.
The noise of the world bubbles distant and
soft,
And the cannon's dull rattle, the trumpet's
rude blare,
Would mellow, should war hurl his banner
aloft.
For gentleness only can penetrate there.
'Tis a spot that was ever a stranger to fear,
A shelter against fate which no storms ever
shook,
And the hours are my comrades, who whisper
of cheer.
With the generous armchair, the pipe and the
book.
—Washington Star.

A MOTHER'S TRIUMPH

I knew right along that Maurice was in the habit of paying court to every other woman of his acquaintance provided she was pretty, and irrespective of the fact whether she was married or betrothed or not. The boy seemed to pay no attention whatever to details, but it never occurred to me to be jealous, except in the case of this Juliette.

His gallant adventures, his conquests among theatrical ladies and young women of all sorts—what were they to me? Pah, it all struck me as rather amusing. Indeed, I felt a sort of pride seeing that emancipated as well as strictly proper girls ran into his nets like fluttering larks attracted by the glamour of his young fame by his charming disposition and his correct manners.

And if you consider things rightly, did not his success reflect credit upon myself too? This artist who had become famous in a night, whose past was the promise of a most brilliant future, was he not flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood? I became a widow soon after his birth and never entertained any other wish but to find consolation in his love. Because I had gladly relinquished everything in order to save the means for his education, the development of his talents, his glory was as fully my work as his personal beauty. At least I thought so, and think so still. Unlike other mothers, I had recognized his genius from the start, and had nurtured and helped expand it; therefore I was not entitled to share in his greatness?

And such a grateful child he was, full of tenderness for his old mother, this sweetheart of an artist, this artist in the realms of love. Even before perfect strangers he used to call me "dearest mamma." A big boy he was, and still eager to do my biddings at all hours, to fulfill my slightest wishes. Yet none of his teachers had ever succeeded in subduing his independent spirits. They might run after him ever so long, these ladies, boasting of his acquaintance. I knew it well—he used them only to kill time, changing sweethearts as often as the horses from the livery stable which he rode in the Bois. The only woman that had any influence upon his life, his adviser, his confidant, she that filled his heart, was his mother.

He met this Juliette in middle class society—that society which inclines to think itself of the first water and likes to "coquet" with artists, because the great of this world honor them with invitations. She was no longer a young girl, had been flirting a good deal and had stood several times on the very threshold of the altar. I hated her at first sight, but must admit she was pretty. The hair of the red of English mahogany, her complexion was of that dull whiteness and was so excessively delicate one might be afraid to spoil it by a kiss. Add to this eyes of a very peculiar, very dark, very moist greenish tint, the color of algae seaweed. Like the rest of them, she fell in love with Maurice, and my boy was equally infatuated with her, for every time he finds a new love he imagines, for the first six weeks at least, that it is the great passion. As for me, I looked on without a shadow of alarm. The great passion indeed! He had enjoyed half a dozen of the sort since Christmas. Still, when Maurice painted Juliette's portrait her moist, cold, algae eyes began to make me uneasy. I read in them nothing of that admiration, that limitless devotion, which other women paid to and felt for my boy.

Maurice seemed to be in a state of disquietude. He was nervous, excited, disinclined for work. True, he told me funny little stories as usual and tried to appear unconcerned, but his heart was not in it.

Three times he began the portrait anew, and as often it turned out a failure, Juliette telling him so plainly. Ah, that girl knew not moderation in anything—neither toward my Maurice. Summer came. She was to leave for the country. "I will try a fourth time," said Maurice. "Maybe that I am more fortunate in the quietude of rural life."

Juliette's parents, you must know, have a chateau in the Touraine, and invited Maurice to spend a few weeks with them. Of course, he had to wait some time after Juliette's departure for propriety's sake. But, oh, how the separation affected the boy! His spirits all ways depressed and his love of work entirely gone, his creative genius seemed to have taken flight. As for me, I suffered as much, for, poor boy, he refused to confide his sorrows to me. It was the first time that he did so. The name of Juliette never passed his lips, and when I tried to turn the conversation upon the loved subject—loved by him—his face hardened and his eyes looked fierce. And that to me, his old mother. Had he ever done such a thing before? He was entirely changed, this boy.

He went away. For a month and a half I was entirely alone. He returned the old and happy, devil may care lad. You should have seen the joyous manner in which he greeted me. Everything

was well as far as he was concerned. He was to marry her.

I thought I should faint upon hearing the news. I could no longer restrain myself. I told him all I knew of this Juliette, for I had gathered no end of information concerning her. I knew some stories connected with her name that Vie Parisienne would hardly dare print, and those fellows, you know, publish anything. I admit some of the narrative would not hold water; maybe many were inventions pure and simple, but I preferred to believe everything, and told Maurice all I knew, endeavoring at the same time to inspire him with confidence in my reports. He listened attentively and, without a word's reply, went away. I saw him bite his lips as he withdrew; his face was deadly pale.

When he came in at night he embraced me in his usual fashion and said in a tone that forbade further argument: "See here, little mother; you mustn't talk that way to me. It is highly undignified in a woman to repeat such infamous tales concerning another. Juliette deserves my love, and loves me with all her heart. Pray, do not force me to choose between her and my mother."

Well, they married. Although Juliette invited me, I would not live with them. I could not have done so. I packed my things and with the two old servants hurried myself in a small suburban villa. Maurice visited me quite frequently. On Sundays he took luncheon at my house. As to my daughter-in-law, I saw her only when I went to the city. So two years went by, the sorriest of my life. I aged at least a decade during that unhappy period. No deceived wife, no deserted mother, has ever been more tantalized by the pangs of jealousy than I was.

I did not begrudge her his kisses and caresses—he had made so many other happy with that sort of thing—but she was his friend, his confidant. She was all that I had been to him. She represented the great turning point in his life, and I was nothing to him!

During the first year of their marriage he created not a single canvas. The salon knew him not. Perhaps you would not believe it, but I felt highly elated at that. I said to myself: "She is in his way. She hinders the development of his genius. He will sicken of that." But my calculations went for naught, for in the year that followed he surpassed himself by "The Death of Manon," that grand painting which drew the prize of the salon. Strange to say, I did not feel any satisfaction at this either—I who had once lived but to see him succeed.

"The Death of Manon" pained me. That little body, those red curls, those algae eyes—they belonged to her whom I hated. Still he never neglected me. Every now and then Maurice visited his old mother, and after awhile I noticed he came oftener and remained longer. Had anything happened? It seemed to me as if he had something to confide, but hesitated and suffered because he hesitated.

Mother's eyes are uncommonly sharp. My poor darling undoubtedly was undergoing tortures, and I who loved him so well knew the cause of his unhappiness, but could not bear to ask him to free his mind on my bosom. In fact, I did not want him to obtain relief. I meant he should feel the extreme sorrows of the position he had got himself into, bear it all alone, wanting consolation, crying in vain for sympathy. I desired him to return to me exhausted and all forlorn. Then, and only then, would I heal his wounds, and he would forever thank me for saving him.

And as this Juliette ceased to be my rival, my hatred for her diminished. While they were happy, I cared not to visit them. Now, when dissolution was threatening, I invited myself and staid for days and weeks, for there were things to be found out! What an observer I came to be—a regular spy and detective, and in the end got it all down fine. My daughter-in-law had no adorer so far, but her breast yearned for a change. Let us reconnoiter, I said to myself, and attended one of her "at homes."

Presto, I found the man whom she was eager to capture. He was one of those with whom she had flirted when a girl, perhaps her first sweetheart; now that she knew what love was she meant to possess him, for women drag the chain of their initial enchantment forever after them, and often submit to the original yoke in after life against their will.

Appeased, full of hope for the future, I returned to my quiet home in the suburbs, more settled in my mind and convictions, happier than I had been for a long time. And when, after six weeks, my poor, beloved Maurice threw himself upon my neck, crying, desolate, but also storming, full of rage, furious and violent against the woman who had deserted him, I opened my arms wide and thanked God who had given him back to me.

All my former torments were forgotten. Maurice was himself again, belonged once more to me; the other woman was conquered.—From the French.

He Knew It.

The lawyer laid aside the story of Edison's life and looked out of the club window.

"What a lot of money there is in patents!" he said at last.

The inventor looked up in surprise.

"Sure," he replied. "The trouble is to get it out."

Then he thought of the number of times he had failed and sighed deeply, while the lawyer thoughtfully announced that in that particular feature one line of business was very much like another.—Chicago Post.

Might Be Useful.

Merchant—You say you are an orphan.

Applicant For Position—Yes, I haven't a living relative.

Merchant—Well, I'll take you. I ought to get a lot of work out of you during the baseball season.—Philadelphia Record.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN F. FITZGERALD.

Mayor Quincy has chosen the able young congressman to deliver the Fourth of July oration in Boston theatre this year. A better choice could not be made, and his discourse will not fall behind those delivered in the past by many eminent Bostonians. Congressman Fitzgerald, as a member of the present House, has made a determined fight against the opponents of the Indian schools appropriation, but was defeated through the cowardice of the Republican majority.

WHEN THE BROTHERS MET.

Their Odd Conversation After a Separation of Over Thirty Years.

"The Pennsylvania Dutch, as they are called, are noted for their phlegmatic natures and their honesty," said P. D. Goodman of Lancaster, Pa., recently. "I saw an instance demonstrating both phases a few days ago in Cincinnati. I was walking along Vine street with an acquaintance of mine from Lancaster when he suddenly said: 'Dat was mine brudder.'"

"I had known the man for 20 years and never heard of his having a brother. At that moment my friend spoke to a man who was a few feet ahead of us. 'Wie geter, Peter, was das you?' 'Das was me, und you was Hans, don't it?' was the placid reply.

"The two shook hands, and Hans, my companion, said, 'It was 30 years as I never heard of you.' 'Same since I heard of you,' replied Peter. "Then I was introduced and we went into a place to celebrate the event, when Peter said to Hans: 'I was owe you five tollar, and das interest. I borrowed it until ven I should see you some more. Das interest was 6 per cent, nine tollars. Himmel, I wish I had seen you sooner as dis.' He paid the \$14, Hans accepted it as a matter of course, and they pledged their brotherhood in beer."—Washington Star.

One on the Doctor.

A well known physician tells a good story on himself. He had just arrived in town, and, not feeling well, he sat his grip at the hotel and started off for a stroll about 9 o'clock, wearing his traveling cap and with his coat well buttoned up. In the shadow stood a ragged man.

"Look here, mister," said he, "I haven't had anything to eat tonight. Can't you help a fellow?" "Strange," replied the doctor, clapping him on the shoulder. "I haven't had a morsel, either, and do not know where I will get my supper."

The tone of his voice had such a pathetic ring that the ragged man was touched. "Cheer up, old fellow!" he said. "Stick to me and I will see that you get a good square meal."

The physician was now touched, and invited his new made friend into the best restaurant in town, where the two sat down together and ate a fine supper.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Explanation.

Colored people who have survived the days of slavery are apt to have methods of reasoning which, to say the least, are somewhat confusing to people in general.

"Have you ever stolen before this, Caesar?" asked Miss Judson, a New England spinster, of her newly engaged "man of old jobs," who after severe cross questioning, had confessed to having abstracted her best broom some days before.

"No, ma'am. I reckon this yer broom's de fust ting I ever stole," said Caesar, after some reflection. "I suppose you never took a chicken from your old master when you were a young man down south, then?" persisted Miss Judson.

"Why, yas'm. P'raps I did take one chicken, maybe," assented Caesar, "but den, missus, dat wa'n't stealing; dat was jess prop'ly taking prop'ly to suppo't prop'ly, missus, don't you see?"—Youth's Companion.

A Noiseless, Smokeless Gun.

A Canadian is said to have invented a gun which is certainly a most remarkable piece of ordnance, judging from the claims made for it. If, as is argued by some great inventors, the wonderful modern improvements in death dealing apparatus are really all leading to the abolishment of war, this gun should prove a tremendous stride toward universal peace. The missiles are projected without the use of any explosive and by some secret agency of which the inventor has not revealed the nature. The gun is said to be capable of discharging 200,000 shots a minute with a range of 6,000 yards and this with neither smoke nor noise. Its appearance is in general that of an ordinary field gun, the secret mechanism being inclosed between the wheels underneath the gun.

—There is a little village named Markneukirchen, in Saxony, where every working person, man, woman and child, is engaged in the manufacture of violins.



CONGRESSMAN JOHN F. FITZGERALD.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

The Cyclist, the Advertiser and the Light That Failed.

"Hey, there! Stop!" The man who uttered these words in a quick, excited manner stepped out in front of a party of wheelmen taking a spin down Michigan avenue.

The cyclists instantly dismounted. "What's the matter?" asked one of the party.

"You are riding without lanterns," he replied. "Is that what ails you? We don't have to carry lanterns in the daytime."

"Can't you see the sun is nearly down? It will be dark in less than an hour."

"Say, are you an officer? Where is your uniform? Show us your star."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I am not trying to personate an officer. If you took me for a park policeman, you owe me an apology. I was never mistaken for one before. But that is neither here nor there. I took the liberty of stopping you for the purpose of calling your attention to the fact that it is growing late and some of you may get into trouble with the authorities by riding without lanterns. I ride a wheel myself, and I don't want to see any other wheelman run his nose against a city ordinance and have to pay a fine on account of a moment's forgetfulness. By the way, gentlemen, I am handling a new and improved bicycle lantern, warranted not to go out in the stiffest wind or over the roughest road. Throws a brilliant light many feet ahead of the rider, and—"

"Is that what you stopped us for?"

"Certainly. I can give you testimonials to show that some of the very best people of the city are using my improved—"

"Say, you're a good one. If I had your gall and some other man's face, I'd set up for a beauty show on my own hook."

The party prepared to mount again. "One moment, gentlemen!"

"You're occupying a portion of the atmosphere we are going to ride through. You'd better scatter. Tra-a-a-ack!"

"That's all right!" he called after them. "In addition to my bicycle lantern I am also manufacturing and selling the best artificial limbs in the market. When you need any cork legs, gentlemen," he continued, raising his voice till it woke the echoes, "if you will send your orders to 797 Gwynn street I shall take great pleasure in fitting you out, and I hope you'll need 'em inside of the next 40 minutes, you creak-backed, spider-legged, gum-chewing, rubber-necked, lean, dyspeptic, cheap, gang of skates! Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, you blamed monkey stoopers! Tell your friends."—Chicago Tribune.

A Winning Scheme.

"Yes, at one time the marriage was almost off, and if he had not bought her a present it would have been."

"What was the present?"

"Nobody knows except himself. That's the way he won her back. He won't tell her what it is till after the wedding, and, of course, she is bound to find out, even if she has to marry him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Extending It.

Workmen were engaged in laying new tracks for the trolley cars on an up town street last week, when an inquisitive stranger bothered one of the men very much by questioning.

"Are you working for the contractor of this road?" was the final query.

"No, sir," replied the Irishman petulantly. "I'm working for the extender at it."—Philadelphia Call.

Slow About It.

Eastern Attorney—I came out here in search of William Jones, but I am told that he died suddenly not long since. Landlord of the Cowboys' Rest—W'y, no; he died mighty slow, considering. Most every other fellow we've strung up hereabouts has croaked in less'n 10 minutes, but it took him over 20.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Answered.

A wealthy gentleman, somewhat hard of hearing, had on his parlor floor a fur rug of a little known animal.

A guest, noticing it, said to his host: "What kind of an animal does that skin belong to?"

"Eh? Belongs to me!" answered the wealthy man.—Youth's Companion.

ROSSETTI'S STRANGE MOODS.

The Poet's Closest Friend Says Even a Brother Was Misled.

I still hope to fulfill my promise to Dante Gabriel Rossetti that I would, when the right time should come, give a picture of him as he appeared to a friend who loved him very dearly and had every reason to do so, a friend to whom, as Mr. Hall Caine eloquently says, "he unlocked the most sacred secrets of his heart." And I will here so far anticipate the account I hope to give of him as to say that I shall be able, and honestly able, to paint a much more cheerful picture of him than any that has yet been painted.

All those who have written about him, including his brother, have written candidly and lovingly except in one instance, but the fact is that for certain reasons which I shall be able to make clear when I come to write about him it was impossible during the latter period of Rossetti's life for them to see the more cheerful side of his character that was revealed to me—impossible for them to know what a delightful companion he was even at his worst moments. There were periods between 1872 and 1882 when, as I said in my article upon him in the Encyclopedia Britannica, he and I spent many hours together almost every day and when he rarely saw even so affectionate a brother as Mr. W. M. Rossetti and so devoted a friend as Madox-Brown—when, in short, for many weeks at a stretch he saw scarcely any face but mine.

The truth is that there was in him a sort of willfulness of the spoiled child—unreasonable and to me unaccountable—which impelled him, except when alone with me, to assume that gloom and that air of the misanthrope which deceived even his brother. And the only excuse—if, indeed, there be one—for the distressing asperities which disfigure my old friend Bell Scott's mention of him in his autobiography is to be found in this fantastic whim, so painful to many a friend and so cruelly unjust to himself.

Mr. William Rossetti's simple and noble passion for exactitude of statement may possibly have in some cases caused him to forget that in depicting a complex personality like that of his brother any given fact should not be presented as isolated, and all smooth and round, but as being only one among a thousand other facts, whose function is to explain it, give it tone, and, indeed, largely govern it. Biography, however, is the most difficult of all forms of literary art, and Mr. W. M. Rossetti has given us a book that will be prized.

Nevertheless what he says about his brother having a sharp eye for a bargain has actually but perhaps inevitably been so misunderstood in some quarters that Rossetti, who was generosity incarnate, has been characterized as a man of mercenary impulses. Why, among all the men I have ever known, he was one of the most generous. He would give away what he needed for himself, and, as to rivalry, he could not take a more passionate interest in his friends' work than ever he took in his own. All this, however, I shall set right some day, unless death should be so cruel as to close my mouth before the time has fully come for me to speak. This indeed is the only terror that death has for me now.—Theodore Walls Duntun in London Spectator.

The Vegetarian Faddist.

The vegetarian faddist ventilates his theory in twisting anthropological data. If man was once a monkey and the monkey climbed trees, then man is still the only climbing animal. Ergo, since fish swim and the first living creatures were possibly aquatic, that is the reason why man can swim today. The monkey eats fruit and nuts; therefore man runs counter to his nature when he devours mutton chops. If man in the primitive age ate a mastodon, providing he could kill it, that does not prove, says the crankist, that raw or singed mastodon was a wholesome or a necessary diet. Because a chimpanzee will take toddy and smoke a pipe that does not show that he likes rum or tobacco. It is a vicious habit, and the monkey has been ruined by his associations with man. Do not dogs thrive on biscuits and cats on catnip? There is the New Zealand parrot that has degraded itself by showing a liking for sheep's kidneys. Man, says our faddist, when he eats meat, is degrading himself and departing from his original dainty anthropoid ape ancestor.—New York Times.

Anxious to Reform.

"So," said the philosopher, "you want the price of a meal?" "That's what I want," replied the mendicant.

"Are you aware of the fact that people nowadays devote altogether too much attention to what they eat? They think too much about food?" "Mebbe they do, I'm willin, for one, ter quit thinkin about it. All I wants is ter be kep' from bein reminded of it so long before I get any."—Washington Star.

HE PROTECTED HIS WIFE.

And Incidentally Gave a Lasting Lesson on Courtesy to Women.

A reporter was walking along New Jersey avenue with an acquaintance of his, a man of 50 or upward, when their attention was attracted by a woman trying to coerce her son, a lad of 14 or 15, into obedience. She wanted the youngster to go in the house, and he refused, whereupon she took hold of him, and he began to fight her. In a minute the reporter's companion was alongside, and he had the boy by the collar, shaking him. The mother, instead of taking up the fight on behalf of the boy, as some mothers would have done, thanked the man, and the boy followed her into the house.

"That was a risky thing you did," said the reporter when his companion had rejoined him. "It's a wonder you didn't have to fight the woman."

"I know how those things are," he laughed, "but I can't help helping the woman. I don't care what the results may be."

"Most men, I think, feel that way, but most men are wise enough to keep their hands off a family row!"

"Let me tell you how I learned not to," said the man, "or perhaps rather learned to respect a mother. I was an only son—an only child, in fact—and naturally I was spoiled. My father died when I was about 15, leaving a very nice property to my mother. She was foolish about me and let me have my own way and as much money as she could spare. Sometimes more than that, but it was all the same to me—I blew in all I could get and wanted more. I was polite enough to other women; but, like a good many spoiled boys, it did not occur to me that my mother should be treated by me as I treated other women."

"It wasn't that I was lacking in the sense of gallantry, for I was not; it only seemed to me that she was my mother and I had a boy's right to be impolite and rude to her. When I was about 24 or 25, I had improved very little, and my mother still treated me as a boy, and I was ruder than ever, for I needed more money and she couldn't give it to me. Well, about this time she married again—one of the nicest men that ever lived he was, too, and rich. At first he was quite liberal with me, but when he found out what kind of a chap I was and how I treated my mother he let up on that and began to lecture me on my conduct. I didn't pay any attention to his advice, and one day, after he had been my stepfather about a year, he called me into his office for another talk. I may say here he was about 60, very gentle, at least 15 pounds lighter than I was and three inches less in height."

"Now, John," he said, when he had shut the door and looked it, "I want to settle this business with you for good and all. I've talked to you about your conduct to your mother, what a boy owed to his mother and all that, and you've paid no attention; then I tried to talk you into a chivalrous feeling for her as a map should have for a woman, and you paid no attention. This morning you acted toward her worse than ever. Now, I want you to understand this in a different light. You are a man, and I am. That lady is my wife, and I allow no man to treat my wife as you have treated her, and I propose to thrash you for it just as I would any other man under the same circumstances. Throw your coat."

"But why dwell on the painful scene that followed?" laughed the reporter's companion. "I never in my life got such a terrible licking, and from that day forward the respect, deference and gallantry I showed to the old gentleman's wife were really beautiful. That's the way it began, but it wasn't long till I felt toward her as a man should feel toward his mother notwithstanding how much she had spoiled him, and till the day of her death I never lacked in courtesy to her, and as for her husband, well, I was ready to back him against all comers."—Washington Star.

A Lucky Loan.

Count d'Orsay one morning met Major Crauford, who made a dismal disclosure of his financial embarrassments and announced his intention of selling his commission and using the proceeds to pay his debts. The count interrupted him with the seemingly heartless request, "Then lend me \$10 of it." The major complied sullenly, but next morning the count burst into his rooms and emptied out from his pockets upon the table \$750 in notes and gold. "I staked your \$10 at Crookford's," he explained, "and won this, which is justly yours, for if I had lost you never would have got back your loan."

Trained.

Visitor—How beautifully still the children sit while you talk to them! Sunday School Teacher—Yes, I've got them pretty well trained. I told them at the start that every time I caught a boy moving in his seat while I was making a speech I would talk ten minutes longer.—London Tit-Bits.

POWERS OF MIMICRY.

THE MAN WHO ACTS AND SINGS PARTS IN AN OPERA.

Fregoli, the Famous Ventriloquist Mimic, Gives an Account of His Career and How He Achieved Success—He Sings Bass and Soprano.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, June 9.—I know when I first acquired the mimicry. I think they come to me when in the crowd know that when I was a little only 3 or 4 years old I used to hide the dear old padre of the Rome which my parents attended. I imitate his grave and dignified or. One day the good priest came and he was convulsed with me at the living if miniature picture of himself.

From this, I imagine, my must have been fairly true to argue it also from another near father, who followed in the way, and spunked me soundly when home. My bit of mimicry, to the gnomes mind, bordered upon the grotesque. It is needless, of course, that I had no such malevolent intention.

A Young Mimic.

This was the first warning for my penchant for imitating others. I was destined to be the object of many similar attacks in years. I was always and mischief when a boy, a life of me could not forbear the actions or mannerisms of the others in any way. I was never of persons in those happy days and would parody the mimicry of the voices of a noble grande dame with as little compunction as I would those of an orange or a village maid visiting the City, for I was born in Rome, the advantage—at least I now—of seeing at an early age of characters. I did not have to over creation to "study" them. As a boy I got thrashed times for mimicking when my nity offered the pedagogical assistant of the first school. He was a gentlemanly "old school"—stiff, angular, and his assistant was a maid—learned, disputatious, in disposition as well as in proportion like a billiard cue and with a most withering countenance, as well as being a most excited opinion on mental and physical. This lady showed in every My impersonations must have been successful, for neither spoiled. They spared not the rod. Of the quite a distinct and refreshing tone.

Power of Ventriloquism. Ever since I can remember ventriloquize and sing either to, soprano or tenor voices. I gradually got to the contralto, baritone and alto, never taught, but simply acquired by some inexplicable these qualities. I was never instructed in music or singing beyond the rudiments that is imparted to children in any school, yet I wrote all songs as well as sketches and ten a couple of operettas—on "thea," I am playing now in N. In that operetta I introduce characters and play them all. But anon. I will first talk of my career.

Giving a Whole Performance. I never was destined for the hood, as is the ambition of many Italian as well as Irish mothers, son, as I was too fond of music after receiving a substantial



FREGOLI THE MIMIC.

was sent to work in a steel factory at the age of 16. That fair paying trade, and visiting the various houses and pleasure resort this way I quickly added store of knowledge in the singing and acting. I became a professional in years ago, and that in already been told. I will repeat it here. In 1890 I was patriotic fervor and enlisted in army for the first campaign. I was sent to Massena, Baldisera then, as now, was in the army and greatly in theatricals. Indeed, he and I got up a military club, and gained a theater. A company of players failed to keep a ment with General Baldisera on a gala occasion, and he blue. An officer told him a young artilleryman named a troop who could sing and

POWERS OF MIMICRY.

THE MAN WHO ACTS AND SINGS ALL PARTS IN AN OPERA.

Fregoli, the Famous Ventriloquist and Mimic, Gives an Account of His Early Career and How He Achieved His Success—He Sings Bass and Soprano.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, June 9.—I really don't know when I first acquired my powers of mimicry. I think they must have come to me when in the cradle. I do know that when I was a little toddler only 3 or 4 years old I used to walk behind the dear old padre of the church in Rome which my parents attended and imitate his grave and dignified demeanor. One day the good priest caught me, and he was convulsed with merriment at the living miniature picture I had of himself.

From this, I imagine, my portrayals must have been fairly true to nature. I argue it also from another reason. My father, who followed in the wake of the pastor and myself, saw the performance and spanked me soundly when I got home. My bit of pleasure, to his religious mind, bordered upon the sacrilegious. It is needless, of course, to say that I had no such malevolent intention.

A Young Mimic.

This was the first warning I received for my penchant for imitating the manner of others. I was destined to be the object of many similar attentions as I grew in years. I was always full of fun and mischief when a boy, and for the life of me could not forbear imitating the actions or mannerisms of others if they were in any way droll, unique, pompous, ridiculous or in any point out of the common order. I was no respecter of persons in those happy days of boyhood and would parody the actions and mimic the voices of a noble lord or grande dame with as little compunction as I would those of an orange peddler or a village maid visiting the Eterna City, for I was born in Rome and had the advantage—at least I now find it so—of seeing at an early age all classes of characters. I did not have to hunt all over creation to "study" them. I found them in my birthplace.

As a boy I got thrashed innumerable times for mimicking whenever opportunity offered the pedagogues and his assistant of the first school I attended. He was a gentleman decidedly of the "old school"—stiff, angular and dignified. His assistant was a typical old maid—learned, disputatious, vindictive in disposition as well as in face, proportioned like a billiard cue and afflicted with a most withering contempt of the animal man, as well as being blessed with a most exalted opinion of her own mental and physical equipment. This lady showed in every action. My impersonations must have been successful, for neither spoiled this child. They spared not the rod. Of that I have quite a distinct and refreshing recollection.

Power of Ventriloquism.

Ever since I can remember I could ventriloquize and sing either in an alto, soprano or tenor voice. As I grew older I gradually got to sing also in contralto, baritone and bass. I say got to sing, for I never "learned," as I was never taught, but simply absorbed or acquired by some inexpressible process these qualities. I was never, in fact, instructed in music or singing in my life beyond the rudimentary knowledge that is imparted to children in elementary schools, yet I wrote all my own songs as well as sketches and have written a couple of operettas—one, "Dorothea," I am playing now in New York. In that operetta I introduce 15 characters and play them all. But of that anon. I will first talk of my earlier career.

Giving a Whole Performance.

I never was destined for the priesthood, as is the ambition of almost every Italian as well as Irish mother for her son, as I was too fond of mischief, but after receiving a substantial education



FREGOLI THE MIMIC.

was sent to work in a steel rail manufacturing at the age of 16. There I learned that fair paying trade, working all day and visiting the various theaters, opera houses and pleasure resorts at night. In this way I quickly added to my natural store of knowledge in the way of music, singing and acting. I never thought of becoming a professional player until six years ago, and that in a measure has already been told. I will briefly repeat it here. In 1890 I was seized with patriotic fervor and enlisted in the Italian army for the first campaign in Abyssinia and was sent to Massana. General Baldissera then, as now, was in command of the army and greatly interested in theatricals. Indeed, he and other officers got up a military club, which sustained a theater. A company of strolling players failed to keep an engagement with General Baldissera to play on a gala occasion, and he felt pretty blue. An officer told him there was a young artilleryman named Fregoli in his troop who could sing and mimic pretty

well. The general sent for me and told me the situation. He had made arrangements for the presentation of a little comedy with a cast of five characters. "I can give the whole performance," I said quickly, to his amazement. "See that you don't fail, my good boy," he said significantly, and I didn't.

I presented the piece the next night and won my spurs. I caught the favor of General Baldissera and all the officers, for next day I was relieved of military duty and placed in charge of the theater. The methods I adopted are the same practically as I now employ—mimicry, ventriloquism and lightning change of costume. By the spring of 1893, three years after I entered the army, I had made \$4,000 by my theatrical ventures. As my time of service was up I went back to Rome and in less than four months had spent my \$4,000. A good part of it went in the purchase of costumes, wigs and other properties. I quickly got an engagement in the first music hall, which opened in Rome just at this time. My salary was \$3 a night, which was soon increased to \$8. I then went to Leghorn, where I was paid \$16 a night, and afterward to Genoa, where my stipend was increased to \$40 a performance. Next I played in Spain and Portugal for two months and then made a tour of South America. In Spain and Portugal I got \$150 per night and averaged \$400 a night in South America. Then I went back to Portugal and Spain. For the last eight months I played one engagement at the Spanish capital, receiving the highest pay any artist ever got there. I came directly here from Madrid.

A word in conclusion as to my methods. Every change, every transformation, every motion, is the result of careful study and practice. Speed is everything, as it must be when I go through a whole sketch or opera impersonating 15 to 20 characters. I have a mechanical wardrobe and a force of baggagemen and dressers numbering 12 men. While I am acting every man is at work. Each has his part—wigs, coats, skirts, fans, etc.—to look after, and when I disappear from the stage these trained men in an incredibly short space of time, anywhere between three and ten seconds.

My vocal and ventriloquist powers, which surprise everybody, I owe to a great measure to the fact that my larynx has been entirely removed by a surgical operation. I was compelled to undergo in Abyssinia when taken down with African fever. Thus I have no vocal impediments.

I am overpowered by the reception extended to me in America, although I was in a measure prepared for it, for when I was in South America people there would say to me, "You think, Fregoli, we are a great people, but wait until you see the great republic of the north which protects us from England and the other bullies of Europe." They look to you as their defender as a child does to his parent. And well they might, for you are a brave as well as a great people, and they know that in Europe.



Ornamental Electric Light Posts.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, June 9.—Notwithstanding its meritorious and notable advances, this country has much to learn from the nations of Europe in the way of fashioning things of beauty out of objects of everyday use. Among the many lessons taught in outdoor decorative art by the establishment of Central park, more than 30 years ago, was the wholesome fact that a lamp post could be made far more ornamental and picturesque in appearance than were the skinny, angular iron pillars then in use, which smote the eye so painfully at every turn. Just as that abomination, however, was about to be permanently edged off into oblivion electric lighting came into vogue and an entirely different set of conditions was presented to the landscape artist.

To expend its high illuminating power to the best advantage the electric lamp must necessarily be placed at a much higher elevation than the old fashioned gas lamp. Nothing better being at hand, the straight wooden post was adopted about 15 years ago as a proper perch therefor, with heavy wires strung from one to the other like clotheslines, as if the city was getting ready to put out its wash. Although the wooden posts have been superseded in some instances by iron ones because of their greater durability, these makeshift contrivances are conceded to be unsightly and utterly unbefitting to the dignity of any city with pretensions to civic pride.

Up to the present time Copenhagen is the European city that appears to have addressed itself with the highest degree of success to the task of providing an agreeable substitute for these disfiguring eyesores. The electric lamp posts lately put up in the principal public square of that city seem to meet all the requirements of the case. In slightness the new design speaks for itself.

In utility also it leaves nothing to be desired. The long post is cast hollow, and the wires enter it from the ground, emerging from it near the shepherd's crook at the top. From this depends a heavy weight resting on a spiral coil, by means of which the lamp, with the reticulated wire covering the globe, is held firmly in position. The wires can, of course, be carried into the lamp in any other way that is convenient, and it can be readily hoisted up and down by means of a light pole with a hook at the end. From both the artistic and practical standpoint the Copenhagen experiment appears to fill a long felt want, as the trite phrase goes, and the new support for electric lamps might be introduced into New York and the larger American cities to the great improvement of their avenues, boulevards, parks and public buildings.

E. W. POTTER.

THE CHICAGO GIRLMETER.

A Windy City Litterateur Thought It New, but the Editor Called Him.

A Chicago litterateur of superior originality entered the regal apartments of the literary editor, and, bowing politely, he drew a manuscript on that gentleman before he had time to get out of range.

"I have here," he said, "an entirely new brand of poetry which I would like to have you glance over."

"What's the brand?" inquired the lit. ed. with great caution.

"It is written in what I have called the Chicago girlmeter, and I have called it that as a slight tribute to a large number of the fairer sex, who have ever blessed the earth with."

"You refer to Chicago girls, I presume," said the lit. ed. with freezing hauteur, as a slight tribute to a large number of the fairer sex, who have ever blessed the earth with."

"Yes, sir," replied the visiting litterateur. "Permit me to read you the poem," and he read as follows:

"How neat,
How sweet."

"There!" he went on. "Isn't the very soulfulness of poetry in those simple lines?"

"Is that all?" was the surprised inquiry.

"Surely. What more would you have? Can one paint the rainbow, or gild?"

"Come off!" interrupted the literary editor in his classic idiom. "In the days of old Rameus that meter had parades. What are you giving us, anyhow?"

The Chicago gent appeared to have had his feelings hurt.

"I beg your pardon," he responded. "I must insist that my brand is entirely new."

"Maybe your brand is," admitted the literary editor, "but your poetry isn't. But why in thunder do you call it Chicago girlmeter?"

The litterateur smiled with ineffable sweetness, and with a gesture of the most romantic sentimentalism laid his hand lightly on his heart.

"Because," he murmured sweet and low—"because it is a poem with two feet, just as a Chicago girl is."

He gazed with a rapturous dreaminess down on the literary editor, and that worthy gazed critically at the verse which the poet laid before him.

"C—um!" he gurgled. "I presume you noticed that they are two spondee—two long feet, as it were?"

With a demoniacal shriek, the poet clutched the poem with one hand and his hair with the other and fled out of the room.

The literary editor had called the turn on him.—New York Sun.

The Man For the Place.

Rooter—A friend of mine had a load of bricks dumped on him the other day and escaped without the slightest injury.

Baseball Magnate—You interest me. Where can he be found?

Rooter—Why, what do you want with him?

Baseball Magnate—He's just the fellow for a good umpire.—Philadelphia North American.

He Took No Chances.

"Here is my obolus, ferry me across."

Charon looked at the young man, sized him up, then pounded him into insensibility with an oar.

"This fellow," he explained to the other passengers as he threw the boy under a seat, "is one of the fools who love to rock a boat."

All agreed that it was a deed of justice.—Truth.

Youthful Wisdom.

Johnnie—I say, Miss Jones, I know now why you didn't want me to rob birds' nests last spring.

Miss Jones (who has on a new hat)—Why was it, Johnnie?

Johnnie (gazing with admiring eyes at the hat)—Cause you wanted the birds to grow big enough to wear 'em.—Boston Traveller.

Not Entirely Low.

Low Churchman—Why don't you come around to our church once in awhile?

High Churchman—Things are too low around there to suit me.

Low Churchman—Think so? I guess you'd find the pew rents high enough for you.—Yonkers Gazette.

Saved From the Grave.

Mills—I tell you, Bagley's wife was his saving, after all. If it had not been for her, he would have filled a drunkard's grave.

Bills—How so?

Mills—She had him cremated.—New York World.

Getting Ready.

Scholar—There are a few things I would like to have you run over with me, professor.

Musical Professor—All right. I'll go and get out my tandem.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Spelling Match.

Ten little children standing in a line,
"F-u-l-l-y, f-u-l-l-y," then there were nine.

Nine puzzled faces, fearful of their fate,
"C-H-I-l-d-r-e-n," then there were eight.

Eight pairs of blue eyes, bright as stars of heaven,
"B-u-s-y, b-u-s-y," then there were seven.

Seven grave faces, shaking in an awful fix,
"L-a-z-y, l-a-z-y," then there were six.

Six eager darlings, determined each to strive,
"D-i-s-t-i-n-g-u-i-s-h," then there were five.

Five hearts so anxious, beating more and more,
"S-c-h-o-l-a-r, s-c-h-o-l-a-r," then there were four.

Four mouths like rosebuds on a red rose tree,
"M-e-r-r-y, m-e-r-r-y," then there were three.

Three pairs of pink ears, listening keen and true,
"O-n-l-y, o-n-l-y," then there were two.

Two sturdy laddies, ready both to run,
"T-o-u-r-i-s-t, t-o-u-r-i-s-t," then there was one.

One head of yellow hair, bright in the sun,
"H-e-r-o, h-e-r-o,"—the spelling match was won.

—New Orleans Picayune.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

At Boston Prices.

We have just received (now unloading at our wharf) a cargo of Shamokin and Red Ash coals. The probabilities point strongly toward an increase in the wholesale price of coal soon, and all should take advantage of the present low prices. Now is the time to buy your winter's supply of coal. The prices are at the lowest point now. Buy of your local dealer, who offers you the greatest inducements,—fair dealing and bottom prices.

The above coals are free from slate or siftings.

BOSTON PRICES.

Franklin,
Red Ash Nut,
Red Ash Stove,
Red Ash Egg,
Shamokin Stove and Egg,
White Ash Stove,

\$6.75
6.25
6.25
6.00
5.75
5.50

BOSTON TERMS.—CASH.

White Ash Egg,
White Ash Broken,
Lehigh Stove,
Lehigh Egg,
Lehigh Broken,
Webster Nut,

\$5.25
5.00
5.75
5.50
5.25
6.50

These are our cash prices.

Orders by telephone promptly attended to.

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THE TOILET TABLE.

How to Build and Appoint a Dainty Bedroom Furnishing.

Every "lady in the land" is fond of dainty and artistic equipments, not only for her personal and home adornment, but in the little every day appointments of her dressing table as well, and that this should be is but the evidence of a refined and cultivated nature.

What could be prettier in a dainty decorated chamber than the richly draped toilet table, with its glitter and sparkle of silver and crystal appointments—its air of refinement and luxury so dear to the heart of every true woman?

That daintiness and refinement may be expressed in the simple everyday appointments of a modest home is unquestionably true. A little time and judgment spent in selecting the necessary fittings of the toilet table of the plainer sort will reward the buyer to the fullest extent, as in these grades there are great variety and wide range of price.

To be sure, the glass need not be cut crystal nor the finish solid silver, but pressed glass comes in great variety of pretty and useful forms, and aluminum has the brilliancy of silver and needs but little care to be kept bright and attractive. As a basis for the toilet table on which to display these dainty appointments an average sized kitchen table may be used. The unvarnished sort will cost but \$1.25.

We will simply offer a few suggestions as basis on which to work. Screw securely to the back of the table a pine board about 4 inches wide and 2 feet or 2 feet 6 inches high. At the top of this fasten a crosspiece a foot long and about 1 1/2 inches wide; on this tack the muslin in plaits, perfectly flat and spreading out wider at the bottom, to each extreme end of the table back, extending down in fan shape. This will give a background to add other drapery and flounces at discretion. In the center of this at a convenient height hang a full sized mirror, the frame of which may be covered with plush of a dainty color.

Of course the body of the table should be covered with flounced lace to the floor and the table top itself

covered with a plush mat of the same dainty color as the frame.

This should exactly cover the top and be edged with a neat colored cord binding, with tassels to match at the corners, or a full lace flounce finished at the corners with bright ribbons. Ribbons of the same color should hold in place the overdrapery of the upper part, as the taste of the fair owner shall dictate.

These simple suggestions and a fair amount of good taste and skill in arranging should offer opportunity for very pleasing results, and when all is artistically completed the dainty appointments of the toilet artistically and neatly arranged in their places "my lady" has something that has cost her but a comparatively small amount of money, and her reward for the time and ingenuity expended will be derived from the satisfaction of possession.—Philadelphia Times.

The First English Shilling Magazine.

As we all know, Alexander Macmillan was the first to project a shilling magazine in place of the old quarterlies at 5 shillings and magazines at half a crown. The new venture, Macmillan's Magazine, was made in the autumn of 1850, soon after the establishment of the London business in Henrietta street, with Professor Masson as the first editor. A name for the new periodical was a long time under consideration. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"—the first volume—was then fresh in men's memory and admiration, and a title in some way arising out of the "Idylls" was seriously contemplated. King Arthur and The Round Table were two suggested, and one or the other was very nearly adopted.

The present writer well remembers being one of a party of friends of the firm assembled in Henrietta street on the evening when Professor Masson's counsel was finally accepted that the periodical should bear only the name of its founder. A trace of the original suggestions is still to be seen in the design on the cover, where "the blameless king" appears in the center medallion at the top, the other three completing the design being Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Important Correction.

Under the terror in France people learned to be excessively cautious in all they said and still more cautious in what they wrote.

An old letter is said to be in existence of the revolutionary period, in which the author had at first written to a friend, "I write under the reign of a great emotion."

Then, apparently reflecting that it was dangerous to speak of "reigns" at such an epoch, he amended the sentence thus:

"I write under the republic of a great emotion."—Youth's Companion.

News and Notes.

Boston proposes to have the largest hotel structure in the world, at a cost of something over \$3,000,000.

A "walking mountain" in Gard, France, is said to be moving toward the river of that name at the rate of 15 feet a day, its lower strata—grit and green marl—having given way. It advances with prodigious noise and cracking of the earth.

Hitherto gutta serena has usually been obtained by cutting down a tree. But it is now found that a less ruinous method may be employed. Gum extracted from the leaves is said to be purer and more abundant than that taken from the tree trunk.

It is reported that 2,000 patents have been taken out in this country on the manufacture of paper alone.

A girl thinks a young man's jokes are uproariously funny, but how soon she stops laughing at them after she has married him!

A woman's ambition is not only to make both ends meet, but to have enough to lap over and out for her kin.—Athens Globe.



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All articles and correspondence intended for THE MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to MONITOR readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

JUNE, 1896.

SOCIETY EPITOME.

St. John's Ladies' Auxiliary—Miss Eliza C. Sheahan, president; Miss Alice G. Gavin, secretary. Meetings held on the first and third Mondays at 7:45 o'clock, P. M., in St. John's hall, School street.

St. John's C. L. and A. A.—George A. Cahill, president; Michael J. O'Hara, secretary. Meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in St. John's hall, School street.

Knights of Columbus—M. T. Sullivan, grand knight; Thomas J. McGrath, secretary. Meets the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 8 o'clock in Dobie's hall.

Irish National League—James Collins, president; George D. Cahill, secretary. Meets in Cahill's hall, Water street, on Sunday evening.

Division 5, A. O. H.—Edward J. Powers, president; Patrick Crummins, secretary. Meets the first and third Thursdays at 8 o'clock in French's hall, Hancock street.

Quincy Court, M. C. O. F.—John A. Avery, chief ranger; Patrick Ward, secretary. Meets in French's hall.

St. Mary's C. T. A. and M. R. Society. West Quincy—Patrick Kelliher, president; W. F. V. Cole, corresponding secretary; John Galvin, recording secretary. Meetings held first and third Tuesdays in the month.

A CITY'S PROSPERITY

depends upon the measure of co-operation between buyer and seller. If you wish your city to grow and if you desire to encourage the many tradesmen who should leave every dollar in your own city. THE MONITOR presents an advertising clientele that it gives its hearty endorsement to, feeling assured that all will receive honest and courteous treatment by trading with them.

Commissioner Blanchard should thank the citizens of Norfolk county that he wasn't elected sooner.

Indeed, the investigation was a good thing, but think of the narrow escape we had. The prosecution was taken out of certain hands none too soon.

So Quincy is chafing because of her associations in the Tenth district. Not at all, Mr. Thompson. Only a part of Quincy. The physician cannot bear the dose he first prescribed is the way we view it.

It is seldom that Quincy people have such good reason for congratulation as they have on the fact that Mr. George H. Litchfield does not claim a residence here. His odium would have to be shouldered.

The Republican Legislature has completed its gerrymander of the State and it has considerably allowed the Democrats one sure congressional district and possibly two. Quincy is again harnessed to the plow.

The election of Mr. Stephen O. Moxon to the City Council means more than a wish to frequent old haunts. We rather think that new ones are more to the gentleman's liking, and it cannot be disputed that he has the ability and the aptitude for larger honors.

Whatever of interest there may be to the bombastic press and restless, mischievous political trickster concerning the anti-A. P. A. movement in New York, there can only be a sincere wish on the part of Massachusetts Catholics that the sober judgment of their New York brethren will recede from their present untenable position.

The improvements asked by the people of Ward Four should be granted and that too, without any grumbling. Other parts of the city have been granted much more than West Quincy, and any one who has occasion to visit this part of the city invariably expresses astonishment at the patience of the people. The newer portions of Quincy should stand back and allow the Council to deal justly with the largest ward in the city, which has been so long neglected.

If there is anything that makes us feel vindictive is this constant slurring of South Boston, ancient her position in the Tenth district. We do not care a snap of the finger for either party and can see rascality in all parties, and opine that it behooves the Republican representatives from this district to lay low and say nothing about Boston politicians. Of course they pack caucuses in Boston, but they did the same in Quincy last fall and the men who would throw mud at South Boston, did not dare to find fault. South Quincy may be clannish, but what have Quincy Republic-

cans to say of the votes of their Republican members of the Massachusetts legislature when any measure is advocated by that Capt. Kidd of Massachusetts politics, Senator Hutchinson. Is not every rail splitter found voting with the boss?

NORFOLK COUNTY AFFAIRS.

The findings of the committee charged with the investigation of the doings of the Norfolk County Commissioners demonstrate that fraud and dishonesty are as rampant now as ever, and that the susceptibility and proneness to wrong-doing are not characteristics of any one section or lessened by associations. A large amount of money has been paid to contractors and others, who through their own admissions and suspicious actions could give no adequate account of their services. The men constituting the Board of County Commissioners are guilty of criminal acts and every taxpayer and citizen of the county sincerely hopes that the district attorney will do his duty as fearlessly as the legislative committee did their duty. In all positions of trust honesty should be made compulsory, as the incidents of the past few weeks show conclusively that experimentation with the propensities of officials is costly and humiliating. Indictments should be promptly found against Commissioners Morrell and Bowker, and the penalty of their malfeasance should be ample enough to deter any future board from a like course.

OUR PREFERENCE.

A correspondent writes to the MONITOR and asks us our preferences in case Major McKinley is the candidate of the Republicans and Hon. William R. Morrison or Hon. Richard P. Bland is the candidate of the Democrats. Our bland correspondent has in mind the attitude of the Sphinx of Canton on one sole question and wants to know to what limits Catholics would go to to encompass his defeat. He assumes that the Major is sound on the money question—an impudent assumption, however—and wishes us to view Messrs. Morrison and Bland as the champions of what the "gold bugs," speculators and high tone bucket shop keepers or brokers call fiat, debased wild-cat and populist currency. Now between the three gentlemen named by our correspondent there is no choice on this question, and we honestly believe that McKinley is the most dishonest of the lot on this one question. The other two are honest advocates of the white metal, but theirs is at best only a fight for recognition of a large and energetic portion of these United States. We have in mind the fact that a Republican president gave his aid to the enactment of the law restoring silver and that the dean and the foremost financier of the senate, Senator Sherman of Ohio framed the law known as the Sherman Free Silver Act, which was subsequently repealed through the efforts of a Democratic president. It is only a short time to the complete restoration of silver in this country, no matter what action may be taken by foreign countries, and from the attitude of the majorities of the two great parties, it is at the present only a question of expediency.

To this point our preferences are neutral, but in another phase our inclinations are more positive, and the attitude of the Republican aspirant precludes the possibility of our giving him our support, no matter how small that may be. McKinley in his mad dance around the dangling apple and probably alarmed at the fictitious strength of the notorious American Protective Association, has given his assurance of cordial support to the prejudices and hatreds of this band. His career while governor of Ohio gave Catholics no indications of the traits that should be found in all public men, and they are consequently and with good reason not breaking their bones in a scramble to have their tickets taken up by Conductor Hanna.

McKinley to our mind is radically wrong on every question affecting the American people, and it is lamentable that among the many brilliant men in the Republican party, he should be picked for the exalted office of president.

DIED.

GRIFFIN—In Weymouth, May 11, Mr. John J. Griffin, aged 54 years.

SWEENEY—In Quincy, May 11, Georgiana, daughter of Mr. Anthony and Mrs. Margaret Sweeney, aged 5 years and 7 months.

MCGOWAN—In Quincy, May 9, Mr. John J. McGowan of 21 Hall place, aged 64 years.

CONWAY—In Quincy, May 8, Sarah G., daughter of Mr. Patrick E. and Mrs. M. Elizabeth Conway of 13 Cross street, aged 1 month and 21 days.

FARRELL—In West Quincy, May 19, Mr. Simon X. Farrell, of Willard street, aged 86 years and 4 months.

KENLEY—In Quincy, June 2, Mrs. Catherine E., wife of Mr. Daniel H. Kenley, aged 29 years.

HEALEY—In Atlantic, June 4, Miss Margaret Healey, aged 42 years.

LEARY—At National Sailors' Home, June 6, Mr. John Leary, aged 68 years.

TALKS WITH YOUNG MEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR.

III.

A knowledge of the nature, classification and influence of human passions offers a natural sequel to what we have been discussing in our two former talks, for what is a passion, after all, but the subjection of the higher or intellectual part of man to what is lowest and most earthly? Where the soul yields to the body therein is the domain of passion, just as the subjection of the body to the soul offers a field for virtue.

It is not my intention to enter deeply into disquisitions which besides being useless would be of little interest. I will merely in this talk suppose all that we have hitherto said and acting upon it as upon a fundamental principle, will proceed at once to what immediately concerns us. Every young man whether Catholic or Protestant is subject to one or another dominant passion. With one it may be inordinate ambition, another struggles with the passion of drink; many yield to the influences of this or that vice. Who among all men is altogether free from one or another of the influences of passion? Is it not well for us, therefore, to know the nature, the causes, the symptoms, and the remedies or antidotes of each in its turn, so that we may know ourselves and thereby learn by what means self improvement may be attained? To render our observations the clearer we shall endeavor in these talks to discuss the passions in the following order:

1. We shall speak of the nature of passion.
2. The causes of passion.
3. The symptoms of passion.
4. The progress of passion and its effects upon the physical and moral organization.

With these preliminary ideas well fixed it will then be easy for us to enter into the discussion of each separate vice as the opposite of some particular virtue, and remember that the discussion of these passions will be considered not merely in a moral tone but principally as they effect the physical and social welfare of young men.

THE NATURE OF PASSION.

Every organized being has its needs and the needs of man appear more numerous than those of other creatures for the reason that man unites in himself the natures of all the other three kingdoms of nature. God has made nothing that can be useless; hence the existence of the various organs of the human body is evidence that each one of them is intended by God to perform analogous functions. Now, whenever any organ is ready to perform its proper function we are warned of it by a certain sensation, a sort of interior voice which we term a need or demand. As soon as this demand is recognized by the mind it yields to a desire or appetite. If this desire yields to the direction of reason it becomes a function of natural virtue, if on the contrary the desire and will refuse to follow the dictates of right reason then the action performed under the influence of such a desire becomes the action of passion.

Let me give you an example. God has given you a stomach, it has its own functions to perform, namely the digestion of food. When it is ready for the performance of this function you are warned of it by a sensation which is called hunger. Hunger creates a desire for food. If you satisfy this desire by what your reason considers as sufficient you are not overstepping the bounds of virtue; if on the contrary, you consume what your reason tells you is too much, you are giving way to the passion of gluttony or intemperance. So it is in regard to all other human needs.

Certain it is that all our human needs are good in themselves because they come to us from God, but they remain good only as long as we use them

DRAFTS on IRELAND.

Passage Tickets

to and from the

OLD COUNTRY

for sale by

JOHN O. HOLDEN,

154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

well, otherwise they must be considered as passions.

With the preceding considerations in view we may divide all human passions into three classes as resulting from three orders of human necessity, namely, animal passion, social passion and intellectual passion.

In our next issue we shall speak of the first of the animal passion, drunkenness, and endeavor to show in as complete a manner as possible the real reasons why it is hurtful both to individuals and to society.

CHRISOM—COOK NUPTIALS.

A quiet and pretty wedding occurred in St. John's church Wednesday morning. The parties being Miss Sarah Cook daughter of Mr. Michael Cook, and Mr. Peter Chrisom of Atlantic. A nuptial mass was solemnized, Rev. Fr. Francis officiating. Miss Margaret Garrity was organist and Miss Mary White, soloist.

Miss Mary Watson of Jamaica Plain, a cousin of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. John Chrisom, brother of groom, as best man. Mr. Philip Cook and Mr. Thomas Colligan acted as ushers.

After the mass a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents to the immediate relatives. A reception was tendered on the evening of June 10th, to about one hundred guests. Many valuable and beautiful presents were received.

Mr. and Mrs. Chrisom will reside at Norfolk Downs and will be at home after June 30.

There is a good deal of hypocrisy in the world, and the only reason why many men have not a better acquaintance with the grand jury is because of their shrewdness.

One of the closing acts of the Legislature was the passage of the bill relative to the apportionment of assessments of Metropolitan park awards. The bill puts off the apportionment until 1900. Quincy was very well satisfied with the apportionment made but not so with some of the cities, and hence the delay. As a result, additional interest must be paid, and the loan must either be refunded at 50 instead of 40 years, or another loan must be created.

J. F. Sheppard & Son received the contract to supply the schools with coal, and C. Patch & Son will supply the wood.

—The city treasurer of Boston has borrowed a million dollars in anticipation of taxes.

A new line of . . .

Pickles

JUST ARRIVED.

Best Mixed Pickles.

12c. per qt., 43c. per gallon.

Small Pickles, Fancy,

12c. per qt., 43c. per gallon.

Sweet Pickles,

25c. per qt., 83c. per gallon.

Best Sweet Mixed,

25c. per qt., 83c. per gallon.

Queen Olives,

30c. per quart.

White Onions,

15c. per bottle.

L. M. PRATT & CO.,

25 SCHOOL STREET.

IMPROVED

Real - Estate

FOR SALE,

CONSISTING of a large, new house of seven large rooms and about one-half acre of land, situated at Brackett's Wharf. Water in the house. This house has been built but three years and is in thorough repair. This is an excellent opportunity to buy a good home at a reasonable price.

Adjoining the above property is a small house and barn, with an orchard of thirty trees, apple, pear and quince. Excellent well of water. For further particulars apply to

SWITHIN BROS., Real Estate,
DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK,
QUINCY.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR

Shirt Waists

AND

Summer Goods

OF ALL KINDS.

We have a larger stock than ever and our prices are always the lowest.

D.E. WADSWORTH & CO.

Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Brockton.

BRANCH AT EAST MILTON.

BUY

TEA.

Of Boston Branch Grocery.

WHY?

For several reasons, all good, practical ones.

1st. Our experience for twenty-five years in selecting and handling TEAS of all kinds, both wholesale and retail, enables us to select goods with merit and reject the spurious so common in the market, and which the inexperienced dealer cannot distinguish.

2d. Our TEAS are bought direct from the importer, and the profits that usually go to the Broker, the Wholesaler, and the Jobber, three or four in all, WE give to our trade direct.

3d. The large quantity of TEA which we sell enables us to be often in the market as buyer, and any advantage to be had by any cash buyers we get.

4th. Because we can refer you to hundreds of families in Quincy and vicinity who have used TEA purchased from our establishment with satisfaction.

5th. Because we never sold more than at present time and never with better results.

6th. We never give prizes, preferring to give the value in the goods.

There are more reasons but above will show that we mean business. We will gladly give a generous sample for trial to any lady calling at our store or by sending a note by messenger with name and street number of lady sending same, otherwise no samples will be given to children.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

THIS SPACE RESERVED

FOR THE

QUINCY ART SCHOOL

COMPANY.

Your Watch is No Good.

"That is fighting talk," you say, but wait until we finish the sentence—if it fails to tell you the correct time.

A watch will sometimes run several years without being cleaned, but it is wearing out, and, when it finally stops, some genius who advertises "Clean your Watch for a Dollar," and whose kit of tools comprise a brush, tack hammer and a screw driver, brushes out the dirt, ignorant of the damage the watch has sustained, and your watch, once your faithful friend, can no longer be relied upon.

Think This Over

Friend, and take your watch to a place where they have every modern tool known to the trade, and work with a thinking cap on.

Such a Place is
104 Hancock Street,
QUINCY.

WILLIAMS, the Jeweler.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

Rev. William White, C. SS., been visiting Quincy during the week. Father White is a well known preacher in the Saratoga bar Redemptorist missionaries.

The forty hours' devotion which scheduled to take place at St. church on Pentecost Sunday postponed on account of the weather.

Sunday evening, May 31, a letter day for the members Ladies' Sodality. A reception held after solemn vespers of nearly a hundred new members received.

The month of June is dedicated the Sacred Heart, hence there services in the different churches Friday evening during the month second Friday of June will feast of the Sacred Heart.

The solemn observance of the of Corpus Christi, June 4, was deferred to the Sunday following in order to give everyone an opportunity of assisting therein. The solemnity sides the usual exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, included a procession of the children around the altar.

Among the recent events of importance to the archdiocese of Boston was the visit of His Eminence Cardinal Satolli. His trip in the East visits to the two Catholic States where his classic moments were well appreciated. Cardinal Satolli will sail to Rome at the part of this month to receive the insignia of his rank.

A number of the reverend the archdiocese were happy to see of the sacerdotal silver jubilee of June 2 last. The reverend who were so fortunate were Harrington of Lynn, Master Peabody, Mohan of Everett, of Salem and McClure of Boston. We join with the faithful in wishing them many years of fruitful ministry.

Rev. Julian E. Johnstone appointed to the place in parish made vacant by the death of Father Roche to Father Johnstone was on Saturday, May 30, of the present His college course was passed to College. He pursued his ecclesiastical studies at the seminary of St. John, Brighton, and at the ecclesiastical seminary of Niagara, N. Y. young priest is well known as a teacher, having contributed many gems to magazines and periodicals during his course at college.

All who have had the good fortune to become intimate with the work of the missionary band that late mission in this city were grieved when the time came for its departure. Father Sheahan of the band is a man of a handsome athletic physique, unites a force of character and himself on every occasion. In his warfare against wrong he is at the same time of brightness and wit as a man. The clear, spontaneous sound laugh when the day's work was one of the surest proofs of repeated assertion, that the work of God is not the natural companion of long face. Rev. Father Feeney, native of Canada; Father O'Brien, born in Ireland. All these worked for the object of the band with a zeal that was unequalled by the great numbers who were their call gave evidence of success of the mission.

IN GENERAL

Services commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Rev. John C. Harrington of St. Joseph's church, held last Wednesday. A solemn mass was celebrated by Father Harrington, with Rev. John F. Feeney, deacon; Rev. Francis P. Bane, sub-deacon, and Rev. Daniel J. O'Neil, O. P., preacher.

In the afternoon there was a reception for the children and the reception took place in the Father Harrington was the guest of honor.

Rev. M. J. McCall, of St. James' Church, Salem, twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Rev. John C. Harrington was strictly of a religious solemn high mass being celebrated by Father McCall, the high official mass being Rev. Edward M. Concorde, deacon, Rev. John Maynard, sub-deacon, Rev. John J. O'Neil, O. P., as celebrant. The sermon was by Rev. Augustus Langens, Mary's Church, Boston. By Father McCall no present made, as he prefers that the vote their means toward the edification of the church.

The Catholics of Port-

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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A number of the reverend clergy of the archdiocese were happy celebrants of the sacerdotal silver jubilee, on June 2 last. The reverend fathers who were so fortunate were Fathers Harrington of Lynn, Masterson of Peabody, Mohan of Everett, McCall of Salem and McClure of Brockton. We join with the faithful under their charge in wishing them many years.

Rev. Julian E. Johnstone has been appointed to the place in St. John's parish made vacant by the appointment of Father Roche to Hingham. Father Johnstone was ordained on Saturday, May 30, of the present year. His college course was passed at Boston College. He pursued his ecclesiastical studies at the seminary of St. John, Brighton, and at the ecclesiastical seminary of Niagara, N. Y. The young priest is well known as a lecturer, having contributed many literary gems to magazines and periodicals during his course at college.

All who have had the good fortune to become intimate with the members of the missionary band that gave the late mission in this city were full of regret when the time came for their departure. Father Sheehan the leader of the band is a man among men. With a handsome athletic physique he unites a force of character that betrays itself on every occasion. Unflinching in his warfare against wrongdoing—merciless to the unrepentant or to the scoffer—he is at the same time as full of brightness and wit as a man can be. The clear, spontaneous sound of his laugh when the day's work was over was one of the surest proofs of the oft repeated assertion, that the worship of God is not the natural companion of a long face. Rev. Father Feeney is a native of Canada; Father Cullen was born in Ireland. All these fathers worked for the object of the mission with a zeal that was unremitting and the great numbers who responded to their call gave evidence of the entire success of the mission.

IN GENERAL.

Services commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. John C. Harrington, pastor of St. Joseph's church, Lynn, were held last Wednesday. A solemn high mass was celebrated by Father Harrington, with Rev. John F. Heffernan, deacon; Rev. Francis P. Hannawin, sub-deacon, and Rev. Daniel W. Linnehan, master of ceremonies. Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., preached the sermon.

In the afternoon there was a celebration for the children and the parish reception took place in the evening. Father Harrington was given a generous testimonial.

Rev. M. J. McCall, pastor of St. James' Church, Salem, observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination last Wednesday. The exercises were strictly of a religious character, solemn high mass being celebrated by Father McCall, the high officers of the mass being Rev. Edward Moriarty of Concord, deacon, Rev. John Crowe of Maynard, sub-deacon, Rev. Daniel Collins of St. James' Church as master of ceremonies. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Augustus Langcake of St. Mary's Church, Boston. By desire of Father McCall no presentation was made, as he prefers that the people devote their means toward the completion of the church.

The Catholics of Portland, Me., ap-

propriately observed the twenty-first anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Healy last Tuesday. Among the clergymen in attendance were Rev. Fathers McDonough, Hurley, O'Brien, Gilfillan, O'Dowd, Collins, Coughlin and Hurst of Portland, Dugie of Springvale, Klander of North Whitefield, Charland of Waterville, DeCelle and LaRivine of Westbrook, O'Kane of Worcester, McCarthy of Gardiner, Doherty and Hamel of Augusta, McSweeney of Bangor, Monahan, of Lewiston, O'Brien of Bath and Linnehan and Bradley of Biddeford.

At Solemn high mass Bishop Healy spoke eloquently of his many years service in the diocese.

The children of the Catholic schools, and the young ladies of the Catholic academy presented flowers to the bishop.

Rev. M. J. Materson, pastor of St. John's Church, Peabody, celebrated last Tuesday and Wednesday the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. Tuesday afternoon was devoted to exercises by the children of the parochial schools, held in the basement of the church. In the evening a public reception was held in the selectmen's room of the Town Hall, after which the guests adjourned to the large hall, where on the stage was a mixed chorus from the young people of the parish, assisted by the members of the choir from St. James' parish, Salem.

The exercises were opened with selections by the Salem Cadet orchestra, and remarks by P. H. O'Connor, "Unfold, Ye Portals," by the choir was followed by an address by Mr. Michael A. Butler of Boston College. James Fallon, in behalf of the parish and friends, then presented the honored pastor with a purse of \$1000. The pastor, who was severely injured a day or two ago by being thrown from his carriage, was able to be present, and responded in a feeling manner. Another selection by the orchestra was followed by an original jubilee poem, read by Miss Mary Clark and composed by William Giles Dix. The exercises closed with the "Te Deum" by the chorus and a selection by the orchestra.

On Wednesday the religious celebration took place. A solemn high mass was celebrated in the morning, and the sermon of the occasion was delivered by Rev. Denis O'Callahan, pastor of St. Augustine's Church of South Boston. The music was rendered by the regular church choir, assisted by those of St. James' Church and the Church of the Immaculate Conception of Salem, all under the direction of Mrs. George S. Curtis. Following the mass a banquet was tendered the priests of the archdiocese in the basement of the church.

On June 10 the children of the parish tendered their pastor a testimonial.

A FESTIVE OCCASION.

Preparations are nearly completed by the Adams Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, for their grand celebration of the seventeenth, when they will erect a cairn in honor of Mrs. Abigail Adams, who with her son John Quincy Adams watched from the top of Payne's hill the smoke from the burning of Charlestown and listened to the guns of the battle at Bunker Hill.

Hon. Charles Francis Adams has contributed a bronze tablet suitably inscribed, and Swinburn Brothers a corner stone made from an old sleeper used on the first railroad built in this country to convey stone to the Neponset river, from West Quincy.

The cairn is to be erected on land owned by the city, and Mr. Martin Cook has kindly loaned the use of his land for the refreshment tent, etc. Mr. Alex. E. Nash will supply the tent with chairs and tables and look carefully after the wants of those desiring light refreshments.

Company K, 5th Massachusetts regiment, of which Quincy and Braintree are so proud, will assist in all the ceremonies, meeting the band and tally-ho at the Unitarian church, in the morning and marching to Payne's hill.

The Unitarian church will be open that visitors may visit the tombs of the Adams' and read the tablets in the church.

Store keepers and residents in the centre and along the route to the hill are becoming interested, and doubtless the red, white and blue will float everywhere on the seventeenth. The colors of the Daughters of the Revolution are buff and blue, the continental colors, and those colors will be prominent.

Our ex-mayors, and prominent men of the city are to act as marshals for the day.

Miss Abigail Adams, great, great granddaughter of John and Abigail Adams is to lay the corner stone.

The advertisers in The Monitor are not bankers, neither do they hoard their revenue in old hoisery. A dollar placed in their hands does many a good turn, for you, for them, and for others.

PERSONAL—IMPERSONAL.

The Granite Shoe Store carries the famous Globe Shoe.

See Patch's announcement on page 3. Now is the time to buy coal.

Rev. F. A. Friguglietti has purchased the Barker cottage at Houghs Neck.

Mr. Joseph F. Costello will open his bowling alley at Houghs Neck June 15.

Rev. Fr. Roche has been remembered in a pleasant manner by the St. John's society.

The Fowler bicycle is a first-class bicycle. Mr. Frank S. Ourish has the sole agency for this city.

Rev. F. A. Roche was visited by a delegation from St. Mary's Sunday school recently and remembered in a substantial manner.

Col. Henry A. Thomas, private secretary to Acting-Gov. Wolcott, will deliver the address to the graduating class of the Quincy High school on Wednesday evening, June 24. His subject will be "Success in life and good citizenship."

The young ladies' charitable association, recently formed at Atlantic, gave a concert at Music hall on the evening of May 21. The concert was very successful and the young ladies have every reason to feel proud of their initiatory effort. The programme was made up of twenty-one numbers, and the artists all received a pleasing reception from the large audience.

It is rumored that the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. is to commence work immediately for re-tracking their road from Quincy to Braintree and that while work is going on the express trains will be run via Granite branch.

MR. SIMON FARRELL.

Mr. Simon Farrell, an old and much respected citizen of West Quincy, died at his residence on Monday morning, May 19. Mr. Farrell was born in Ireland, where he passed his boyhood. He came to New York as a young man. He subsequently came to West Quincy in 1832, and was at first employed by Mr. O. T. Rogers and later by the Granite Railway company as a car builder.

West Quincy at this time was a wilderness, and Mr. Farrell obeying the teachings received in the old country was compelled to go to Charlestown to hear mass, and this too, on foot. He was married on Oct. 6, 1842, to Miss Ann Graham, daughter of Mr. James and Mrs. Jane Graham, and were the first couple to be married in the new St. Mary's church, toward the erection of which Mr. Farrell did much. Rev. Fr. Fitzsimmons was the officiating clergyman. Mr. Farrell was the first sexton of the West Quincy church.

Mr. Farrell went to California in 1849, but returned three years later. He was again employed by the Granite Railway company and subsequently by the Old Colony Railroad company.

Mr. Farrell was a true son of the church, of his native land, and of his adopted country. He was among the first settlers of West Quincy and as the years rolled on with their changes and bringing each year new people and new enterprises they found no better welcome than from the subject of this sketch. Mr. Farrell left a widow, three sons and two daughters, Mr. John S. Farrell, a letter carrier of this city, and a veteran of the civil war, being the oldest. Mr. Farrell was buried from St. Mary's church, Wednesday morning, May 21.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE SOCIETY.

The St. Jean Baptiste Society elected the following officers at its meeting this week:

President,—Adalbert Simond.
1st Vice President,—Louis Bernier.
2d Vice President,—John Dextra.
Secretary,—Emile Badot.
Assistant Secretary,—Narsisse Leclair.
Corresponding Secretary,—Charles D. Leclair.
Treasurer,—Narsisse Leclair.
Visiting Committee,—Joseph Landry.
Financial Committee,—Joseph Dufour, Pierre Savie, Alphonse Desjardins, Patrick Caron, Joseph Landry.
Inquest Committee,—Charles D. Leclair, Louis Bernier, Auguste Bouleau.
Napoleon Reed, Pierre Provost, Wilbrode Dalpe.
M. D.—Thomas J. Dion.

NEW LAUNDRY.

We have opened a new first-class Hand Laundry, and would be pleased to receive your orders. Good work guaranteed at lowest prices. Work left Monday will be returned Wednesday, and work left Thursday will be returned Saturday noon. Work left and called for at McCONNELL'S FRUIT STORE.

LINDERBERRY & LOWE.

You cannot catch fish

at the Cape Cod Fish Market,

: BUT :
you can get all kinds of fish there just as soon as they are caught. Price of FRESH FISH the same as in Boston and the same terms.

SPECIALTIES:
SALT FISH. SMOKED FISH.

J. L. GIBBS, Prop.,
TEMPLE ST., QUINCY.

SET AT LIBERTY.

Hammond and Other Reform Leaders Paid Heavy Fines.

London, June 12.—A dispatch from Pretoria states that at a special meeting of the executive council yesterday, it was decided to release John H. Hammond, Colonel Rhodes, George Farrar and J. W. Leonard, the leaders of the Johannesburg reform committee, upon payment of a fine of \$125,000, no banishment. The reformers paid their fines and have gone to the Rand. Colonel Rhodes declined to sign the conditions required, and the sentence of banishment will be enforced against him.

All of the London newspapers this morning dwell upon the commercial instinct of the Boers in fining the reformers. The Times says: "It will be a considerable addition to the flourishing revenues of the Transvaal. But, after all, persons engaging in the perilous business of revolution making must expect to pay when they lose; it might have been more prudent to fix the penalty at a lower sum, and attach greater consideration to the pecuniary circumstances of some of the offenders. On the whole, however, President Kruger has let off the 'little dogs' cheaply."

"The punishment is substantial, but it cannot be pronounced vindictive, or even excessive. The release of the reformers ought to mark a distinct step forward in the reconciliation of the two races. Time will be needed to assuage the passions and prejudices aroused, but unless they are kept alive by continued provocations, they will subside ere long. We are too busy and practical a race to nurse a grudge, unless the wrongs which caused it remain unredressed." The article concludes with a tribute to President Kruger for acting up to the spirit of friendly assurances he gave to the British authorities, and urges the redress of the grievances of the Uitlanders, saying: "The president has begun well. We hope, in the interest of his own countrymen, as well as that of our own, that he will not weary in well doing."

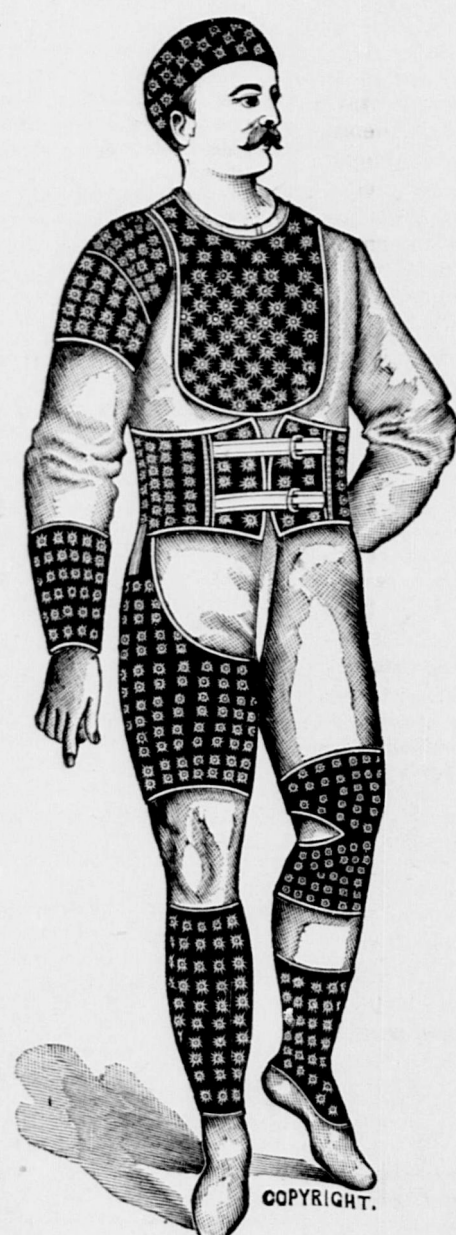
The 4 per cent. bonds for the two new schoolhouses amounting to \$75,000 were awarded to Henry W. Bigelow at \$101.888, the premium amounting to \$1416. The amount raised was considerably larger than necessary but if a part of it is reckoned as an income and used to reduce the tax levy this year, there will not be any grumbling.

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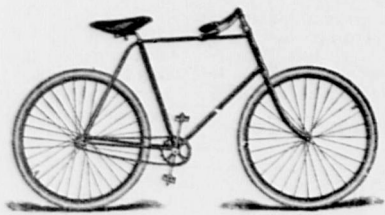
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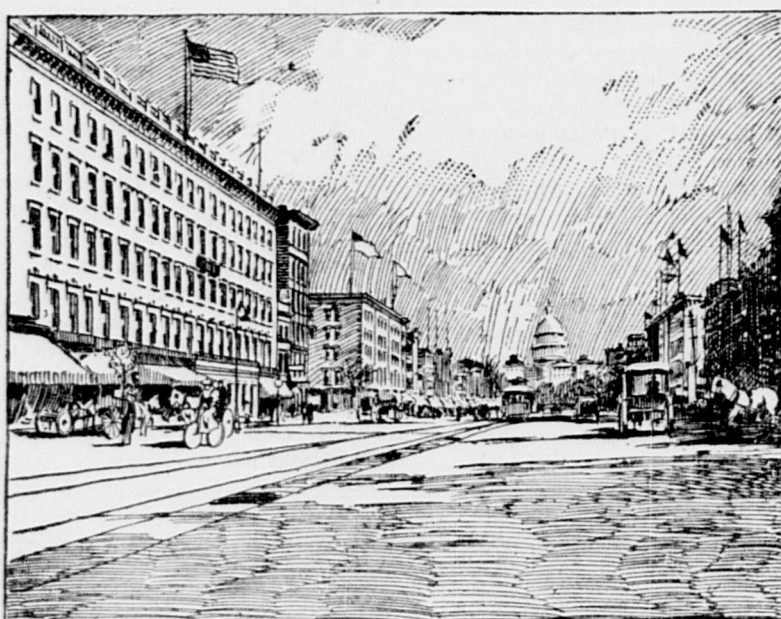
THE PASSING SHOW.

A WALK DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE TO CAPITOL HILL.

People Who Are Met In the Throng—The
Statesmen, the Cranks, the Dejected, the
Hopeful and the Tourists—Religion,
Philosophy and Scandal.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, June 9.—One who walks down Pennsylvania avenue from the treasury to the foot of Capitol hill about 5:30 o'clock on any of these balmy afternoons sees a deal of curious humanity—statesmen, cranks and politicians, brides, grooms and gay tourists, anxious seekers for office and dejected men who have just been put out of office, and, most melancholy of all, those hopeless wrecks left over from former administrations and political booms which once rose high, but are now utterly collapsed. When excitement is high on some question of the hour, and when public opinion, as it often does in a free country, takes on a sort of destructive fury, like that of a wind on the western plains, unchecked by mountains or forests, politicians and other shrewd men know it is but temporary, but a few men believe it so earnestly that they never get over it. All of those who can come to Washington, and the sad feature of their case is that no array



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, LOOKING SOUTH.

of facts will convince them that their fad is gone forever. "Ah, it seems so to the shortsighted," is the invariable reply, "but the people are thinking, and they will soon act."

They Have a Mission.

Not only do these men throng the avenue and lie in wait for good natured congressmen who will listen to them, but each particular squad of them has some kind of headquarters, or at least some dingy room where they meet, exchange views and papers and keep each other in hope. At the corner of Fourth and the avenue, south side, there is a big sign reading "Colonization society," and up stairs a suit of rooms occupied by a manager and two or three clerks. Here and there over the city in cheap boarding houses one may find queer old fellows who proudly claim affiliation with Henry Clay and still think the colonization society is to prove the grandest of humanitarian bodies. How many of the present generation know what it is? It was founded nearly 80 years ago and created more furor among philanthropists than any movement of the present day. The republic of Liberia is its first fruit. Then the abolitionists took it into their heads that it was a device of slaveholders and withdrew their support. It seems like a relic of the past still at work here, and verily its devotees look to be relics of the very remote past.

In the throng one often meets men once of national note, but now very quiet citizens. In every part of the city are retired statesmen in law, real estate or collection of claims. Often meet ex-Governor Pinchbeck of Louisiana, who came so very near being a United States senator and whose case was the turning point of reconstruction, for the wives of certain senators made their husbands vote against his admission for fear that his half octoroon wife would want to enter society, and having done that those senators had to go on and declare the Republican legislature of Louisiana illegal. Governor Pinchbeck, though his head is fast turning white, still has the same fine face and bright eye and walks with a springy, vigorous step. The most pleasing figure perhaps of all those ex-politicians of the south who are here is ex-Senator William Pitt Kellogg, who looks almost as young as he did in the days when he was a power. He has prospered far above most of them and is therefore easily reconciled to the great changes. His refined and scholarly face, his pleasant address and his general hopefulness of view make it a pleasure to meet him in the throng, and his readiness with a large store of information gives him an additional charm for the newspaper man.

By Special Command.

I was walking down the avenue lately with a young member of the house who is only in his second term, but seems to know everybody and is in no doubt as full of fun and vivacity as a schoolboy out for a holiday. "Take particular notice of this man coming," said he, pointing out a very new member of congress. "There's a man only 40 years old who looks but 30 and is a marvelously successful man in business and politics, yet with a social record that would be pronounced too extravagant for a Zola novel."

"I will give you the only part of it which I know in detail and know to be true. He is, as you see, a very young and fine looking man, but his wife is over 70 years old and looks every day of it. Her hair is snow white, and she

is getting quite feeble and was poor when he married her, and he did it by direction of the spirits."

"Oh, come off! I am not a child." "Every word I give you is true, and a great deal more. I know him and his facts well, but none of them has prevented his making money or produced any great effect except one. He is one of those fellows they call theosophists, who believe, I am told, that they have been through all sorts of lives before this one—in the bodies of pigs and chickens, dogs and so forth, as well as men and women. Well, this man went to a summer resort up east somewhere when he was a very young man and there fell in with this lady, who was deep in the occult. She taught him wonderful things about their lives that went before, and they found their sympathies running in the same channel. At length they got on such an accession of the power that they resurrected a great mahatma, who told them that ages ago, when they were man and woman in another country, they were married and lived in extraordinary happiness. He further said that at present she was just living with Jim, the personage they gave her then husband. So they got her a divorce and were married, and now this husband supports Jim, who is something of an invalid. In fact, he is on the member's farm now, nominally running it. The wife has two daughters of that marriage who

are nearly middle aged women and live with the couple here in Washington."

Religious Faith.

I was so amazed by this story—which has been confirmed by others—that I hardly enjoyed my companion's comments on other members we met, for at this time of day they are thick on the north side of the avenue. He went on, however, giving every man a touch. "Hello, there's Clarke, the old goldbug who thought he could convert Alabama. He is the only member from that state who is never out of style for a minute. He has his pants creased and his mustache curled from the first time you see him in the morning till his last disappearance. The bigger half of those far south fellows are Baptists and most of the others Methodists and Episcopalians, but you wouldn't think it from their style. Jesse Stallings is in principle the hardest kind of a hard shell Baptist, but when you see him prancing over the city, for he is a great walker, he is the last man of whom you would suspect it. By the way, Goodwyn, who has just ousted Cobb on contest, is an old school Baptist, and little Joe Wheeler is a Methodist and one of the kindest hearted men in the world. He's the only man in the house who has no hook in the hatroom. He carries his little crush hat in his pocket so he can rush in and out or go down into the cold basement at a second's notice, for he has more energy than he can hold in and is never still for three minutes at a time."

"Little of Arkansas is also strong in the Baptist faith, and Neill professes it, but I understand he isn't working at it much. He is intensely southern in feeling, and if there is an unrecruited man in the house he is the one. Senator Berry is a brother-in-law to the Methodist church, and with his wife pulling one way and Arkansas politicians pulling the other, it's a six and six bet in that state as to which will get him, but I am satisfied that Berry is becoming more of a Methodist every term. Senator Bacon of Georgia is also a Methodist, and so is Crisp, and so on. Livingstone is counted, but most of his thinking is devoted to the question of how he is to come back again. As soon as the votes of one election are counted Lon begins to scheme for the next election."

"But there is one first class Methodist in faith and fact from Georgia, and he is Lawson of the Eighth. Judge Turner, in addition to being the clearest speaker on that side of the house, is a good, consistent Episcopalian. By the way, have you noticed that, though there were 30 Catholics in the Fifty-third congress, there are only half a dozen or so in this? Only three in the house, I am told. What's the cause of it?"

I replied that the cause was self evident in the fact that Catholics in the north who go into politics are, with very rare exceptions, Democrats, and that party is conspicuously absent from many state delegations. My friend, however, insisted that the A. P. A. had a good deal to do with it, and as soon as he got on to this subject he ceased to be entertaining, and so I report no further.

J. H. BEADLE.

A Trick of the Trade.

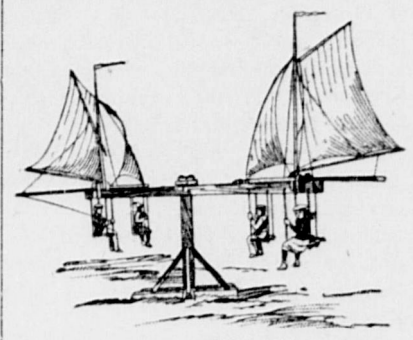
Customer—Why do you always relate those horrid robber stories and other uncanny adventures when you are cutting one's hair?

Hairdresser—Because they make people's hair stand on end, and it is thus much easier to cut.—Unsere Gesellschaft.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

How European Boys and Girls Go Sailing Safely Through the Air.

The sailing merry go round is a graceful contrivance in which the children of the Mediterranean coast rejoice. Very pretty it is to look at when sailing with its freight of happy young people. It is difficult to imagine another plaything so graceful, attractive and so instructive. Compare the soft lines of the full sails of the new device with the wooden



THE SAILING MERRY GO ROUND.

horses and camels and the rest of the menagerie of the itinerant merry go round, with its asthmatic steam engine and soulless music. The sails are like things of life as they adapt themselves to the wind during the revolutions. The difference is as great as that between a racing yacht and a canalboat drawn by a snorting tug.

The principle of this new kind of merry go round is very simple—a strong beam pivoted centrally and fitted at each end with miniature sloop rigging—i. e., mainsail and jib. Seats to carry one or more riders are slung underneath each arm. It seems quite within the skill of an ingenious and indulgent papa and a good natured man of all work, to whom a variety of improvements may suggest themselves. The New York World, which illustrates and describes the device, remarks that it may be fitted with automatic brakes, to revolve gently, for baby's or grand-ma's accommodation, or it may be so loaded with sails that it will revolve with amazing rapidity.

The Romance of the Daffodil.

This is the flower which in fable bears the honor of having been once the fair youth Narcissus. He was so much in love with his own beauty that he sat constantly by the side of a stream, looking at the reflection of his face in the water. To punish his vanity he was changed into a flower, and there you may find him still with his head hanging down.

Both children and their elders often ask which flower is narcissus and which is daffodil. Both names belong to any one of these flowers. Daffodil is the English name and narcissus the Latin one for the whole species. There is one kind which is a great delight of the Chinese, which they call the "water fairy flower." It comes into blossom just at the time of their New Year's day. This is the greatest festival of the whole year, and the people delight in decorating their houses with flowers and shrubs, just as we do at Christmas. Among the flowers in bloom there at this season is one sweetly scented little daffodil, with flowers about the size of a buttercup, the whole plant being often no more than six inches high. Some time before the festival the people go into the markets and buy the roots of these plants, which they place in shallow dishes filled with water and pebbles. There they grow after the fashion of hyacinths and require very little attention after they are once planted. When they come into flower, it is just the New Year's festival, and they are given as presents from one to another on that day.

A Costly Fashion For Miss Giraffe. Said Miss Giraffe, vain creature, "Although the spotted skin which I display looks sleek and gay, I'm glad that ruffs are in."

She quickly sought a draper. "I want to buy a ruff." He smiled at this. "Excuse me, miss, but one won't be enough."

"You need quite half a dozen, assorted sizes, too." She answered, "Your neck, you know!"—She answered, "Of course that's very true."

But when the bill was settled its total made her point. "I'm wiser now," she cried, "and how I wish that ruffs were 'out'!"

Famous People Who Stammered. While the boy who stammers is striving to cure himself of the bad habit he may find some consolation in knowing that he is in distinguished company. The prophet Moses, according to tradition, was a stammerer. Aesop, Virgil and Demosthenes form a notable trio of stammerers, and there are others hardly less well known.

Blowing Bubbles. Bonny Jack and blue eyed Clara blowing bubbles in the air. Radiant glows that float with ease Till their form one hardly sees.

"Mine's the biggest!" Jacky cries Gazing up with joyous eyes. "It is like a tiny balloon On a voyage to the moon."



"Look at mine," says little Clara, "Like a rainbow floating there. Jacky, would it not be grand If it sailed to fairyland?"

"Yes, but if the fairies came Would ring round to guess its name. Should it burst then don't forget That they surely would get wet."

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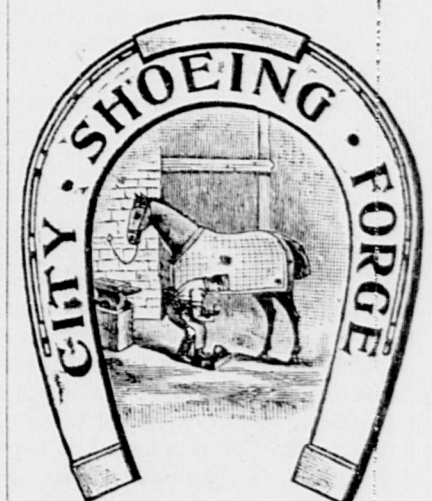
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CAPES AND JACKETS

WHITE PEARL BUTTONS A POPULAR TRIMMING FOR

Slashed and Scaloped Bodices—New Gowns—The Gilt Buttons—Henrietta Dress—New Bicy Handsome Summer Frocks.

[Special Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, April 28.—I have said very little about but, the fancy, fashion or fad pronounced. One sees pretty light colored cloth very finished with them. The buttons, smooth and flat, for that style of trimming not be denied that they When used as ornamental little capes, and also on the



NEW GOWNS
of the capes there are just zental straps as can hold der, though they natur ward the bottom.

These dainty little shaw made of anything and ever are of taffeta, black or white lace over them, or stances a dozen narrow pink chiffon. Others are cut in lar shape and overlaid with bon straps, which reach fr to the bottom, where the loops extending below the ing a sort of fringe. The o with light colored taffeta, side is covered with ribbon two rosettes where they fa er elegant cape, and a ver had the under portion made plaited and pinked black was a wide pointed col duchess hemmed over. Sewed to the edge of t black silk knotted fr deep in all. Around th a pinked ruff of silk m purple and dark green. Jacket of the same down two frills at the bottom. admired. One other ver cape was of brown sarah plete overlay of heavy e venise. At the neck there brown pinked out sarah taffeta.

Jackets are made in s that no one could see the but the prevailing styles box coat, with ripple back jacket, opening over a t the Louis XV and Louis

It was at this same ho a gown of green henrietta gilt buttons on it than There were three row braid all down the f lower part of the w with lines of them o other lines on the s the basque, and also the waist was neat with the Russian bl revers covered with bla One might think that a tons would make a dr and entirely too showy, the pretty soft shade of the brown braid at the toned down. So much understanding of colors. I saw two new bicycle struck me as being s its kind that I think them in detail. One wa bedford, the skirt la plaits. It reached just boots and was double the hem. There was a et with wide revers wh means of straps and were a pink shirt fr black four-in-hand.



BICYCLE
ed vest was of wh had full Turkish the knee and play a pointed belt. gathered one, w collar worn with leggings matched it there was a small same stuff. It made costume.

More Appr
Mrs. Perry—I w these stage villains st Mr. Ferry—I'm b They would be m for the hero. He i idiot.—Exchange.

CAPES AND JACKETS.

WHITE PEARL BUTTONS ARE THE POPULAR TRIMMING FOR THEM.

Slashed and Scaloped Bodices For Summer Gowns—The Gilt Buttons on a Green Henrietta Dress—New Bicycle Suits, Bandeau Summer Frocks.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, April 28.—Though I have said very little about buttons lately, the fancy, fashion or fad for them is pronounced. One sees pretty capes of light colored cloth very lavishly garnished with them. The white pearl buttons, smooth and flat, are preferred for that style of trimming, and it cannot be denied that they look well. When used as ornamentation on these little capes, and also on the short box



coats, they are set on straps. On some of the capes there are just as many horizontal straps as can hold on the shoulder, though they naturally spread toward the bottom.

These dainty little shoulder capes are made of anything and everything. Some are of taffeta, black or colored, with white lace over them, or in some instances a dozen narrow pinked ruffles of chiffon. Others are cut in plain, circular shape and overlaid with narrow ribbon straps, which reach from the neck to the bottom, where there are two loops extending below the edge, forming a sort of fringe. The collar is faced with light colored taffeta, and the outside is covered with ribbon loops, with two rosettes where they fasten. Another elegant cape, and a very novel one, had the under portion made of accordion plaited and pinked black pongee. There was a wide pointed collar of rich satin duchess hemmed over a narrow cord. Sewed to the edge of this was a heavy black silk knitted fringe over a foot deep in all. Around the neck there was a pinked ruff of silk mull in two colors, purple and dark green. This ended in a jabot of the same down the front, with two frills at the bottom. It was much admired. One other very taking little cape was of brown surah, with a complete overlay of heavy cerise point de venise. At the neck there was a ruff of brown pinked out surah and pale pink taffeta.

Jackets are made in so many shapes that no one could see the half in a day, but the prevailing styles are the short box coat, with ripple back; the braided jacket, opening over a fancy vest, and the Louis XV and Louis XVI modes.

It was at this same house that I saw a gown of green henrietta, with more gilt buttons on it than I could count. There were three rows set on brown braid all down the front, and all the lower part of the waist was covered with lines of them. There were still other lines on the sleeves and around the basque, and also on the pocket lids. The waist was neat and rather plain, with the Russian blouse-plait and white revers covered with black and gold braid. One might think that all these gilt buttons would make a dress look vulgar and entirely too showy, but because of the pretty soft shade of the green and the brown braid at the back they are toned down. So much depends on the understanding of colors.

I saw two new bicycle suits, and they struck me as being so neat each after their kind that I think I will mention them in detail. One was of dark brown bedford, the skirt laid in wide box plaits. It reached just to the tops of the boots and was double stitched around the hem. There was a short Eton jacket with wide revers which could be fastened across the chest if necessary by means of straps and flat buttons. There were a pink shirt front and collar and a black four-in-hand. The double breast-



BICYCLE COSTUMES. The other had full Turkish trousers gathered at the knee and plaited at the waist under a pointed belt. The waist was a plain gathered one, with a flat turn-down collar worn with a soft tie. The suit was made of light ash gray serge. The leggings matched it in color. With that there was a small jockey cap of the same stuff. It made a neat and modest costume.

OLIVE HARPER.

More Appropriate. Mrs. Perry—I wonder why all of these stage villains smoke cigarettes? Mr. Perry—I'm blessed if I know. They would be much more appropriate for the hero. He is always such an idiot.—Exchange.

FORBIDDEN.

"Let Strongest's Undertaker." [From the notebook of an American tourist in Germany.]

A Yankee in Deutschland declared: "I know a fine fraulein here. Of the Bangor girls she's the peer. I'll wed her at once," he declared.

"Oh, no!" said the polizei.

Said the Yankee, "Why?"

"You cannot at once be wed. It is strongly undersaid; You first must be measured and weighed, and then

Tell where you were born, and why and when."

Then the Yankee in Deutschland declared: "Well, instead we will go on a spin Through the beautiful streets of Berlin. On our 'bike,'" the Yankee declared: "Oh, no!" said the polizei.

Said the Yankee, "Why?"

"We object to the hat on the head. It is strongly undersaid; It first must be measured and weighed, and then

Tell where it was made, and why and when."

Then the Yankee in Deutschland declared: "If one must forever be worried Like this, he had better be buried. And be done with it!" he declared.

"Oh, pol!" said the polizei.

Said the Yankee, "Why?"

"If you do, we will break your head. For it's strongly undersaid; You first must be measured and weighed, and then

Tell why you were born at all, and when And promise never to do it again."

Said the Yankee, "Which?" and "Why?"

"Both," answered the polizei. —Century.

10,250,000,000 Tons of Gold. Do you know that the waters of our globe hold thousands of millions of tons of gold in solution, and that if it were possible to extract the precious metal from the aqueous constituent of our planet gold would be the commonest of the metals? More than 100 years ago the salt boilers on the coast of Maine found slight traces of the precious metal on the sides of their evaporators, and later on Scottish tradesmen in the same article reported gold settlements in the water taken from the mouth of the Dundee. In 1853 the chemists Malaguti and Durocher analyzed waters from several different localities in the several oceans and seas, the result being that they found a slight trace of gold and silver in every specimen tested. Finally, in 1855, they made a grand summary of all their findings, the figures presented with that report being without doubt the most wonderful exhibit that has ever been given to the scientific world.

It was there shown that the average depth of all oceans is 2,500 fathoms, and that the surface area is sufficient to make a grand total of 400,000,000 cubic miles of water, or not less than 1,837,030,272,000,000,000 tons. Each ton of that vast amount of surging liquid holds, at a very low estimate, one-thirteenth of a grain of gold, or a total of not less than 10,250,000,000 tons of the precious metal. If this vast amount of gold could be extracted and thrown upon the market, the best financier in the world cannot imagine what the result would be.—St. Louis Republic.

Wanted to Collaborate. "Good day," said the man whose manners are infinitely better than his clothes, as he stepped into a merchant tailor's place of business.

"Have you a doctor connected with this establishment?"

"No, sir. Certainly not," replied the amazed man.

"Ah, that's good. I'm a doctor and I hope we shall get along very nicely together."

"Get along together! What do you mean?"

"You advertise a fit guaranteed, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I cure fits."—Detroit Free Press.

A Fine Art. Zabzin—How's this for a neat little work of art? It's worth over \$10, but I managed to get it for \$1.

Zabzin—Where's the art in it?

Zabzin—In getting it for \$1, of course.—Roxbury Gazette.

In all ordinary cases we see intuitively at first view what is our duty—what is the honest part. In these cases doubt and deliberation is of itself dishonesty.—Bishop Butler.

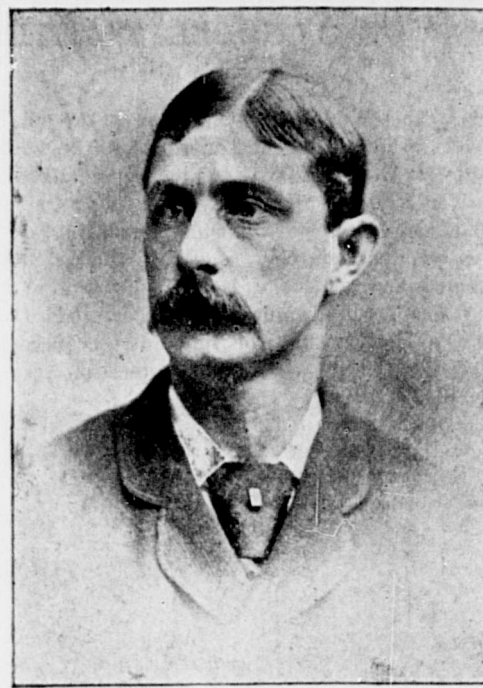
Bank note paper is made of the best quality of linen rags, the linen being purchased in bolts and cut up by machinery for the purpose of making pulp.

Fine feelings without vigor or reason are in the situation of the extreme feather of a peacock's tail—dragging in the mud.—Foster.

A street waterer in Calcutta, who sprinkles the streets from a water skin carried on his shoulders, is paid 6 cents a day.

Xantippe, the redoubtable wife of Socrates, if her contemporaries are to be believed, was as ugly as her famous husband.

"L'Homme-Protée" was the living stone man exhibited four years ago in Paris by the scientist, M. de Quatrefages.



COMMANDER WILLIAM H. WARNER, POST 88, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mr. Warner is the first Catholic to be elected to the command of Paul Revere post of this city, the exercises this year being under his full charge. Mr. Warner is well-known in this city, and has many times received substantial recognition from the citizens and social bodies. He has been president of the St. John's C. L. and A. A. A. councilman from Ward Three for two years, and for many years had charge of THE MONITOR. For a number of years he was engaged in the granite business, but is at present employed as a foreman in the water department.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

The Fluoroscope—Edison's Latest and Haphest Application of X Rays.

To photograph an arm or other portion of the body with the X rays has required from half an hour to 1½ of exposure before a sensitized plate. Then the photographic plate must be developed, and that requires time. Mr. Edison's aim of late has been to devise means whereby the surgeon could see in an instant the nature of a fracture of a bone or the location in it of a foreign substance.

It is, of course, the chemicals in the photographic plates that turn the X rays into light, and it struck Mr. Edison that

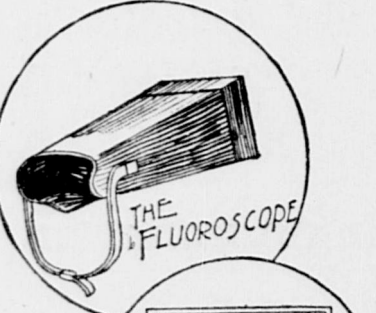


HOW EDISON'S FLUOROSCOPE IS TO BE USED. There ought to be some chemical that would do the work better and quicker than those in general use. He found it in tungstate of calcium crystals.

He had a box made on the principle of the photographic camera. At the smaller end he attached pieces of cardboard to fit over the eyes and exclude all light. On the larger end of the box, which he has called the fluoroscope, he placed a piece of cardboard and on the inner side of the cardboard pasted white cloth which had been coated with tungstate of calcium crystals.

Turning the electric current into one of his vacuum tubes, the tube fluoresced in a moment. Mr. Edison put his hand in front of it, placed the fluoroscope over his eyes and saw at a glance on the white cloth, distinctly pictured, the bones of his hand. Not a vestige of flesh was visible. In this way, as reported by the New York Herald, which illustrates the fluoroscope and the manner of its use, Mr. Edison realized his aim.

Concerning the portable box he has made to go with the fluoroscope, Mr. Edison explained that the idea was



THE PORTABLE APPARATUS. That a surgeon or a physician, equipped with the fluoroscope, could take the box with him to the house of a patient or to any place where his services were required.

Wonderful as this apparatus is, a wooden box contains it all, and this box has a cardboard cover. In the box there are three things—a battery stored with electricity, an induction coil and a vacuum tube. When a surgeon wishes to see a fractured arm or leg, all he has to do is to put the limb on the cardboard cover of the box, start the electrical current, put the fluoroscope over his eyes and see at a glance the nature of the injury he has to treat.

Proof. "I think Nell's new photographs must look exactly like her."

"Why?"

"She hasn't shown them to a living soul."—Chicago Record.

SALADS AND THEIR MAKING.

Rules Which Must Be Observed if Success Is to Be Assured.

The most important part of a salad is the dressing, and the ingredients in the dressing about which one should be the most particular is the vinegar. True, one must have good oil, but "first get your vinegar" is a rule always to be observed in the preparation of a salad dressing, and let it be the right sort or your dressing will be poor.

The reason why one can always get a better salad in a cheap Parisian cafe than can be obtained in the best of our hotels and restaurants is simply that in Paris, and, indeed, all over France, they use the purest and best of olive oil, tarragon, malt and wine vinegar.

The alleged cider vinegar of America is rarely fit for use, and the white wine vinegar, which is a sort of mixture of wood alcohol and sulphuric acid, is detestable.

A salad well prepared often forms the best part of a dinner. The French dressing for green salads and mayonnaise for meat, fish and other heavy salads is the rule.

In making a plain French dressing always use at least two kinds of vinegar—tarragon and French malt—and, if it can be obtained, use the third sort—pure cider vinegar—thus giving a subtle, delicious flavor to a salad that one sort of vinegar never imparts.

One cannot always follow the same rule in making a dressing for different salads. For example, tomatoes or cucumbers require more salt than lettuce and other green salads except water cress, where still more salt is needed. A dash of English mustard is a great improvement in a dressing for a tomato salad.

Never pour the dressing over a green salad, but put it in the bottom of the bowl and lay the leaves lightly on top of it and mix with a box-wood fork and spoon just before serving.

To make a French dressing put the salt and pepper in the bottom of the bowl first; then add the vinegar and stir till salt is dissolved. After that add the oil. The relative proportions must depend largely upon what sort of salad is to be dressed. For lettuce, romaine, chicory, dandelion, fennel and escarole use three spoonfuls of oil to two of vinegar and one-sixth as much black pepper as salt. For onion, potato, water cress and tomato salads use equal parts of oil and vinegar and almost double the amount of salt used for the first named greens. When green peppers are used, put no pepper in the dressing.

For lettuce salad add to a salt-spoonful of salt one-sixth of a salt-spoonful of black pepper, put it in an ice cold salad bowl and pour over them one dessertspoonful each of tarragon, pure cider and French malt vinegars. Rub the bowl, of boxwood, salad spoon and the tines of a boxwood fork with a crushed clove of garlic. Stir the vinegar with the fork till the salt is dissolved, then pour four dessertspoonfuls of oil in the salad bowl; mix all together with the salad spoon for one minute. Shake the lettuce leaves gently free from the ice water in which they have been laying and arrange them in the bowl so that they look like a full blown rose. Keep the bowl in the refrigerator till the moment before serving. Then gently mix the dressing with the leaves, using the garlic flavored spoon and fork.—New York Recorder.

Proof. "I think Nell's new photographs must look exactly like her."

"Why?"

"She hasn't shown them to a living soul."—Chicago Record.

AFRICA'S TERRIBLE FLY.

History and Habits of an Insect All Explorers Hold in Dread.

We have been so accustomed to hear of the ravages of the tsetse fly in South Africa that definite scientific information on the subject cannot fail to be welcome. Surgeon Major Bruce, at the request of the Natal government, is investigating the habits, life, history, etc., of this terrible cattle scourge.

The fly has been well known for nearly 50 years to be in some way the cause of the disease known among the Zulus as nagana, a term signifying low or depressed spirits. The genus to which the fly belongs is allied to the common bloodsucking stomoxys and contains six known African species, for all of which tsetse appears to serve as a common name.

As showing the want of exact knowledge existing on the subject, it is stated that observers and travelers have even questioned the connection between the fly and the disease. Thus so eminent a dipterologist as Van der Wulp has concluded that the tsetse is not injurious or that its ill effects are exaggerated.

From Dr. Bruce's observations it would appear that the fly is viviparous, giving birth to adult larvae, a most important fact hitherto unnoticed. The disease itself, he finds, is due to the presence in the blood of an inoculated animal of a flagellated infusorian, a hematozoan furnished with a membrane, or "fin," running along one side of its body, with a flagellum at one end. The appearance of this hematozoan in the blood is signalized by a rise in temperature. The incubation period is from 7 to 20 days, after which period the hematozoan may be found swimming actively among and apparently "worrying" the corpuscles, the red blood corpuscles, becoming very largely reduced in number. With the progress of the disease the hematozoan increase in numbers, and at the time of their host's death may amount in the dog to 310,000 per cubic millimeters of blood.

Dr. Bruce has demonstrated that it is possible repeatedly to feed tsetse on a healthy dog without producing disease in that animal, showing that the fly possesses no specific venom, but that, if allowed to draw blood from a diseased animal or the carcass of one, they will communicate nagana to healthy animals. The disease is invariably fatal in the horse, ass and dog, but perhaps not necessarily so in cattle, in which it runs a much slower course. From some preliminary experiments, arsenic appears to have a marked action on nagana, causing disappearance of the hematozoan, reduction in temperature and maintenance of the red blood corpuscles.—London Chronicle.

The Dullest Newspaper in the World.

The dullest newspaper in the world, with the exception of one or two of the big London dailies which could be named, is the London Gazette, the government's own little organ.

This paper has been issued since the early part of the eighteenth century and has appeared regularly ever since. Government notices, appointments, descriptions of ceremonies, bankruptcies, dissolutions of partnerships, official dispatches, are all that it contains. No news of any other description is admitted, while telegrams, as being frivolous, are strictly tabooed. Its price, moreover, is a shilling.

Little wonder, therefore, that its circulation is practically nil. The only occasion on which the paper has ever had any popularity was during the Crimean war. Its offices at that time were besieged by crowds of anxious people inquiring after friends and relatives.

The editor at the present time is Mr. Harrison, although, as he says, he hardly calls it editing. He has no circulation to bother himself about, no advertisers to court and need take no trouble about the public taste. It is his proud boast that his paper is the dullest newspaper in the world.—London Tit-Bits.

The Druggist's Varied Stock.

"A drug store of the present day," said Mr. W. S. Thompson, "to supply ordinary demands must keep about 15,000 articles on hand. Every root and seed that has medicinal value, as well as the leaf, flower, and bulb of the plant, has to be kept in stock. So also must be kept the hundreds of preparations made from them, tinctures, extracts, fluid and solid syrups and decoctions almost without number. Then come the thousands of chemicals, acids, salts, active principles, the various preparations, pills, powders, all the proprietary medicines and hundreds of articles known as sundries, perfumes and fancy articles."—Washington Star.

Adam Was Fortunate. Adam—I tell you, Eve, the tailors never devised anything for men so good as the fig leaf.

Eve—How so, my dear?

Adam—Why, it never bags at the knees.—Chicago Post.

A TIGER HUNT IN INDIA.

Fate of a Guide Who Did a Foolhardy Thing in the Jungle.

In Oating Dr. J. H. Porter describes his Indian guide, who showed him a tiger's lair, as a lean, black, wolflike man whose name was Sikunder Singh, who was a monomaniac about tigers.

There are said to be stylish tigers and others not stylish. The lordly tiger is the man eater. He is at once the hero and the aristocrat of the race, and where he roams the cattle killer must be silent, for the man eater, though sprung from the lowly ranks of wild beast hunters and risen through the middle class of cat-the-killers, brooks not the boasting in the roar of an inferior. It is in the absence of cattle during droughts that the cattle killer turns to man flesh. He fears men, but will not become animal hunter again. The pride of the race is against it.

When the tiger has killed a steer and fed thereon, he goes to where the karinda grows thick and lies in the nullah, lazy with the meat in him and sleeping lightly. It is here, as he takes his nap, that the hunters find him. It is the hunter's desire to have his tiger fight, to turn and charge the ones who seek his handsome pelt, but Dr. Porter's tiger knew better. "Stripes" bolted, and, with cool judgment, sneaked from place to place, like a still hunter, aided by a coat which in the jungles is protectively colored, and away he went up the gully, galloping like a horse, his soft paws making no sound. A stifling cloud of dust arose from the brittle grass, raised by the trampling elephants. The deadly Indian sun beat down and turned the landscape black in the eyes of some of the less hardy ones.

In the shade, which was soon reached, a troop of monkeys showed the way. A tiger can hide anywhere, and in heavy cover one must look, as for a needle in a haystack, far and near. The tiger was found at last in the jungle's edge. A shot aimed at the beast hit in the side, far back, a wound that made the beast a dangerous one. There was a pretty howl de do. The tiger would kill if it got a chance; and the hunters went into trees. Sikunder Singh got off the elephant and started after the tiger afire, angry at what he called the depravity of the men. Of all things a hunter can do, hunting a wounded tiger on foot is the most reckless. In cover the man afoot is utterly at the lurking beast's mercy. Sikunder Singh was out of sight. Suddenly there was a long, fierce snarl in the bush and a rustle of a heavy body; then arose a long quivering cry of mortal agony. All knew what it meant. The elephants were goaded forward, and wild yells and frantic screams arose from all sides, the elephants joining in the pandemonium.

In a little opening was Sikunder Singh in the mouth of the tiger, his thin arms and legs tossing as the tiger drew back. No one would shoot through the human shield into the tiger. But on the left a man got a flank shot. Dropping the man, the tiger sprang at an elephant's face, tearing it down by the head. The hunters came together about the two, and a bullet broke the tiger's neck. The tiger weighed 600 pounds.

The huntsman, who would have been the first to denounce so foolhardy an act as his own, never spoke coherently again. His spine was crushed.

"Home, Sweet Home."

Probably no one would have been more surprised than Sir Henry Bishopp himself could he have foreseen that a single melody in one of his numerous operas would achieve such celebrity that at the present day, more than 70 years after it was first heard in London, it is still sung by leading prima donnas at fashionable concerts, jangled on street organs and loved by a vast public that knows nothing of music, properly so called, as the purest representation of the English spirit—"Home, Sweet Home." "Clari, the Maid of Milan," the opera in which this favorite song occurred, has long been consigned to the limbo of forgotten musical works, but "Home, Sweet Home" survives with undiminished popularity and is likely to survive when many more pretentious compositions have followed "The Maid of Milan" into oblivion.—Cornhill Magazine.

Sixteen Miles Underground.

The most remarkable canal in the world is the one between Worsley and St. Helens, in the north of England.

It is 16 miles long and underground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the county being underground.

Many years ago the managers of the Duke of Bridgeport's estates thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface; therefore the canal was constructed and the mines connected and drained at the same time.—Pearson's Weekly.

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There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who was troubled for years with a corn,
He called at our store,
—You know—ninety-four,
And now he is glad he was born.

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GUARDIANS OF A NOBLE INSTITUTION.

The prominence of the Working Boys' Home in the public eye the past month, and the interest which clergy and laity take in the work of the home, makes it a pleasing duty for THE MONITOR to give portraits and short sketches of the two zealous priests who are safe-guarding the interests and well-being of Catholic youth, who as a sequence of the many uncontrollable circumstances that beset and threaten us, are made charges of the Church. The archbishop recently gave the home a large piece of land in Newton, and a substantial, commodious building was erected, sufficient to accommodate 600 boys. The bazaar held in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, for the home was successful and must have been highly satisfactory to the two gentlemen most interested:



REV. JOHN F. FORD,

The superintendent of the Working Boys' Home, was born in Weymouth, received his rudimentary education in that town. Later he entered Boston college, and upon graduation he went to the American college at Rome to pursue his ecclesiastical studies. He was ordained on May 19, 1883, by Cardinal Monaco La Valetta. Fr. Ford returned to Boston the next year and was appointed to St. Mary's, Charlestown, but at the end of six months was sent to Marlboro. In 1888 he was given charge of the Working Boys' Home Home, one of the most praiseworthy of Catholic institutions. Fr. Ford has labored alone until very recently in the caring of this enterprise, and has earned by his grand mastery of a complex question the plaudits of the people of the archdiocese. The reverend gentleman, despite his many cares, is one of the most pleasant and urbane of our clergy, just the character to prosecute the work of the home successfully.



REV. DR. P. J. SUTTLE,

The co-laborer of Fr. Ford, was born in Holliston in 1863, and educated in the public schools and at Boston college, graduating in 1885. His philosophical and theological knowledge was received at Rome, Fr. Suttle having as a classmate Rev. F. A. Cunningham of this city. After his ordination he further pursued his studies, and subsequently won the doctorate in theology. Fr. Suttle's first charge was at St. Mary's church, Dedham. He was next sent to the Gate of Heaven church, South Boston, where he labored for five years, up to the present year, when he was named as assistant to Fr. Ford. Dr. Suttle is a master orator and his sermons, ornate in diction and replete with gems picked by a discriminating mind from many bounteous treasure houses, were the delight of his flock. The people of the Gate of Heaven church were loth to part with their curate, and presented him with many expressions of good will and esteem.

Stringing Fish.

Fred J. Wells tells about the proper way to string fish for keeping them alive in the water.

The ordinary way of stringing black bass or other fish is to take a four foot piece of chalkline, tie a crossbar of wood the size of a pencil at either end, and then, as fast as the fish are taken, they are put on the line by shoving one of the sticks up through the gills and out of the mouth. That method plays havoc with the gills of the fish and very often the fish dies in the water, where it should have lived for a considerable period.

The way Wells does is to take a light chain, instead of a chalkline, 4 feet long, and a bar at one end to keep the fish from slipping off. A heavy piece of wire is attached to the other end and sharpened so that it may be passed through the lower jaw from the outside and out of the mouth. The advantages of this method are apparent. The fish's breathing apparatus is not injured, and it lives for a long while, thereby keeping hard and palatable. The chain is a much cleaner string, since it may be boiled at the end of each trip, and so thoroughly cleansed.—New York Sun.

American Amber.

The world's greatest source of amber is the shores of the Baltic sea. Amber is the fossilized resin of several species of pine trees. In small quantities it has been found in various parts of the globe, including the United States, but up to the present time no American deposit of amber extensive enough to be of commercial value has been discovered. Quite recently, however, amber was found at Cape Sable, on the Magogly river in Maryland, and this arouses the hope that it may yet be discovered in paying quantities in this country. The deposit at Cape Sable has been known since 1821, but only lately has a careful investigation of it been made. The fossil tree trunks in which bits of amber are imbedded are not, like those of the Baltic region, pines, but are believed by their discoverer, Mr. Arthur Bibbins, to be specimens of the sequoia.—Youth's Companion.

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OLD PRAIRIE FORTS.

THE END OF A THRILLING PERIOD IN NATIONAL HISTORY.

By Wiping the Famous Structures Out and Opening the Lands to Settlement Congress Is Destroying Scenes of Bravery and Romance.

[Special Correspondence.]

ABILENE, Kan., June 8.—Dotted the plains, like the ghosts of a forgotten greatness, are some pathetic memorials of the most famous scenes in the history of the west. They are the ruins of the old forts and military posts that once were the fighting grounds of the nation's army. The present congress has been active in decreasing the number of these and in opening to settlement the thousands of acres of rich land that comprise the reservations. There are many of these awaiting the opening order, and it is a striking commentary on the progress of the west that the protection needed so short a time ago is no longer a necessity. Less than a score of years have passed since all Kansas was terror stricken at the threatened outbreak of Indians on the northwest frontier. The forts that were a protection have now become deserted reaches of plain. The land is some of the best in the west, and the farmers who are fortunate enough to get it will have riches ready made to their hands.

Most famous of these forts are Dodge, Hays and Wallace. The first is down on the Arkansas and was the outlook toward the Indian Territory. It became the great landmark of those who took the overland trail to the mountains and California in the days of gold. Beside it is the Soldiers' home, to which it is now proposed to join the property of the fort.

Fort Hays is perhaps the most picturesque of the frontier posts. Standing on the edge of the Smoky hill valley, its handsome buildings are visible for a long distance and attract much attention by reason of their relief from the monotony of the landscape. It is also near the city of Hays, that was in the fort's palmy days one of the wildest towns in the west. It had the cowboy element to contend with and was a constant battle with the soldiers. On one occasion two of the fort's troops went to the town and deliberately shot down a merchant. There was great excitement in the place, and the business men went to the commander to be revenged on the murderers. The men were lined up and searched, but no trace of the guilty was found. The town people simply bided their



OFFICERS' QUARTERS, FORT HAYS.

time, and a few days after there was a riot. The soldiers who were in the city were attacked and several killed. This sort of hostility, kept up for years, made both town and troops forget the real service rendered by the forces. The entire frontier of the state was protected by the forts at Hays and Wallace for many years.

One of the amusing incidents of the Indian scares that used to be started once a month by the settlers was that of the fright of the son of a wealthy family in New York. He was west to see the sights and heard of the outbreak. One by one the settlers came in, declaring that the Indians were at the door. The poor boy was terror stricken and begged them to hide him away from danger. The accommodating settlers put him in a barrel, where they kept him for a day, while they told the story over the country and had a hundred visitors to see the remarkable sight.

Scattered on these reservations are the buildings that were the officers' headquarters in the prosperous days of the west's army life. Great, roomy structures they are, too, with the plain simplicity of the usual fort architecture. They sheltered some of the famous generals of the nation in the post periods of their career, before the sterner duties of actual warfare took them to more exciting scenes. Since the removal of the soldiers the buildings have been unoccupied, and all the fierceness of the prairie winds has been exerted on the neglected property. Here and there the wild things of the plains have gained entrance and made their nests. Superstitions persons insist that the ghosts of the old regiments are to be seen in the reservations, but that is the revealing of fancy.

The demand for the complete abandonment comes from the farmers, who cannot endure to see the fine lands lie unimproved while their own property was bought by the exercises of great care and economy. They want the lands opened on the same plan as were those of the Indians and are preparing for a grand rush when the time comes. The reservations include from 1,800 to 10,000 acres of land, and being located in what is now a thickly settled region, are very valuable.

The passing of these prairie forts is the end of a thrilling period in western history. Thousands of veterans all over the nation spent bright days in these posts and look back upon those times with longing. Of all the long line between the Missouri and the mountains only Fort Omaha, Riley and Leavenworth will soon be left.

C. M. HARGRE.

TRAVELING COSTUMES.

Severe Neatness and Style—Popularity of Washable Shirt Waists.

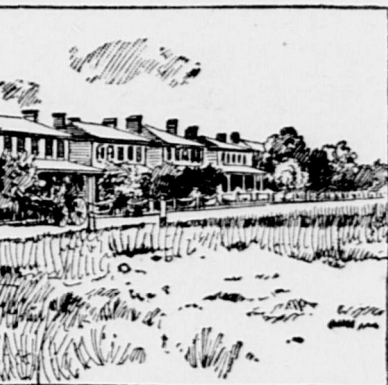
New York, June 9.—Time was, and that not so very long ago either, when a traveling costume was a hideous thing. It was not tailor made, it was severe, neatness, nor was it trimmed nor ornamental. It was simply a slovenly looking garment, appearing from the first as if it had been slept in and subjected to all sorts of severe usage. Then came the ulster, which covered a multitude of sins in the way of old gowns with tarnished frippery, but gowns considered quite good enough to travel in.



TRAVELING DRESSES.

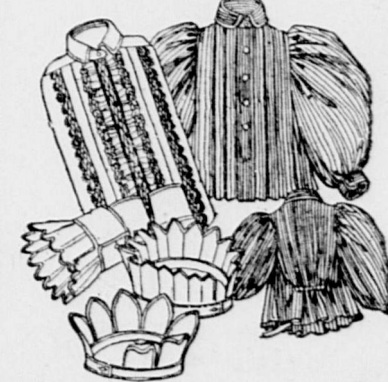
Nobody but brides took the trouble, as a general rule, to have a fresh, neat, new gown for traveling. I am not sure that they do yet, but there is a move in the right direction. This move, however, is better adapted to short trips than to long ocean voyages. Still it is so much to be thankful for.

The principal novelty consists in having trimming on the garments of such a kind as to stand the ravages of the elements when they rage mildly. One really pretty dress for traveling, either on yacht, steamer or railroad, was of slate gray cravatette. The skirt and waist were sewed together under a narrow belt made of a dark blue and black woven braid. There was around the bottom of the skirt a bias band of navy B. B. blue velvetina, which is almost as waterproof as the cravatette. The waist was headed by a row of the braid. The waist fitted snugly, and the sleeves were loose coat shape. On the waist were a plastron vest front and cuffs of the velvetina. Over this was a short military cape of the cravatette, with the lapels made square and trimmed with braid and fancy buttons. The high, flaring collar was filled in with white lace, which formed jabots, one on each side. When



the front was closed, this looked like a knotted tie and was very dressy.

While washable shirt waists are enjoying such a popularity there are still some persons who prefer to wear something a little more dressy, while still comfortable, as the shirt waist undoubtedly is. For them there has been produced something extremely pretty and comfortable, though still differing from anything hitherto shown. There is a blouse waist in soft black surah or china silk, the front being laid in plaits and the back shirred at the waist line. The front plaits are bound with narrow baby blue satin; the collar and cuffs also. The blouse buttons with imitation turquoises and studs. The collar is detachable, and there are some surprising linen contrivances called collars which are to be worn with the blouse as a change. These have plaited scallops, pointed and very stiff, and also tongue-like pieces of linen fastened to a band. The face appears to be the center of a white petal flower.



BLOUSE WAISTS AND COLLARS.

with one of these collars on. Naturally a tie of some sort must be worn with these. There are cuffs to match.

Another fancy blouse was in pale blue pongee, with plaits down the front edged with narrow black thread lace laid on smooth. The center fold had a line of black insertion, with a blue silk plaited ruffle on each side edged with black lace. There was a soft high collar of the silk, but this was detachable, like the other. There was a round lace boa to wear with this; but, though far prettier, the average woman of today would put on the white linen cuffs and collar because they happen to be fashionable. "Rum critters is woman. Eh, Bunsby?"

OLIVE HARPER.

An Omission.

Leavitt—Maud says that Jennie is the homeliest girl in the city. Do you think she ought to have said that?

Millie—No. She must have forgotten herself.—Brooklyn Life.

VOLUME X. N

PIUS VII AND NAPOL

An Interesting Story of the Struggle Between Pius VII and Napoleon—The Honesty of the Emperor—The Advantage of the Selfish Napoleon—The Imprisonment of Pius VII—The Magnificence of the Coronation Ceremonies—The Cruel Suggestion from Josephine—The Prophecy of Pius VII—The Waning of the Star That Shone So Resplendent—Austerlitz and Jena—The Frenzied Terror, the Ravager and Terror of the rope Sacculum at Waterloo and Church is Freed from the Tyranny Grasp.



THE History of the struggle between the two most powerful figures in the beginning of this century, one of the most remarkable examples of Divine intervention in human affairs. To the unaided eye the critic its events offer only a mass of inexplicable mysteries requires the superadded light of faith to enable the mind to penetrate, as possible for man, into the designs of Providence and to observe the workings of the Divine Hand as it dispels the meshes and disposes of elements into harmonious order. A mind so prepared the spectacle of a saintly Pontiff confronting a power and unscrupulous tyrant becomes a double instrument in the Divine Providence for the glory of the Church on the one hand, as well as for the punishment of nations on the other.

Pius VII was born at Cesena in 1742, and his early life was under the name of Gregorio B. Chiaramonti. He was a Benedictine monk during the years of his manhood until the time when his shining abilities attracted the notice of the Supreme Pontiff, who as a recognition, elevated him to the Tivoli, whence he was later transferred to the Bishopric of Imola. The honors of the cardinalate were bestowed upon his unwilling shoulders, giving to him a singular position all through the stormy career of his predecessor, the exiled Pius VI. It is with his adventures as successor of St. Peter in his old the new Nero, that we wish to speak of him in the present, and thus we can afford to pay him a brilliant years that preceded his elevation to the papal throne.

Cardinal Chiaramonti was elected the Supreme Pontificate in 1800, which was held at Viterbo, which terminated on March 20, 1801. The accession to his high office the name of Pius VII, was with difficulties and foreboding danger such as had met but few predecessors through the long history. With the memory fresh in his mind of the sad fate of Pius VI subjected to indignities, rages and forced to die, the new Pope could not but feel that time was not far distant when storm should burst upon his reign, indeed, the gathering clouds of social, political and religious

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